

A/N: Well this is a fic that I've been working on for a while...an odd pairing I know, but I like it. If you don't then shove off - because it's clearly a Harry/Bellatrix pairing, and if you don't like it then why the bloody hell read it? Anyways, I like to have at least a 10 chapter buffer between when I post and where I am actually up to writing the story - so updated will probably be around fortnightly after I have posted the first chapter.

I hope you like my work of fanfiction, and please R it only takes a moment and it always makes my day brighter!

Disclaimer: I do not, nor have I ever owned any part of Harry Potter...bugger. Also I'm not making any cash of this, I simply wrote it for the enjoyment of doing so - praise be to J K Rowling!

The entire wizarding world was in a state of shock; absolutely nobody had seen it coming. The day before all had been right in the world, and the next people's opinions of their saviour came crashing down around their ears. It had been on the front page of the paper on Wednesday the 7th of August, and witches and wizards all around Britain gasped in disbelief as they read the flashing headline of "Harry Potter; The Next Dark Lord."

The news had spread like wildfire, and soon there was absolute, complete and utter pandemonium at the Ministry of Magic; witches and wizards literally scrambling over one another to try and get any information they could in regards the fate of the young man that had saved them from Voldemort four years previously. The information was scarce and hard to come by, and it was only at the point where the Auror squads would have to intervene; when the pandemonium was at its peak, that Minister Umbridge gave her statement to the millions either watching, or listening

She stood above the crowd on her balcony, flanked by several Aurors whose dark robes were in harsh contrast with her flamboyant pink attire. She looked across the people as if she was royalty, and waved her hand to calm them down. Her attempts were less than successful, and it took several noise-maker spells to gain some semblance of silence. After a few moments silence she stepped forward and raised her wand to her throat - and begun to speak in her sickly sweet voice.

"The trial for Harry James Potter was concluded at two fifty seven this morning, whereby the Wizengamot and the Court agreed that he was a danger to the wizarding world."

Cries of outrage met her words, and it took several minutes before order was once again restored. She looked less than pleased with the apparent disbelief and trust that the people had in the man she had just sentenced. "Hermione Jane Weasley, Molly Prewett Weasley, and Ronald Weasley all testified to the court with statements that clearly showed that Mister Potter was heavily involved in the Dark Arts."

"He's an Auror for God's sake; of course he would've been studying them!" She glared at the man who had yelled out from below, but growled angrily and had him arrested when she saw that his words had gained a fair amount of support from the crowd.

Once he was apparated away to a holding cell she continued, holding an official piece of paper in front of her, and then read out the words that rocked the magical world, and would be in the headlines for the next seven months.

"Harry James Potter has been sentenced to ten years in Azkaban."

Harry allowed himself to be lead to the boat without protest, and sat down on one of the sweat and vomit stained seats when he was kicked in the back of the knees by his red-haired guard; a man who he had once considered his best friend. He could see now that his choice in friends wasn't exactly outstanding; the two who had been with him the longest had testified against him in the courts, and had led him to being where he was at that moment.

He could've killed his guards without too much trouble at all, but that would lead to him being labelled a murderer on top of his current status, and in all honesty he really didn't feel up to taking any lives that day - even if one of them would be the man who had stabbed him in the back. The boat rocked precariously as they left the wharf, and Harry only looked up when he felt a familiar presence in front of him. He looked up into the eyes of the man who could've easily been the boy-who-lived and smiled for the first time in days. "Hey Nev."

The black-haired auror nodded, and pointed to the space beside him. "Mind if I take a seat?" Harry shook his head and shuffled aside slightly to make room for his friend. It was another few moments before the silence was broken again. "This is bullshit."

Harry couldn't help but chuckle. "I hadn't noticed."

Neville leant back in his chair and looked at Harry incredulously. "You've been sentenced to ten years in Azkaban and disgraced in front of the entire wizarding world; how the bloody hell can you be so calm?"

Harry turned to Neville and smiled grimly. "Because I knew that this was going to happen sooner or later." He missed his friend's wide-eyed look as he looked out over the sea that was flashing by. "I mean come on Nev; the way I am now I could kick Voldemort's arse six times over without a wand, while sipping on a cup of tea; I can do things which are impossible for others with magic; and I'm an Auror." He shook his head sadly. "I'm a threat to everyone; people don't like a single person having more power than the entire Ministry." He turned back to Neville with a grin. "It wasn't hard to see this coming." His grin faded as his gaze flicked over Ron on the other end of the boat. "I didn't see Ron, Molly or Hermione doing what they did though."

"Fuck..." Harry nodded in agreement. Several minutes later Neville turned to him, a determined look on his face. "I'm here for you Harry, and I know that Luna and Ginny are as well."

Harry smiled warmly at him and patted him on the back. "Thanks Nev, that'll keep me sane for a few more days I think." Neville looked horrified at what Harry was implying, and Harry laughed loudly. "Just kidding Nev, I'll be fine; I've had worse before."

"Worse than ten years in Azkaban?"

Harry nodded and sat back. "Yep, thirteen years with the Dursleys!"

Neville knew about Harry's treatment at the hands of his relatives, but with the way his best friend was talking about it... well it was quite apparent that the young Longbottom hadn't been told everything. The rest of the ride across to the small island on which the Wizarding prison sat was very quiet - especially after Neville slid Harry the phoenix feather that had been in the core of his wand - which had been liberally snapped by Umbridge the previous day.

Harry grinned at the connection and sighed happily when he felt the magic flow just that little bit easier through him – not that it was struggling in the slightest mind you, but the warmth of Fawkes's latent presence was enough to lift anybody's spirits.

The journey ended two long hours later, and Ron ordered Neville to wait behind and watch the boat. Neville couldn't do much else but agree; Ron's recent promotion making him superior to the black-haired man. Neville caught Harry's sleeve at the very last moment and pulled him into a firm, brotherly hug - much to Ron's irritation. "Take care of yourself in there Harry, come back stronger so that we can make this world a better place."

Harry smiled at Neville's loyalty and nodded before whispering in his ear. "You too Nev, and it'll be easier with the little gift you gave me." Ron had had enough of allowing his prisoner happiness and grabbed his shoulder before pushing him violently forwards up the track towards the prison. Harry didn't look back at Neville. It would make it that much harder for both of them.

He didn't say a word to Ron as he was led up to the gates of what most witches and wizards considered hell-on-earth, and stopped by the huge doors when they reached them. The guard standing in front of them didn't even ask for the papers; Harry's sentence was hardly the most secret – in fact the Minister had actively gone out of her way to make sure that the entirety of Wizarding Britain knew about it. Ron kicked Harry in the back, and he tumbled forward into a roll before coming back up to his feet as if nothing had happened.

Ron growled at Harry's nonchalant recovery from his attack, and pushed him forward again towards his cell. Harry watched as the low security cells passed them by; some of the prisoners yelling and screaming at him for putting them there, and others laughing manically at the thought that he, the saviour of the Wizarding world, was going to be tortured just the same as them. Harry didn't have the heart to tell them that he had no intention of allowing himself to be uncomfortable in the slightest. They climbed staircase after staircase until they came to the highest security wing of the entire fortress; the wing that held captured death eaters, and the wing which had the highest dementor presence. Harry saw Ron looking quite pale and grinned as he walked ahead, his connection with magic providing him with a natural immunity to the effects of his soul-sucking guards.

Finally they reached a cell at the very end of the floor, and Harry looked at the solid wall of metal with a raised eyebrow. He could feel the power residing in the atoms, and recognized the warding as goblin-made. Ron saw his recognition and grinned sadistically. "This wall has been enchanted to stay solid for ten years starting from the moment I push you in there, the only things that are able to enter are your meals and the dementors."

Harry noted the sneer in Ron's voice and used a little of his stagnant magic to redirect the entire floor's dementor presence at him. Ron collapsed to his knees in horror, and Harry released him with a small sneer of his own. "You seem to be under the impression that the Dementors bother me Mr Weasley; I assure you that they don't cause me any discomfort whatsoever." He turned to the wall in front of him and stepped forward; his leg disappearing through the solid-looking wall.

He paused when he heard Ron behind him. "Enjoy your company Potter." Harry had felt the extra presence in his cell, and he turned

to Ron with a glare before stepping through the wall completely and allowing it to solidify behind him. It took his eyes only a moment to adjust to the gloom inside, and he immediately caught sight of a dementor hovering over a whimpering form in the corner.

A foreign command twisted his lips, and the dementor immediately froze. Harry continued with the slow, guttural language and soon after the cloaked creature floated towards him before disappearing back through the wall Harry had just entered from. He hoped that Ron had still been standing in front of the cell gloating. He looked around the room as he approached the figure, and growled in disgust; even murderers deserved better than this. When he reached the figure and knelt down however, everything clicked into place, and his jaw dropped slightly. Before him, sobbing pitifully, was Bellatrix Lestrange. He could see that she was still delirious from her recent experience with the dark creature, and so he sat back on the ground in slight shock.

The twisted grin on Umbridge's face made sense now; he had wondered why she had looked so happy when she had told him that he would be spending his time in the high security wing – and now he was faced with the reason. The thing that Umbridge had clearly not counted on however, was the fact that Harry had changed over the years, and didn't act rashly as he did when she knew him. He didn't kill her the moment he saw her, in fact he was somewhat relieved – something that he was sure she would've screamed herself hoarse about if she ever found out. He could tell from the moment he saw her face that she wasn't the Bellatrix that had killed his godfather; that had tortured Neville's parents; that had killed countless people. Her defences were so weak that he had easily slipped into her mind – not delving any deeper than he needed to so that he could understand her change.

"Harry?" He snapped back to the present and looked across the room, finding Bellatrix looking at him disbelievingly. She squinted in the gloom and leant forward slightly, as if the extra couple of centimetres would allow her to discern him more clearly. "Is that really you Harry Potter?" Harry nodded in the affirmative and stood from where he was sitting, causing her to flinch. A moment later her shoulders sunk in defeat and she nodded. "Do it, end it."

Harry looked into her eyes and nodded, before stepping towards her again. She closed her eyes and cringed slightly, and Harry reached

out his hand which was glowing slightly. She felt his fingers come to rest on her bare shoulder, and felt a warmth flood through her insides. She let out a despaired sob and waited for the pressure and heat to increase; killing her painfully and slowly, but instead found herself listening to words that she had never expected to hear. "I forgive you."

She thought that she had misheard, and cringed deeper – but froze when she felt another surge of warmth roll through her. She could feel the cuts on her hands and feet healing, and opened her eyes in shock to see Harry kneeling in front of her; his eyes closed and a look of concentration on his face. She could feel her collarbone mend itself from when she had broken it while being dragged into this cell two days previously; she could feel her damaged lungs, filled with rot and disease, clear and repair themselves, and then with a snapping sensation she felt something in her groin that she hadn't felt in over fifteen years.

Harry jolted out of his haze and stammered worriedly. "Oh shit, sorry, I didn't mean to heal you quite that much!" She was astounded, and couldn't speak. Harry correctly interpreted her silence and his worried look disappeared to be replaced by a more serious expression as he nodded. "You're wondering why I did what I just did." After a moment she managed a nod and he continued. "I did what I did because it wasn't you that killed Sirius, and you don't deserve to be treated like this."

"I did kill Sirius though!"

He shook his head and smiled reassuringly at her. "No, you didn't. The person that you are now didn't kill my godfather; a Death Eater called Bellatrix Lestrange did that." He nodded to her. "You are not that Bellatrix Lestrange; I've never met you before in my entire life – but I can tell that you are a good person that has had a terrible time of things."

He could see the tears in her eyes by this point, and felt astounded at what he had just said. When he truly searched however, he found that he meant every word, and instead of the Death Eater that had murdered his godfather, he now only saw her as a broken woman that had had most rotten fortune dished out to her; a woman that needed someone. He didn't have time to ponder his new thoughts before he found himself being embraced by the woman whom he

was to share his cell with for the next ten years. She sobbed into his chest and clutched at his shirt desperately. "Thank you, thank you, thank you," she repeated over and over again, and he slowly brought his arms around her back to hold her to him. She sobbed harder when she realized that he was hugging her back and buried herself deeper into his embrace.

Neither of the two prisoners knew how long they stayed there, but Bellatrix knew what was happening when the air chilled around them, and she shook in terror from what she knew was coming. Harry had felt the icy presence as well, and held Bellatrix closer to him – sharing his warmth with her as the cloaked creatures slowly entered their cell. He could feel the suction against the shields he had wrapped around them; he could feel the creatures' greed and expectation of a good meal with their new prisoner; and a moment later he felt their anger and frustration when their efforts had no effect. One of them surged towards the embracing pair, and Bellatrix buried her head into Harry's chest with a terrified whimper. Harry growled lowly at the attack and flung his hand out - sending a powerful surge of magic directly into the dark creature.

It was as if the other Dementors were watching in horrified fascination as their comrade slowly wilted away into nothingness, and Harry could feel a grudging respect from the dark guards that were meant to suck their happiness from them. He stared into the dark hood of the one that had wafted forward slightly, and a silent conversation took place. Eventually the creatures left in silence - leaving Harry cradling Bellatrix in his arms and whispering in her ear that everything was alright. It took nearly half an hour for the shaking woman to calm down, and when she did, she looked around in amazement before meeting his eyes. "W-what happened? Where are they?"

Harry shook his head and smiled. "They won't be visiting either of us ever again."

"B-b-how?"

Harry smiled and then puffed out his chest slightly. "Because I'm Harry Potter!" Those four words did something that Bellatrix had never thought would ever happen in her time in Azkaban. For the first time in four years she laughed. She laughed happily and clutched at Harry as if he was the only thing keeping her sane - and

now that she thought about it, he probably was. Harry smiled down at Bellatrix when he heard her happy giggles, and gently took her hands from his shirt before standing up and looking around disapprovingly. Bellatrix finally calmed down from her happy outburst, and watched as he went around the small cell laying his hands on various surfaces before moving along to another. Eventually he stopped pacing and returned to the centre of the room. "Bellatrix, what's your favourite colour?"

She looked up at him and smiled a genuine smile; the first since she had married Rudolphus. "Just call me Bella, and my favourite colour is green." She paused, and looked questioningly up at him. "Why?"

She received her answer a moment later when Harry raised his hands as a conductor might do to an orchestra, and begun channelling all the latent magic around him into the forms he wanted. She gaped as the room expanded at least ten meters in every direction, and gasped in wonder as the cold, grimy stone walls were suddenly cleaned and instead covered with amazing green and blue fabric. Harry smiled joyfully as he continued about his modifications, and walls begun to sprout from the floor in several places. With a chorus of pops and crackles, furniture began appearing in the transformed cell – and Harry grinned when he thought of just what all the store owners would be thinking at that very moment as their stock begun cracking out of existence.

It took several minutes after the furniture had appeared for Harry to be satisfied with his work, and he slowly lowered his arms to look around him. He had modelled it to be close to what the Gryffindor common room had been like – but he had changed it substantially enough that it didn't bring the memories of times with Ron and Hermione to his mind. The green and blue fabric on the walls shimmered and changed as golden phoenixes soared across their expanse; the fireplace roared merrily in the far wall, sending a foreign heat into the room which caused Bellatrix to drop to her knees in shock; and two comfortable chairs and a soft couch surrounded a table in front of the fire. Harry's eyes however, were not looking around at the room he had just made; they were instead locked onto the woman on the soft, plush carpet whose eyes wide open in astonishment, with tears running unchecked down her cheeks. Even in the rags that were her clothes, even with her cheeks hollow from the lack of food, and even with the dirt and grime that covered her skin, she captivated him.

He had never admitted it to any of his friends, especially Neville, but ever since first seeing Bellatrix he had found her to be incredibly attractive. The fact that he had first seen her in a picture where she was yelling and screaming in a cell in Azkaban was a bit of a turn-off under the circumstances, but he could tell that under the messy hair, and the shadowed face, she was stunning – and now that he could see her in the flesh once again; with tears of joy and amazement running down her cheeks, and her lips curved into a genuine, pure smile, he was amazed. The last time he had seen her she hadn't been the person in front of him now; she had been brainwashed, she had been insane, but the woman in front of him now was truly beautiful to Harry. He wondered what the Wizarding world would think if they knew what he was thinking at that moment.

He banished his shoes and walked barefoot across the carpet until he was standing beside his cell-mate, and held out his hand to her. She saw the movement, and looked up to find yet another sight that she had never thought she would see ever again – and most definitely not from the man standing to her left. Harry smiled happily down at her, a warm look in his eyes, and his hand held out to her – giving her the choice to take it. She had resigned herself to living a life after getting out of Azkaban where she would have no choice but to sell her body to any and every person that would have her; eating scraps out of trashcans and skips; and sleeping in the grime of alleyways. She had resigned herself to being hated and thought of as the absolute scum of society, and yet here was a man; the most powerful wizard in the world, and he was smiling at her – holding his hand out to her; asking her to follow him.

She reached up in a daze and placed her hand in his, and marvelled in the warmth she felt as his fingers closed and he pulled her to her feet. What shocked her more than that however, was the fact that he pulled her not only to her feet, but into a gentle embrace. Her eyes were wide as he spoke above her. "From this moment forth, for the next ten years, you and I will be living together." It was as if with those words the situation finally hit her, and she realized that it wasn't all a trick, and that she didn't know why he was there. "I know that you have been in here for four long years, and I can't begin to imagine what that must have been like." He hugged her tighter to him, and he rested his chin on the top of her head. "I want to help you heal from the horror of this place; I want to help you live again."

He pulled back slightly, still holding her, but enough that he could see her face. "If you'll let me."

She looked deep into his eyes, searching for any deception, any maliciousness; any hate, and found none in his deep green orbs. She nodded, stunned, and he smiled down at her before pulling her back into the embrace and pressing a kiss to the top of her head; shocking them both. Harry froze when he comprehended just what he had done, and Bellatrix slowly looked up to his face. "Why are you doing this? How can you do this?" She looked up at him, confused. "You've just forgiven me for all the horrible things I've done, and then you protect me from dementors, and then you help me start to live again." She looked down at herself in disgust. "How can you even bear to look at me? I've killed hundreds of people; I haven't washed in over four years; and yet you hold me as if it's no problem whatsoever!"

Harry shrugged and smiled. "I don't care; from what I've seen so far you are a woman that is modest, remorseful, selfless, and defenceless." The way he said it took any edge off his words and he held her at arm's length, smiling warmly at her. "You seem to think you're disgusting and worthless." He shook his head firmly and his face was serious. "You're not - so stop thinking like that right this instant." He handed her a thick, white bathrobe that he pulled from the air behind him and then led her to one of the newly created rooms, pushing her inside and yelling out behind him as the door closed. "And don't come out until you feel alive!"

He chuckled as he heard the excited squeal from behind the door before walking through to the kitchen and peering into the fridge, humming softly. He finally decided on what meal he would make, and got to work with what he considered his very own 'Hunger Buster', except he held his meal in far higher regard than the food the international catering conglomerate cooked. Scrambled eggs, bacon, hash browns, sausages, and a nice cup of Earl Grey. He set out the two plates on the table and cast a wandless heating charm over them before falling into one of the comfortable leather seats and letting out a deep sigh.

He was just working through the trial in his mind when he heard the bathroom door unlock, and he turned his head slightly before promptly dropping his jaw. Her pale skin blended into the white bathrobe, and her black hair cascaded smoothly down her shoulders.

Her dark brown eyes glimmered with a life that had not been there before, and her teeth had repaired themselves through the magic that flowed through the water supply; magic that Hogwarts herself supplied directly. She smiled magnificently at him, and Harry slowly got to his feet before drinking in her appearance in full. Her cheeks were still hollow from the lack of nutrition, her arms and legs thin and unhealthy looking, and the blisters were still healing on her hands and feet - but to Harry she was an image of beauty. At that moment she wasn't a woman that one would see on the front cover of PlayWitch, but her condition, and the life in her eyes showed that she was amazing in more ways than just her looks would be when she had gained some weight. She had survived over four years in Azkaban; in the worst part of the hell-on-earth.

She began to look slightly worried when Harry hadn't spoken a word after nearly an entire minute, and took a tentative step forward. "I'm sorry I look so-"

"You're beautiful," was his breathless interruption, and she chuckled humourlessly.

"Really Harry, you don't have to li-"

"I'm not bloody lying Bella; you look great."

She once again looked into his eyes, searching for any lie, any deception in his words, and shyly smiled when she found none. "Really?"

He nodded furiously. "Really really, but we can discuss that later; for now, you need to eat." He motioned to the table and she gasped, before having the grace to blush when her stomach rumbled deeply as the smells finally registered. He laughed and nodded. "Dig in, and don't hold back – you really, actually need to eat." She offered absolutely no resistance, and quickly sat down before devouring all the food on her plate - while still keeping her dignity by using her knife and fork. Harry kept on piling food onto her plate when she had finished, and it was nearly an hour later that she finished her tenth, and final plate with a satisfied and contented sigh.

She turned to him and smiled happily, making his heart skip a beat, before thanking him. After a moment she frowned and stared at him,

a rather obvious question popping into her head. "How did you get all the food... and the running water too?"

He scratched the back of his head and smiled sheepishly. "Apparently Hogwarts appreciated my help with keeping it standing after the war, so it offered me pretty much anything that I wanted that was within its power." He pointed around and smiled. "I asked it for a sanctuary wherever and whenever I needed it, and it agreed."

She looked around in awe and patted her stomach at the same time, before turning to him with a thankful smile. "You've come into my life, and in less than one hour you've changed me from wanting to die to wanting to live." She pulled herself to her feet and padded across the carpet; her bare toes sinking into the thick, plush fabric as she walked. When she reached him she hugged him from behind; her arms wrapping around the front of his chest and her head resting in the crook of his neck. "Thank you so much Harry."

She kissed him gently on the cheek, and then pulled away blushing deeply, much the same as Harry was. What made him break out of his happy thoughts was when Bellatrix began swaying slightly on her feet, and Harry smiled before standing and picking her up in his arms - causing a surprised shriek to escape the woman's lips. She looked up at his wide grin and blushed again, but couldn't help but smile as well as he carried her into the room beside the bathroom. She didn't see a lot before she was under the canopy of a four-poster bed, and she watched Harry, amazed as he carefully laid her between the covers and tucked her in. What further amazed her was when he conjured a chair beside her bedhead and smiled sadly at her. "You're going to have nightmares for the rest of your life about Azkaban, and I want to help you get through it." She moved to sit and interrupt but Harry rested a hand on her shoulder and held her down with a mild glare. "No complaints; I slept in a nice bed four days ago - it's been over four years for you, and I want to make your first night in your new home an enjoyable one."

She shivered as his hand left her shoulder, and she untied her bathrobe under the sheets before throwing it over the other side of the room and burrowing into the silken fabric. Harry smiled at her soft face, which was the only thing visible above the sheets and sat back in his chair - not missing her eyes slowly closing. "I'll be here if you need me, go to sleep Bella."

She nodded sleepily and allowed her eyes to fall completely shut, and Harry smiled to himself when her breathing fell slow and even. After nearly an hour of just watching the raven-haired witch sleep he finally closed his own eyes; smiling as unconsciousness claimed him and his dreams wandered to a certain dark-eyed woman with long, black hair.

Harry awoke with a start to the sound of a loud scream, and jolted upright in his chair. His eyes landed on the squirming woman in the bed, whose brow was covered in sweat, and whose pitiful whimpers tore at his heart, and he quickly moved to her side, shaking her urgently. Her eyes snapped open, and she nearly screamed again as her eyes took in the dark shadow above her – but she gasped when she realized that it was not a dementor as she had feared. "Harry, is that you?" He nodded and gently dabbed a cool, wet towel over her forehead; causing her to fall back onto the soft mattress with a soft, half-awake sigh. "I'm glad."

She fell back to sleep after that, and Harry left the cool towel resting on her forehead; watching as she slept once more. He honestly couldn't deny it anymore; to do so would have been not only stupid, but it would also cause his Occlumency shields to lessen considerably; lying to oneself was not the best way to protect your mind. He was falling for Bellatrix Lestrange. He had admitted easily to himself that she was beautiful, but finding someone attractive was a far cry from falling in love with them – which was exactly what was happening. He had never felt it before; with Ginny, for the short time they were together, it was entirely physical – there was simply no emotional appeal whatsoever, but with Bellatrix, even in the one day he had been with her, was so different.

Watching her sob in terror from the Dementors raised an emotion in Harry that he had never felt before; watching her smile and giggle and laugh had made him feel happier and more fulfilled than he had in years, if not ever; and seeing the life back in her eyes, life that he had never seen before, not once, had made the ten year sentence seem worth it. She was twenty years older than him, but he didn't care. The only reason that he was considering the age difference at all was the fact that she might see it as a reason that they couldn't be together, a reason that she couldn't accept what he wanted to give her.

All throughout his thinking he was unconsciously running his hands through her silken hair that was spread across the pillow, mere inches from his chair – and he smiled. He had the thought that if this was all he would ever get from the woman beside him, he would be happy with it. He wanted more, but he knew that she was fragile; he couldn't even begin to imagine how her time in Azkaban, and her time with Voldemort had affected her. He was so caught up in his thoughts that he didn't notice Bella's eyes open, and then widen in

surprise when she realized what he was doing. He looked up at the barred window at the top of the room, and out at the night sky beyond before murmuring sleepily to himself with a small chuckle. "Azkaban doesn't seem so bad now."

He turned back to the dark-haired woman beside him, and she quickly shut her eyes – pretending to be asleep as he looked at her. After a moments mental indecision, Harry leant over and pressed a soft, tender kiss to the side of her mouth, and it took all of her willpower to not show him that she was awake, and knew what he had done. He sat back in his chair again and sighed before closing his eyes once more and falling asleep.

Bellatrix lay in the darkness, her eyes wide open and her mind buzzing with activity. Sleep wouldn't come within a mile of her in this state, she thought, and for good reason. She reached up to the corner of her lips and touched where he had kissed her. She had never before even felt anything like it before. He had stolen a small kiss from her, and yet she wasn't angry at him, or disgusted, or even disappointed; it was completely different from her husband Rudolphus. When he kissed her it was always forced, it was akin to rape every time he did it; he would steal her kisses violently and then force himself on her, never letting her give herself, only taking her, and after every such incident she had always vomited. She felt none of that at that moment; she felt warmth from where his lips had met hers briefly; she felt his hand still tangled in her recently washed hair; she could smell his scent; and she could feel his comforting, reassuring presence filling the room around her. He had obviously taken a shower while she had slept, as his hair was even more disordered than normal, and Bellatrix found herself smiling in disbelief. He was a boy- no, a man that she had tried to murder; a man whose friends she had tortured; a man whose godfather she had killed; and yet he was sleeping peacefully beside her; his hand entangled in her hair, and his magic washing comfortingly over her – speeding her recovery.

She wondered why. There was the obvious question of why he was there in Azkaban, but she had her theories, and his attitude as he had discussed the Ministry earlier had all but confirmed her suspicions. No, she wanted to know why he was doing all this for her; why he seemed to enjoy her company; why he smiled for her; why he cared for her so much. Her entire family, save for Sirius and the Tonks's, had done nothing but hurt him; Narcissa had helped

plan against Harry, although had never been a Death Eater herself; her brother-in-law had been one of Voldemort's most devoted followers; Draco had hated him and had made his life a misery; and her husband had very nearly killed Hermione Granger. She simply didn't see the reason in his affection for her.

And the glaring difference was them. She was forty four years old, she was skinny and weak and pitiful, and she had first met him when covered in the grime and smell of four years with no form of hygiene whatsoever. When she had first met him, really met him, about thirteen hours earlier, he was twenty four, he was muscular and healthy and built, and he was strong. He had smelt good, save for the slight smell of vomit from sitting on the barge on his way over, and he, dare she think it, liked her? It was an inconceivable notion; it simply couldn't be; a young, powerful, thoughtful and caring man wanting an old, broken, murdering woman like her – it couldn't be. She shook her head angrily, and then held her breath as Harry stirred at the movement, before falling still once more. She hissed to herself, "Don't be stupid Bella, he's just buttering you up so that he has a sex toy while he's in here." She nodded to herself and forced the thought that he actually, genuinely liked her from her mind. She chuckled humourlessly. "Harry Potter, actually wanting me – not going to happen Bella."

She slumped back into the mattress, and growled when she once again felt the warmth on the corner of her mouth. She was furious with herself; she had thought that she had learnt her lesson with her husband, and yet here she was, once again wanting to be with a man; wanting to be loved for the woman she truly was; wanting to love. Sobs started wracking her frame, and a moment later she heard a ruffling sound from beside her. She knew that it was Harry, it could be nobody else, and she sobbed harder when she felt the bed sink as he sat down. She found herself in tender embrace a moment later, and she felt her heart sink; now it would happen, just as it had happened with Rudolphus. He would start to feel her up as she sobbed, defenseless, and then he would lower her back to the bed and begin touching her – knowing that she wouldn't object because of her insecurity, and then he would get rougher; tearing off her cloth-

"It's okay Bella, you're safe now." She felt his hand come to rest on the back of her head and froze; her eyes wider than they had been all night. He gently ran his fingers through her hair, lightly massaging

her scalp in an attempt to calm her, and simply held her to his chest – lending her his comfort. She couldn't believe it, and continued to wait for the hand to wander lower. It never did. He pressed a caring kiss to the crown of her head and then moved back; leaving the bed to take his seat in his chair and smile at her before repeating his words from earlier that night. "I'll be right here if you need me, now go back to sleep."

She didn't know what came over her at that moment; perhaps it was the physical exhaustion; perhaps the emotional upheaval; perhaps the magic of the man by her bedside; she didn't know, and she didn't care as she felt her eyes close, and blackness engulf her.

Harry sat watching her breathing fall even, and frowned to himself. He had heard what she had said earlier on, and understood how she felt about herself. He had felt much the same when he had first started dating Ginny; he was a broken boy; he had been tortured for his entire life at the hands of his relatives, and he had wondered just why she would chose to date him – and he had eventually put it down to her wanting to date the boy-who-lived. How wrong he had been. They had broken up after two weeks; they both knew that it wouldn't really work between them, but it caused something else to happen; a strong friendship to bloom. Ginny had healed Harry by telling him that she liked him for him; not the Boy-Who-Lived. She liked him because he was kind, and caring, and courteous; she had told him that he was a modern-day gentleman.

It was because of her that he could be honest with his feelings now, and say, without shame, that he was falling for the woman sleeping an arm's length away from him. He didn't know what she had been through, but he wanted to do the same for her as Ginny had done for him; he wanted to make her feel wanted; appreciated; cared for. He wanted to show her that he didn't think of her as a sex toy simply for his own pleasure, but that he thought of her as a woman that he was truly interested in; a woman who he thought amazing.

He sat awake for another hour before allowing himself to close his eyes and sleep, but even unconscious his mind was racing, as it always did, but his thoughts were instead on how to make the woman in his life happy; how to make her into the woman that she once was.

R&R is you have the time!

A/N: I NEED HELP!

Please PM me or review with a funny, witty T-Shirt legend that rips off the Ministry, Umbridge, or Pureblood bigotry (No vulgarity please). I need it for the chapter I'm currently writing.

On another note, here's chapter 3! In this chapter the relationship between Bella and Harry will be expanded upon a little more; giving you an insight into their lives (specifically Bella's), and just why Harry is attracted to 'ceo55', it's reviews like yours that keep us fanfic authors writing, thanks a tonne!

Moreover, for a review from 'alichi' thank you for the constructive criticism - it's reviews like yours that keeps us fanfic writers on our toes, and yes I have royally screwed over the previous timeline. Quite frankly I seem to excel at it, and for coherence's sake we will assume that the 'couple of year' differences, however glaring, are AU and entirely intentional...completely, undeniably intentional. But as a compromise Bella is now 44 years old, as suggested by 'GenoBeast', and chapters have been changed accordingly. I'm still not admitting I was wrong though :-p

Anyways, I hope you all enjoy the chapter!

Bellatrix awoke to the smell of fresh bread and ham, and heard her stomach growl shamelessly. She blushed a deep red, even though she knew that Harry hadn't heard, and pulled back the covers to look at her naked body. She couldn't help but remember the embrace that Harry had pulled her into the night before. She had been his for the taking; naked, helpless, and weak in his arms; only a thin sheet separating him from her – and he hadn't taken the chance. She had wondered at first if it was because she was ugly, but the thought was quickly wiped from her mind when she remembered his words and expression when she had walked out of the bathroom the previous night. She didn't know what she was feeling, and she was confused and frustrated.

She was just about to get changed into the bathrobe from the previous night when she caught sight of a neatly folded pile of clothes at the end of the bed, and she picked up the small scrap of paper that lay on top.

Hope you don't mind; Hogwarts and I worked together on this one!

Harry.

She couldn't help but smile at the nearly illegible scrawl; and that one, simple gesture reassured her of his genuine care. Her fears and suspicions of him seeing her only as a toy were laid to rest. She slipped into the comfortable clothes and then frowned at the slippers – having never seen them before. She tentatively slipped her feet into them and sighed gratefully when she felt the soft, comfy inners; her blisters would be healed in no time at this rate.

She padded through to the kitchen, and Harry's Auror reactions alerted him to her presence. He turned around and smiled; a piece of toast clamped in-between his teeth as he tended to the ham he was cooking. He picked it out of his mouth and smiled warmly at her, causing her to do much the same and take a seat at the table. "How did you sleep?"

Her smile faltered for a moment as she thought of her distrust in the young man in front of her, but smiled genuinely after a moment. "I slept better than I have since I was fifteen."

His eyebrows raised at that, and he leant his back against the bench. "Since you were fifteen?" She nodded and lowered her eyes, and Harry frowned before quickly serving up their breakfast and setting it on the table. She looked down at the food, and although her appetite had disappeared, begun slowly eating. Harry didn't speak for a while, but eventually leant forward slightly. "Do you want to talk about it?"

She nodded, and then met his eyes sadly. "I do, but I've just met you."

He cursed himself for not thinking of that sooner, and nodded reassuringly at her with a smile before sitting back in his seat and taking a sip of his tea. "It's fine; I understand completely." He chewed his mouthful before continuing. "It took me over three years to trust..." he trailed off slightly and Bellatrix frowned as he forced a smile; it didn't suit him. "Well anyway, I know what you mean."

She was silent as he ate his breakfast, but she spoke just as he was starting on his toast. She didn't know why she did; she simply couldn't explain it to herself; she had kept everything to herself for over fifteen years, and now she felt the urge to share it with a man

she had known for only one day. "I don't know why, but I want to tell you." He looked up, shocked, and she smiled at him; a warm, genuine smile that came from deep inside her – for the first time in her entire life she felt as though she could truly trust someone. "I trust you."

He was still for a moment, but his expression softened and he leant over to take her hand which was resting on the table. She jolted slightly at the contact and he smiled at her. "I'm won't betray the trust that you've put in me."

She nodded again as he removed his hand to continue eating, while she debated where to start with herself. "I was sorted into Slytherin, as I'm sure you know," at his nod she continued, "and my family was happy about that; because we were a dark family. I thought that I would finally be accepted for who I was in my house, but I wasn't." She looked up at him and found his eyes locked firmly to hers, completely unwavering. "I was shunned even more there than I was in my own home; I was smart, I could be devious, I always thought of what I would gain before I did anything; I was a true Slytherin, but it was what I wanted that always made me different." She couldn't look him in the eye as she spoke her next words; too shy to face him after her revelation. "While others thought about how much money they would get out of something, or how much fame or power, I looked for how much friendship I could gain."

"The other Slytherins thought it completely trivial, and so I never really had the friends I craved." She hazarded a look up at Harry, and nearly smiled at his look of genuine attention. "It was when I turned fourteen that my father told me that I was to be married to Rudolphus Lestrangle."

Harry gaped. "Fourteen?"

She nodded darkly. "Fourteen. I remember my father calling me into his study and telling me that I would be marrying a pureblood to continue the line, and to strengthen relations between our families." She looked wildly at Harry, "I tried to object, I really did, but he wouldn't let me have any say whatsoever!" She took a few deep breaths to calm herself, and Harry sat silent, allowing her to do so. "When I returned to Hogwarts nothing was ever the same. It was expected of me that I be of service to Rudolphus, in any way he wished."

Harry growled lowly and gritted his teeth, forcing himself to calm down just as Bellatrix had. "He forced himself on you?" She nodded, not meeting his eyes, and he took a moment to collect his thoughts. It all made more sense now, her words the previous night, and her flinching at his touch, and he made a mental note to be more careful in the future.

"H-he couldn't, you know, do it until we were married; it was part of the contract." She scoffed angrily. "He didn't have to wait long though; my father had us married halfway through my fourth year." Harry didn't need her to continue for him to understand what happened as soon as that occurred, and reached over the table; his hand hovering over hers and a questioning look on his face. She smiled thankfully at his caution and nodded, and he intertwined his fingers with hers – letting her know that she he was there, and there was no way in hell that anything like that would ever happen again. Her smile widened and she relaxed in her chair before continuing.

"Thanks. So it just went from there; it got worse and worse, and I never really slept the same again." She lowered her eyes guiltily. "I think that's when I started to turn to the Dark Arts as a refuge; I wanted revenge on the world that made his rape of me possible – no matter the means. After I left Hogwarts, Rudolphus joined the Death Eaters, and I saw it as my chance to focus on my revenge without getting in trouble; for my revenge to be appreciated and recognized." She was silent for a moment. "It twisted me, and what I wanted faded after a while, until I was blinded by revenge – and I couldn't see anything else. I forgot who I was." She turned to Harry and smiled at him, "I remember when you stuck me in that bodybind on the battlefield; I was so furious, I wanted nothing more than to slice your head from your shoulders – and when the Aurors took me away, and I knew where I was going, I wanted to die." She squeezed his hand then, and he looked at her, surprised that she was smiling while speaking such words. He found out why a moment later. "I did die; the me that wanted only revenge, that only had hate, simply couldn't survive in Azkaban and I found the real me again."

She brought her hand up and brushed her lips against the knuckles of Harry's hand, and he shivered, delighted and warmed by the gesture. She noticed his reaction, and felt a heat deep within her; he reacted like that because of her. The thought that he actually found

her attractive enough to garner such a response made her feel cherished for herself for the first time in her entire life. She had bared her true self, the woman that wanted to be accepted, and loved, and he hadn't shied away, nor had he shunned her want- no, her need, in the slightest. She lowered his hand away from her lips, and she saw his eyes gleam in slight disappointment before they snapped back to the comforting warmth that they had displayed throughout her story.

There was no pity in his eyes, nor sympathy or worry. It was as if he was assured of her strength, and that he knew that the last thing that she wanted was pity. She discovered why a moment later. "I'm not going to pretend that I know what you went through, because I don't; I know that you're not comfortable enough to share it all with me, and I appreciate that." He sat back in his chair, taking his hand back and smiling at her before taking a bite from his toast; still hot thanks to a nifty little charm he knew. "I find this easy to talk about now because I've talked about it before; it all started when I was dropped off on my relatives' doorstep..."

Over the next three hours Harry told his story to Bellatrix, and her eyes widened further and further as he went deeper into his life at the Dursleys. "God Harry, I never knew!" He nodded and she continued, "Voldemort always had us believe that you were this wealthy, arrogant, stuck up bastard of a wizard, and yet you lived like that?"

He nodded. "I'm not surprised that I was portrayed like that; in all honesty I could have been like that." At her questioning frown he continued. "Bella, my vaults hold more gold than I could ever hope to spend in a hundred lifetimes, and up until the point that I was incarcerated in here I was still getting donations from families that wanted to thank me for ridding them of Voldemort. I could've turned out to be Potter version of your nephew quite easily." He looked at Bellatrix and cocked his head. "You still haven't asked why I'm in here yet."

She shook her head and shrugged, a lopsided smile on her face. "You're in here because people are afraid of your power." He looked surprised and she laughed, "Come on Harry, if you can do this," she motioned to the room around them, "without a wand, then god knows what you can do with one. In all honesty, I know that even with my wand I couldn't hope to defeat you as you are now." She

smiled at him, but it soon dropped from her face; a hopeful, and a thankful expression on her now-healthier looking features. "But thank you; thank you for trusting me with that."

He smiled and reached over to pat her hand before grabbing her plate and taking it over to the sink. "I trust you; there's no need to thank me for that." She sat, watching him wash up, and didn't notice the affectionate smile that spread over her features until Harry turned to her, and smiled back. She blushed a deep red and quickly looked away, causing Harry to chuckle lightly. He moved past her to the lounge area and sat down on one of the arm chairs – motioning that she should do the same.

She did, and sighed happily as the leather curved around her; hugging her with its warmth and softness. Harry had done much the same, and the two dozed for the majority of the day; Harry because of the hectic, draining five days beforehand; and Bellatrix for the four years of missed sleep during her stay in the hell that was Azkaban. She awoke fully at nearly the same time, and Bellatrix had a sudden thought. "What are we going to do?"

He frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean, if everything had stayed as it was, and we were still in that cell-"

"We are still in that cell."

She scowled at his innocent smile, and continued. "If we were still in that cell, with the Dementors, then what we would do for the next ten years would be quite simple; we would relive our worst, most fearful memories, and we would try and survive by eating anything; mould if necessary."

Harry frowned. "Did you do that?" She lowered her head in shame, and he hurried to reassure her. "Bella, look at me." He had to repeat himself a couple of times before she raised her eyes, and when she did they were filled with shame, insecurity, and self-disappointment. He knew right then what he was going to spend the next ten years doing. "I don't hold you in any less regard; in fact I just respect you more."

"Harry, you don't have to say things like that to make me feel bett-"

"I'm not!" Her eyes widened at his outburst, and she looked up at him. "You wanted to live Bella, even in this hell of a place you wanted to live; you didn't give up on life, which meant that you had recovered your dream. Even though you thought it unattainable, you still lived for it!" She was amazed at the passion in his voice, and she had no doubt at all that he was speaking what he truly thought. "I wouldn't have that strength, at least before."

"You're stronger than me!"

He scoffed. "Magically, yes; physically, yes; mentally, I would debate that; emotionally, no." She was about to interrupt, but he continued. "Up until five days ago, I had something to live for; I had two friends that I loved like a brother and a sister, and I wanted to help them achieve their dreams; that was my dream." By this point his voice was cracking, and Bellatrix was shocked; the saviour of the Wizarding world was breaking down in front of her very eyes. "Up until five days ago, I thought that I had achieved my dream of having people that appreciate me, and who are loyal to me." He looked up at her, and the pain in his deep, green eyes was palpable. "And then five days ago, the two people who I trusted more than anybody stabbed me in the back and got me sent here with their betrayal." He chuckled humourlessly. "What a bloody fool I was; I should've seen it coming; I never noticed Ron's loathing looks, or Hermione's jealous ones, probably because I wanted so badly to think that I had achieved my dream."

"Harr-"

He smiled at her, his dark emotions vanishing in almost an instant. "I have achieved my dream though; on the boat ride over here I found out who my real friends are; they say that you don't know what you've got until you've lost it – I didn't know what I had until I lost what I thought I had." He stretched out and groaned happily as his muscles relaxed. "And now you have given me a new dream."

She pointed to herself, surprised. "Me? How did I give you a dream?"

"By that look in your eyes." She froze and stared at him. He stared right back, his tone firm, but warm. "That look which says that you

feel worthless, powerless, useless, unloved, unwanted. You shouldn't feel that at all."

She felt a surge of anger at him when he said that, and started screaming at him. "I shouldn't feel that should I? Well excuse me Mister I've-Had-Damn-Near-Every-Woman-In-Hogwarts-In-My-Bed; I've had my wand snapped, I'm worthless; I can't do wandless magic, I'm powerless; I couldn't lift more than a bloody pint of milk, I'm useless; all my family either hates me, or is dead, I'm unloved; and there's nobody on this fucking planet that would want a goddamn murderer like me!"

He stood up from his chair, his face set and his fists clenched by his sides as he approached her. She knew that look from her husband, and she immediately cowered into the furniture, wishing that she could take back what she had just yelled. He raised his fist and she clenched her eyes firmly shut-

"You have no idea just how much I want to slap some sense into you right now." She cracked open her eyelid and found him standing above her, both of his hands at his sides. "You stupid bloody woman." She would've flinched but for the warmth in his voice, and she looked up in shock – her eyes drinking in the sight of his slightly sad, but warm smile. "Do you have any idea just how lucky I consider myself at this very moment; since the moment I stepped in here to be exact? I'm stuck in my dream apartment, with no journalists wanting an interview, no fans stalking me, no responsibilities, and no deadlines. I'm stuck in here with the best food Hogwarts can provide, with a bed comfier than my own in my apartment, and a beautiful woman with a wonderful personality who just needs time and help to heal."

He grinned at her. "You're in here with a man who can perform wandless magic like it is nothing, and you think I can't teach you the same? You can't lift more than a pint of milk? No shit Bella; you've been stuck in a five by five meter cell and have had a quarter of the food required to survive for over four years; no wonder you can't lift more." He held up three fingers. "Three months and you'll be lifting up the damn table. Your family? They have never met you, so how could they hate you? I know for a fact that you and Tonks would get along like a house on fire, once she had gotten over your uncanny resemblance to a Death Eater, and I have a feeling that Andromeda would forgive you, or the old you, for what you have done.

"And as for being unwanted," he took in a deep breath and closed his eyes. "When you kissed my hand this morning, do you have any idea just how much I wanted to lean over the table and press my lips against yours?" He opened his eyes and made a tiny, almost invisible gap between his thumb and forefinger. "I was that close to doing it, but I know for sure that you aren't ready for such a thing, and in all honesty if I had've kissed you, I would've regretted it." He held up his hands before she could even think about feeling disappointed. "Not because you're ugly, because you're stunning; not because you're not a nice person, because you bloody well are; but because I want you to be completely comfortable with me before I do that." He frowned and hummed thoughtfully. "And no, I haven't slept with every woman in Hogwarts; in fact, my running total is zero at the current time."

She didn't even really hear the last sentence, and her eyes were wide. "How the bloody hell could you want me? You could have any pick of any woman or girl in the entire wizarding world!"

He shook his head and walked back to his chair, falling down into it with a smile. "Not now I couldn't; god, people will be giving me one hell of a wide berth when I get out of here – me being the next Dark Lord and all."

She growled, "So that's the only reason you want me? Because I'm the only one that would have you?"

He hung his head to the side and raised his eyebrows. "Bella, I have never once been on a successful date, let alone had sex with a woman – and before now I've had plenty of woman that would've had me; but I wouldn't have them." She blushed at her quick, and clearly very incorrect assumption, but eeped in surprise when he spoke next. "But it's nice to know that you've at least entertained the thought of having me."

She stammered for quite some time after that, much to Harry's immense amusement, but finally righted herself. "I'm twenty years older than you for goodness sake!"

"Twenty years...don't care!" he replied cheerfully, and she spluttered.

"I look like a walking corpse!"

He frowned, "Well I wouldn't go quite that far; you look like a very pretty, starved woman to me – nothing a few months of good food won't fix, I'm sure."

"I haven't washe-"

He laughed, and wagged his finger disapprovingly. "Now now, that's not true anymore; you showered last night." She stammered for another excuse, but found herself frozen a moment later when she was engulfed in a warm, caring embrace. He held her for a moment before speaking. "If you don't want me to hold you just say so." When no reply came for several seconds he continued. "I'm young and naïve, I've never been in a real relationship, I've never been on a date. Best I got was a week of snogging, which doesn't really count for much in my book." He rested his chin on the top of her head. "And now I've found a woman who I'm truly interested in, who I consider to be the most beautiful person on this Earth, who I think has the most wonderful personality, minus the insecurities, but they won't be sticking around for long, and who has an interest in me.

"Hell, you are the first person outside of Ron, Hermione and Neville that I have told about the Dursleys, and you still hold an interest in me." He pulled back and smiled down at her. "If that isn't worth living for, and if being with you isn't something to want and desire, then I don't know what is."

Please R&R, and remember the suggestions for a T-Shirt legend as stated at the top A/N!

A/N: Okay, let me clear this up right now. This story is not one of those stories which goes, tiny, microscopical leadup, CLIMAX! CLIMAX! CLIMAX! done. Additionally, this story does not go "ALL INFORMATION FOR THE ENTIRE STORY TO MAKE SENSE...story." There are flashbacks to their times in Azkaban to help develop and characterize them and their relationship, describe their training, and so on and so forth. The lack of information is to keep you guessing, and then giving you "aaaahhhh, I get it now!" sort of moments at later points in the story.

Good, rant over. For all those that gave positive reviews, thank you so very much; it truly does help keep up my morale, and motivation for actually finishing the story and posting chapters faster, also constructive, nicely worded criticism is very welcome, and appreciated.

The group of five strode purposefully along the thin, worn trail that led towards the prison fortress of Azkaban, and all of them shivered when they felt the cold darkness that emanated from the hundreds of Dementors that stood guard over their prey: the people imprisoned in the hell above. All five however, felt a momentary rush of satisfaction when they thought of the man who they were here to release; a man who had not only been here for ten years, but who would have been a source of feeding for the evil creatures that floated eerily above them. The leader of the group grinned widely as they passed through the guard post with little more than a look up from the gatekeeper, and stepped into the torment beyond. Prisoners yelled at them from their cells, and arms stretched out; scrambling desperately in the vain hope that they would be able to get a hold of some of the people that had put them there.

The five paid the lowly prisoners no heed and continued down the long corridor. One of the two blondes in the group smiled delightfully at the sight of the torment and pain around him, and begun entertaining the thought of Harry being dead in his cell with his aunt nibbling on the rotting meat that resided on his bones. He knew of the arrangements, and had voted in favour of the Minister's suggestion that Harry be put in a cell with Bellatrix; being one of Voldemort's most highly regarded Generals she would surely tear Harry limb for limb.

They reached the second floor and the terror and suffering increased; they even witnessed a dementor sucking the happiness

from a prisoner first hand – and they couldn't help but feel a sense of grim satisfaction at the sight; however disgusting it was to behold. The third floor; no shouts emanated from the cells, only pained, insane whimpering – and they weren't even on the floor where their prisoner resided. They finally set foot on the fourth and final floor, and the red head leading the small group grinned when he saw the state of the prisoners in the cells. In varying states of insanity, the majority of them had clearly begun to see themselves as a means of extra food – and Ron couldn't help but grin in anticipation. They finally reached the last cell on the fourth floor, and stared at the shimmering, metallic surface that covered the entrance to it. Nothing came from within; no sound, no fear, no nothing; all was as it should be. They all stood in front of the entrance, and Draco peered at his watch.

"Two minutes."

Ron nodded, and for the first time in his career disagreed with his own decision to not bring Neville along with them; the look on his face when he saw Harry – whether alive or dead – would have been priceless. The seconds ticked by, and the excitement in the group raised to a crescendo when the last tick echoed out in the silent corridor. They saw the shimmering start to increase, until the metallic substance looked like a liquid; bubbling and wavering until it fell to the ground with a splash. Every single mouth in the corridor dropped when they saw what was inside.

Bellatrix was giggling madly on the floor, and Harry was above her; pinning her to the carpet with a maniacal grin on his face as he tickled her sides. It was several more minutes before Harry and Bellatrix noticed their company, and they stopped their antics to peer at them. The five aurors simply stared, their jaws completely agape at the couple, and at the room that they were in. Harry got to his feet and offered his hand to Bella, who took it and allowed herself to be pulled up before smoothing her clothes and then grinning at Harry before – much to the gurgling surprise of the group standing outside their room – leaning up and pressing a chaste kiss against his lips.

"Ready to go love?" She nodded happily and waved her hand vaguely, causing all of their belongings to fly out from their room and then shrink themselves before slipping into their pockets. Harry smiled his thanks as his suitcases dropped lightly into his jacket, and then waved his hand – causing the room to shrink back to its original

size and state. The pair looked at the dismal cell with no small amount of disgust. Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and pulled her to her with a sad smile. "Last time you're going to see this place; any last words?"

Her answer was to spit on the ground in disgust, and Harry grinned at her next words. "What a shithole."

He pecked her happily on the top of her head and slid his hand down to hold hers. "Couldn't agree more, shall we?"

The two stepped out of their cell for the first time in ten years, and stood in front of their escorts. Harry frowned when he didn't see Neville, but didn't mention it – he didn't need to when he really took notice of those assembled. Harry showed no emotion when his gaze swept over Ron, but couldn't help the scowl that spread across his face when he saw Draco – who was staring at his aunt in complete and utter shock. Seeing that their guards were going to be of no help whatsoever, Bellatrix pulled Harry in the direction of the stairs. They made it to the second floor before the group caught up to them, and Ron growled menacingly. "You are not authorised to-"

"Shut your trap Weasley; you have absolutely no power over us now, as of five minutes ago Harry and I were free people – and nowhere in the law does it state that we require authorization to make out own way out."

The red-head snapped his mouth shut and Harry grinned widely. "You heard the wife Ron, best pay attention before she's tempted to hex your arse into next month." Eyes immediately flicked to their hands, and Draco fainted at the sight of the platinum bands that rested there. Harry smiled joyfully, and Bella grinned ear-to-ear at the reactions they were getting; if this is what they got from seasoned Aurors, however incompetent, then the public would be an absolute blast. They left their guards behind and walked through Azkaban in their warm cloaks, all the while holding their hands, and all the while completely immune to the effects of the Dementors. They reached the guard post, walked past the spluttering guard, and then apparated away with a tiny, minuscule pop.

They reappeared in a small alleyway, and Bellatrix looked at Harry questioningly. "Where are we?" She looked around and searched his memory, and then ahh'ed in understanding. "Your apartment."

He nodded and pulled a key from his pocket, and the pair exited the alley before quickly unlocking a nearby door and slipping inside. Harry hung up his cloak by the door, and then cringed as he flicked on the light. He was pleasantly surprised at what he was faced with. Not a speck of dust was in sight, which was surprising since the last time he'd set foot in the apartment had been ten years ago. He walked over to his pantry, and his eyes widened when he found it fully stocked – as was his fridge. Bellatrix walked around the room as he searched around, and drunk in the presence of her husband; this was where he used to live before she met him.

She heard a whistling sound and swung around to find Harry holding two wands in his hands. He weighed them up, tilting them this way and that before smiling when he found the balance. He threw the thinner, more subtle wand to his wife – and as soon as her fingers touched the warm wood she felt a rush of power run through her. Harry grinned at the awed look on her face and pocketed his own wand before answering her unasked question. "That wand is my mothers, and mine is my fathers. It seems as if they have chosen us as their next owners."

Her eyes widened, and she looked back at her new wand in a completely new light. "This is your mothers?" He nodded and she ran her hands over its polished surface. "It's amazing; I can feel my connection with it, it's as if it was made for me."

Harry smiled and walked over to her before dragging them both down onto the couch. "I guess mum and dad approve of my wife."

Her awed expression softened at his words and she rested her hand over his, which was on her stomach. "You have no idea how much it means for me to hear you say that."

He smiled into the back of her shoulder. "You have no idea what it means for me to know that it's true."

"My husband."

"My wife." They both smiled as the words rolled off their tongues, and lay there for quite some time just enjoying their new freedom, and each other's presence.

"Say, I think we need to get some new furniture."

He scoffed, and mock growled at her. "The minute we're out of Azkaban and you're already set to empty my vaults."

She elbowed him lightly in the ribs and chuckled. "Oh shut it."

He grumbled for a few moments before nodding, but she knew that he was holding something back. She knew better than to ask; if the sly grin on his face was anything to go by, she was going to like it. "So Gringotts then?" She nodded and he moved to sit up, but found himself forced back down; Bella's lips pressing firmly against his in a passionate kiss. Eventually she had to pull back for air, and Harry looked up at her in shock. "I'm not complaining in the least, but what was that for?"

She pulled herself off him and danced playfully away, a wide smile on her face. "Because I wanted to!"

Although she was fast on her feet, Harry had, and always would be faster, and she found herself caught in his arms a moment later. "Little minx."

She smiled coyly up at him and he groaned, having to look away before he did something that would postpone their visit to Gringotts. "You love me for it though."

"I sometimes wonder if I love that part of you too much."

She laughed happily and gave him a quick peck on the cheek before squirming from his hold and waving her hand over her hair. It quickly shortened until it came just past her shoulders, and she smiled lovingly up at him. "Do you like it?"

He looked at her; her beautiful, healthy face, her eyes dancing with life, her curvaceous and lithe body, and her new haircut framing her face. He answered quietly, but she heard every word, and smiled warmly at him. "I love it, you look beautiful."

She walked over and hugged herself to his arm as he quickly cast a shaving charm to get rid of all the stubble – having been too busy with his wife for the past three days to have bothered to do so, and then waved his hand over them both to change their attire into a smarter, more formal set of robes. A moment later they popped

away, and then reappeared in Diagon Alley. They looked around at the bustling throng of people hurrying into shops, and Harry smiled, while Bellatrix felt a slight twinge of her old insecurity slip into her mind. Harry turned to her, cupped her face in his hands, and proceeded to kiss the absolute living anxiety right out of her. A few people saw the loving exchange and smiled at the couple, but virtually the entire alley fell still and silent when the two surfaced for air and their faces became visible.

Harry took off like nothing was the matter, and Bellatrix followed at his side; her hand clasped tightly within his. "Morning folks, lovely day out, isn't it?" A few surprised gurgles met Harry's statement and he grinned –before flinging his hand out and halting a curse right in front of his nose.

The glowing ball of magic hovered still, completely suspended in the air, and Bella peered at it curiously. "Mmm, a high powered Defodio; that could've been nasty." Harry nodded his agreement, and Bellatrix reached out and touched the spell – causing it to disperse in a puff of white light. No more spells were forthcoming. The pair continued walking down the alley, and the crowd continued to give them as wide of a berth as humanly possible.

The two entered Gringotts quickly; happy to be rid of the stares that they were receiving from the witches and wizards outside, and were quickly led to a private meeting room by one of the cashiers. Griphook walked in a moment later, and Harry smiled at the small creature. "Griphook, it's good to see you after all this time."

Griphook smiled back and nodded before taking a seat. "Indeed Mister Potter. You look well." His eyes flicked to Bellatrix and the small goblin nearly had a heart attack. He cleared his throat a few times before motioning that Harry should come over. Said black-haired wizard frowned, but walked over all the same, and Griphook leaned up to whisper in his ear. "Harry, us goblins can see through the most powerful glamor charms as if they don't exist; the woman you were sitting beside is in fact Bellatrix Lestrange."

Harry raised his eyebrows and nodded conspiratorially at the concerned banker before returning to his seat – ignoring Bella's questioning expression. "So how is my portfolio looking?"

The banker's nervous expression disappeared at the mention of banking, and he grinned toothily. "Considerably better than when you were incarcerated, Mr Potter; in fact it has nearly tripled – the industrial espionage you were sent in fan mail certainly helped considerably in that respect." Harry smiled widely and motioned for the goblin to continue. "Your property has been finished, and all of your other properties have been kept cleaned by independent contractors we hire." Bellatrix looked awfully confused when the 'finished property' was mentioned, but she held her tongue. "We have also been keeping an eye on the people who testified at your trial; as a friend of the Goblin nation we trust you with the information we give you."

He pushed several, large folders across the desk and Harry peered curiously inside the first one; his eyes widening when he realized just what was inside. Every transaction; every deposit and withdrawal was documented in detail – and a lengthy report followed detailing far more in depth detail on the daily comings and goings of – in this folder's case – one Hermione Granger. "Holy shit..."

Bella peered over his shoulder, and her eyes also widened at the information that was there. It was unheard of in the magical world for Goblins to disclose any details of their clients, and here they had not only done that for several people, but they had also performed some very serious surveillance on them as well. "This is incredible."

Griphook replied tersely; a little disturbed by Harry's lack of reaction to the ex-Death Eater looking over his shoulder. "Yes, it is; us Goblins owe Harry a life debt, and it is nowhere near paid off."

Harry spent another few minutes flicking through the pages before sitting back in his chair and sighing, and rubbing his eyes tiredly. "Well at least I won't have to worry so much about that now, thank you." He was silent for a moment before turning to Griphook and leaning forward. "I would like to know if it is possible to dissolve a marriage without anybody knowing – including the recently divorced."

Bella's eyes widened when she realized what Harry was doing, and listened to Griphook's answer carefully. "It is indeed possible, however severe grounds would be required to convince the Goblins to take such an action; likewise the reasons for keeping it quiet would also need to be quite substantial."

Harry nodded, and then asked another question. "By the same token, is it possible to get married without anybody finding out?"

Griphook frowned, not understanding where Harry was going with the conversation, but answered all the same. "Getting married would be significantly easier to do; in fact we do it regularly. We simply keep the marriage certificate in our vaults, and we only release it to the Ministry if the couple wishes to do so."

Harry looked positively joyous. "So would rape, torture and unauthorized psychological modification be reasonable grounds for a divorce?"

"Good God Mister Potter, yo-"

"Not me Griphook, someone I care for more than anybody else in the entire world."

Griphook ahh'ed at that, and a look of understanding washed over his face. "So you obviously wish to divorce the husband of your beloved, and then marry her without anybody finding out about the new arrangements." Harry nodded, and Griphook smiled happily. "Indeed those grounds would be more than enough for a divorce, and the reasoning for keeping both the divorce and the marriage secret are more than adequate." Griphook frowned. "Your beloved does know what you plan on doing? You do realize that she will need to be here to agree to the terms?"

Harry nodded. "I do know that, and she does know. How long would it take to become official?"

Griphook gave Bella another wary glance and thought for a moment. "Normally the divorce process takes twelve to twenty four hours, and the marriage forty eight; as the creation of papers takes far longer than canceling them, but under the circumstances I think that Gringotts could have it official in less than seven hours should you sign the papers now."

He finished with a grin, and Harry smiled thankfully. "You have no idea how much that means for me. Now; the papers." Griphook looked at Harry, confused, and the raven-haired wizard chuckled. "Griphook, I am well aware that Bellatrix Lestrange is sitting by my

side, although in seven hours I cannot wait to be able to call her Missus Potter and actually have it legal and official."

Griphook looked at Harry and tried squirming into his mind, but found himself forcefully pushed out. "Harry, I know you are powerful, but I think that Bellatrix may have you under a curse – perhaps a modified Imperius."

Bella was upset at the distrust, but Harry pulled her to his side comfortingly and pressed a small kiss to the top of her head before turning back to Griphook; a strained look on his normally soft features, and his green eyes slightly pained. "Griphook, I understand the distrust you have in my beloved; we even recovered a Horcrux from her vault after all, but she wasn't herself." He let the shields on his mind drop; shields which only Bella had been allowed access through, and looked Griphook in the eyes. "I invite you to look at my time in Azkaban, to feel the genuine, untainted love I feel for Bella if you honestly feel the need – but I assure you that she is Bellatrix, the one I love, not the Death Eater she once was twisted to be."

Griphook was completely silent for several minutes following Harry's words before standing from his chair and walking around the desk until he was standing at Bella's side. He peered deep into her eyes, as if trying to peer into her soul, and was amazed to find only warmth, love, and a slight fear in her deep brown orbs. His eyes widened and he took a step back. "I would never have guessed..." He took a few moments to peer at her again, as if to make sure his eyes weren't playing tricks on him. He stepped forward again, and held his hand out. "I am terribly sorry for my hurtful comments Missus... Black," he turned to Harry, "and for not trusting you Harry." He turned back to Bella, his hand still outstretched. "I will be the first to have reformed my opinions, but I am afraid that your reputation precedes you."

Bellatrix took the offered hand as soon as he had finished speaking, and Griphook's eyes widened when he saw the genuine relief and thankfulness in her eyes. "I know it does, and it is a reputation that I pray in the future will be replaced by the one I hope to build with Harry. Thank you for what you are doing for me; for us."

Griphook nodded uneasily, and quickly rushed out of the room; his wife would kill him if she knew what he was thinking about the pretty witch he had just met. He quickened his pace when he thought of

what Harry would do to him if he ever found out. Half an hour later the pair walked through to a secret apparation point deep within Gringotts so as to avoid the public, and Harry grabbed Bella before apparating away.

Just as he felt the familiar squeeze of apparation, he couldn't help but grin. Oh what would Bella think when they came out the other side?

R&R if you have the time!

A/N: And here's the next chapter! Thanks again to all the people that reviewed, and those that keep on reviewing - you know who you are, you people keep by muse rolling!

The pair popped into a dark room, and Bellatrix immediately sunk down into a fighting stance; thinking that their apparation path had been changed. Harry stood still and smiled as he waved his hand to pull back the curtains of the room – and Bellatrix gasped when the light replaced the darkness, and the view from the window became visible. They were standing in the middle of a large, beautiful room with walls painted in a deep, royal purple, and a large, king sized bed taking up a quarter of one of the walls. Suddenly the purple shimmered, to be replaced by a bright, warming yellow, and Bellatrix looked outside, her mouth agape. They were in the middle of a neighbourhood, deep within a mountain valley. Harry felt awed even though he had seen it before, and pulled Bellatrix quickly out of the room, down the stairs, and out the front door before she could take in any of the other rooms in the house.

She gasped in awe when she could see the beauty of where they were in full. All around them stretched up mountains covered in lush green foliage; a waterfall cascaded down from the sheer faces in several places; and the sunshine, even though it was hidden behind the hills, bathed the entire plain in a stunning golden glow. It was magical, and what resided within the inhuman paradise only served to increase the wonder in Bellatrix's mind. Harry led her over to a small chair that was sitting just past the front lawn, and wrapped his arm around her shoulder while she looked out over the otherworldly heaven. Within the valley was a large flat, probably several kilometres in diameter, and built on it was an amazing paradise; it was so beautiful it was almost impossible. In front of her was a huge tree that stretched up to the sky above, and it was surrounded by a shimmering body of sapphire water that glittered and reflected the ethereal dusk glow.

The river that led into the small lake with the tree at its centre was bordered by a stunning array of willows, whose fiery red and yellow leaves drifted down on the tranquil waters; their autumn falls making them seem even more stunning than if they had been in full bloom. Past the tree, past the stunning lake, the flat continued for hundreds of meters, until it seemed to disappear – leaving the horizon bare and beautiful to any watcher's eyes. She didn't have time to wonder what lay beyond the cliff; her senses were far too busy being

assaulted by the smells and sounds around her. Magnificent birds flew above; their wings beating powerfully, and their soothing song reaching her ears to unify with the beauty of the valley, and the wonder of where she was. What made the entire space all the more mystifying and awing was the tingling of the magic around them.

It was an unseen world that few ever seldom heard of, let alone ever set foot in. The magic surged around her in an invisible torrent, but it wasn't as overwhelming as she thought it would be. It was comforting, almost as if someone was whispering inspiringly in her ear continuously, and she felt safe. For the first time in her entire life, save for when she was in Harry's arms, Bellatrix felt truly safe. "Where is this place?"

Harry smiled, and stood up; offering her his hand. She took it, trusting him implicitly, and snuggled into his side as he walked. After several minutes he began to explain. "I discovered it when I was doing my Auror training. We were in the middle of a simulated battlefield, and we were facing Aurors far more experienced and battle-ready than we were; sure I had defeated a Dark Lord, but tactics-wise I was horrible. I was apparating to beside one of my team members when my path was altered; I felt this pull, and I could've broken free from it – I could feel that I could, but the pull was comforting...familiar." He waved his free arm outwards. "It brought me here; to this place."

She turned to look up at him. "But where is this pla-"

He nodded forwards, and she realized that they had reached the cliff on the far end of the valley; the cliff where she had wondered what lay beyond. She gasped at the sight. They weren't in a normal valley; they were in a valley on the top of a mountain; a mountain which overlooked an incredible forest far below. They would have been at least a thousand meters above the green lands, and the hills around them stretched upwards for at least another few hundred. It took her breath away.

Harry smiled out over the view. "I was amazed at where I was, but the question of why still lingered in my mind. I found out when I talked with the valley."

"Talked to the valley?" She looked at him like he was mad. "How can you talk to a valley?"

He chuckled and nodded. "It's an odd concept, I agree, but you've felt the magic around here." She nodded and he continued. "Well that magic is what I draw from; it is my source of power. I can access it from anywhere in the world, and it is so much more powerful than the Dark Magic that creeps into so many people's hearts." He smiled warmly down at her. "And now that you are here, this place will grow so much more powerful."

She looked slightly worried. "It's going to steal my magic?" she guessed, and Harry laughed, pulling her closer and shaking his head.

"Nothing of the sort; the valley grows stronger when there is love within its hills – and the love I feel for you, and the love you feel for me will make this place flourish." He breathed in a deep lungful of air and smiled. "Already I can feel the source growing stronger."

"Can I feel it?"

Harry looked shocked for a moment, and then slapped himself on the forehead with a small chuckle. "Sorry love, I've been a little to awed by the scenery – of course you can; just a moment." She watched as he closed his eyes, and tensed in anticipation. It wasn't long before she felt the effects.

Harry opened his eyes as she felt a trickle of pure, unaltered magic run through her, and she looked up at him with wide eyes. "Is this the magic?" He chuckled and shook his head, and it was at that moment that she felt the flow quicken. It was a rush of power, and then a flood, and then a rapid of the purest, most beautiful magic she had ever felt before in her entire life. It was as if every scrap of darkness, every lingering bit of Dark Magic in her was decimated by its power. It took several moments before she opened her eyes again, and it was then that she saw Harry's eyes truly reveal themselves.

They glowed a magnificent green; pulsing slowly with the power that she now knew flowed through him, and he smiled, in both amazement and happiness. "I hid them from you; I wanted this to be a surprise." She stood, shocked for a moment, before rushing over to the river that flowed off the cliff and peering at her reflection. Her eyes were shining back at her; her irises burning a deep, passionate

red, but the most glaringly obvious change in her was how young she looked. No longer did she look the fifty four that she was; it was almost as if time had been turned back over twenty years. Her hair was once again a pure black; her skin was smooth and creamy; and her body had slimmed and toned almost instantly. Harry walked up behind her to wrap her in a hug from behind. "The full flow of the magic manifests gifts us in many different ways; through our eyes, which we can cloak, but our magic will be drastically weakened – in fact to mask the magic is considered an insult by the valley; our new eyes are a gift from it to show that we are pure, and that we love. Our youth can also be hidden, but to hide any of the gifts, to The Valley, is to be ashamed of what it gives us; the only reason it forgave me is because I am the master of this place, and I did it to surprise you; my beloved."

She looked at her reflection, her new glowing red eyes making her look deadly, and not one to be trifled with, and her youthful face and body was clearly different to the older body she had been in only moments earlier. She felt her heart sink however, even though her renewed youth lifted her spirits and made her feel more worthy of her husband. "People are going to see my eyes and think that I'm a hundred times darker now."

"And what are they going to think of me then?"

She peered into his eyes and was amazed at the brightness of his green orbs. "They'll just think that you're more powerful; I on the other hand, am an ex-Death Eater, and now I have glowing red eyes to boot." She shivered. "It reminds me of Voldemort."

Harry looked down at her for a moment, before nodding in understanding. To him she was beautiful, no matter what she looked like, but to others who only knew her as Voldemort's General they would immediately see it as evil rather as what it was meant to convey; power and love. He closed his eyes and brushed against the magic around him; and he felt it immediately understand his request. He felt a warmth surge through him, and then opened his eyes once again – smiling when he saw the change in his wife. "The valley generally manifests the glow to suit eye colour – it figured that red would suit you since you were passionate and loving." She looked up at him questioningly and he continued with a warm smile. "You have the most stunning hazel eyes I have ever seen; and hazel has two manifestations – red and gold." He nodded to the river.

"It apologises for the mistake; red will not make an appearance in this place's inhabitants ever again."

Her eyes widened and she whipped back around to face her reflection again, her breath hitching in her throat when she saw the now-comforting, golden glow that shone from within her irises. "It's beautiful..."

Harry pulled her to her feet and hugged her firmly, smiling into her short black hair. "It suits you." He held her for several minutes before pulling back and stepping away from her with a smile. "The magic has accepted you as it has me, you are free to call upon it whenever you wish." He sat down and spoke before she could attempt to test her new reservoir of power. "I know that I don't need to tell you this, but I'll tell you what the valley told me: to abuse the pure magic for dark means is a grave mistake; a mistake that could cost you your life."

"Bu-"

Harry smiled and held up his hand. "Killing people if truly required doesn't count against us; nor does injuring someone, nor indeed using 'dark' magic." He frowned, thinking back to the time where he delved into the Dark Arts during his fifth year at Hogwarts. "You will know when you are about to use it wrongly; it will alert you to your actions. If you use for the wrong purposes then it will inevitably react violently." She nodded, understanding implicitly what he meant, but then lightened when she lifted her hand towards one of the waterfalls on the hill. Harry watched, amazed, as she lifted the flow of water away from the rock; causing a fine mist to roll across the valley, and a rainbow to form over the magnificent plain.

After several minutes she released the water and allowed it to return back to the cliff face, and then turned to Harry with an awed look on her face. Harry knew that expression well. "It feels so..." she searched for the words desperately, and Harry shook his head with a smile.

"You will never find the words to describe it, only people that have experienced it will ever understand."

She walked to him and immediately wrapped her arms around him, hugging him, and resting her head against his chest. "Thank you for sharing this with me."

Harry smiled down at her and shook his head. "There's no need to thank me for this; it's like me thanking you for loving me."

"But I haven't given you anything as big as this."

Harry scoffed and looked down at her. "So loving me isn't as big as this? I used to sit in my room thinking that everybody in the world hated my existence, and now I have a woman who I love, and who – crazily – loves me back just as much...I think that counts as way bigger than what the valley just gifted you with." She mumbled a protest into his chest, hating to lose the argument, and he chuckled before walking back towards their home. "We are both tired; we got out of Azkaban this morning, and we've done a whole lot since then as well, including making your body match your beautiful soul. Let's rest up, and then we can look into what has been happening during our absence tomorrow, okay?"

She nodded, smiled, and hugged his arm to her chest. "Who are the other houses for?"

Harry smiled. "Well I want Neville, Luna, and Ginny to live here with us; I want this to be a place full of friends and family that we love." He smiled at her. "Tonks, Remus and Teddy, Andromeda and Ted; all the people that care for us as we are."

"I don't think that-"

"Bella, they haven't met you...ever. You're passionate, loving, caring, funny, and you are more beautiful than ever. There is no way that they would shun you after you tell them what you truly went through; Tonks has always wanted more family, and I know that Andromeda misses having a sister." He smiled toothily. "Remus will probably launch fifty hexes first and ask questions later, but we can call upon the Valley for protection if that happens – he'll soon stop when he realizes that I'm standing beside you though."

She still looked uncertain and he stopped outside their front lawn to peer at her. After a few minutes of silence she straightened, and he

saw a look of determination appear in her bright eyes. "If you think they will accept me then I'll do it."

He nodded and pulled her to his side before walking inside. "I think they will; you're an amazing person."

She blushed slightly, but smiled happily up at him; letting him lead her to the bedroom. The two quickly undressed, and her eyes widened when a faint tap came from the window. Sitting outside was a pure, white phoenix; its eyes glowing faintly blue, and its wings tucked comfortably into its sides. Harry walked over to the window in his boxers and opened it before scratching the magnificent bird on the top of its head. "Hello Ellen, it's been a while." The bird nodded and Harry raised an eyebrow. "Really? Well thanks; we'll need to have a look over them tomorrow...how many are there?" There was a small pause as the bird crinkled up its eyes to think, and then Harry yelped, "Three thousand six hundred?" The phoenix looked up at him as if he was stupid. "And fifty six? I mean, I know it's been ten years, but..." He sighed and shook his head, and then turned to Bellatrix with a smile. "Bella, this is Ellen, my familiar that I told you about. Ellen, this is Bella, my wife."

"She is beautiful..."

Harry nodded and smiled, before pausing, and then smiling wider. "What happened to your old familiar Bella?"

She lowered her head. "Rudolphus killed her when she delivered the wrong paper one morning."

Harry growled angrily, but quickly turned to Ellen and had a silent conversation. After several minutes Harry turned back to her and smiled sadly. "What was her name?"

"Sephiria."

She continued looking at the bed, and Harry didn't even need to enter her mind to know what she was thinking about. There was a sudden orange flash, and Bella whipped her head upwards to see a sight that the majority of people didn't see in their entire lifetimes. Beside Harry's phoenix stood another; its feathers a fiery red, and its eyes a piercing yellow. Harry could see that Bella was captivated by the new bird, and smiled happily. "This is Ellen's friend Asper; she

met her while we were in Azkaban, and she wants a master, or a mistress as the case may be."

"Sh-wha...what are yo- you're telling me that a phoenix wants me to be its master?" she asked incredulously, and Harry nodded in the affirmative. She turned to the red phoenix and received a second nod, causing her to sit down rather quickly on the bed, least she collapse. "Really?" The bird nodded a second time and she breathed an awed sigh. "A phoenix, the lightest creature on Earth, wants to be bonded to me..." she chuckled, "what would Voldemort think?"

Harry didn't answer, but simply smiled and watched as the bonding took place between his wife, and his familiar's friend. No words needed to be said once the ritual had taken place; the two birds turned around and flew back out the open window, Harry and Bella snuggled together on top of the sheets, and the darkness slowly spread across the plain. Harry pressed a soft kiss against the back of Bellatrix's shoulder, and she smiled before intertwining her fingers with his. "I love you."

She felt a rush of warmth flow through her, and saw the faint, green glow from his eyes on the sheet in front of her. "I love you too Harry."

R&R!

A/N: Oooh, meet-the-family time this chapter! A huge thanks again for all the great reviews, a special mention to trotha, Victoria., and Rachel Hewitt for their particularly uplifting ones! Keep them coming people, they really do go a long way to keeping my muse fuelled and the chapters coming!

"So let me get this straight," she looked down at the pad she had been writing on, "Umbridge is Minister; Ronald Weasley is head of the Aurors and Draco is his second in command; Hermione is the top Unspeakable; and the majority of the other heads of departments had Death Eaters for parents." It wasn't a question, but Harry nodded all the same, and she growled lowly before slamming an article on the table.

They had been working through all the papers Ellen had delivered to their closet for the past ten hours, and Harry could taste the ink on his fingers – but he read the article all the same. He was happy that he had his wife nearby to calm him down.

Golden Duo Breaks the Trio for the Good of the People!

By Rita Skeeter

On Wednesday the second of September 2002, terrifying information came to light about the man whom the Wizarding world holds as a saviour. Hermione Weasley nee. Granger (23) and Ronald Weasley (22) brought information to the courts implicating Harry James Potter in the Dark Arts, and a plot to become the next Dark Lord. Had it been any other witch or wizard to come forward, their accusations surely would have fallen on deaf ears, and they would have been sent to the nearest psychological ward – but these are the two people that defeated the Dark along with Mr Potter. This reporter is of the opinion that the Ministry should have seen the evil plot at an earlier point.

"Substantial evidence was found in both Mr Potter's apartment, and pensive memories from witnesses undoubtedly prove The-Boy-Who-Lived's guilt," announced Minister Umbridge the day after Mr Potter had been transported to Azkaban to serve a ten year sentence. "Mister and Missus Weasley did what was truly required to keep the magical world safe, at the possible cost of their reputations and lives. I assure every witch and wizard that the allegations brought to light were proven beyond a doubt, and that they are telling nothing but

the truth – and so I am promoting them for their loyalty to the magical world; loyalty that we should all strive to equal."

The Golden Duo agreed to an exclusive interview with the Daily Prophet three days later, in which the loving young couple detailed the evidence that they had brought against their ex-friend. I asked when they had first realized that something was wrong with Mr Potter, and Missus Weasley replied that it had been in third year. "It was truly horrible," she confided, "I had just come back from the library and I saw Harry torturing a cat in the hallway. It was sickening, and that he was laughing and smiling as it screeched only confirmed my suspicions – Harry had gone Dark."

At this point Missus Weasley broke down in tears, and Auror Weasley comforted her while he spoke. "Herms told me about what she had seen as soon as she saw me in the Common Room, and we both went to Dumbledore with our suspicions. He told us to pretend as if nothing had happened, but to keep an eye on Harry and report back to him every week." I watched his eyes glaze over as the horror from the memories overtook him, and as his wife clutched desperately at his hand to comfort hi-

The paper burst into flames at that point, and Harry glared at the ashes that were left in his hand. "Those bastard traitors!" The glowing in his eyes increased and Bella reached over the table to rest her hand on his clenched fist. He calmed slightly, and took a few deep breaths to regain his composure. "I still have a hard time believing that they did that to me simply because of jealousy."

"Me too."

He smiled over at her, and placed his previously-ash covered hand over hers. "At least I know that I have people that I can trust now – and the one I trust the most is sitting with me keeping me from going insane."

She blushed, but smiled at the praise. "Thanks." She took her hand back after a moment and then shuffled through the copious notes she had made. "So the Ministry is being run by the greedy and backstabbing..." she pulled out a piece of paper and begun reading off it. "Ron, Molly, Arthur, Hermione, Seamus, Draco, Umbitch, Percy, Nott, Parkinson...the list goes on for..." she flicked through the pages of notes, "twenty pages." She sighed. "The people we can

truly trust however can fit on one sheet. Neville, Luna, Ginny, Remus, Minerva, Filius, Hagrid, Tonks, Andromeda, Ted, Teddy," Harry chuckled at that, "and that's about it. People that we need to keep an eye on to see if they are trustworthy are Bill Weasley and Fleur, Charlie, the twins, Daphne Greengrass, Colin Creevey, Susan Bones and Blaise Zabini." She shrugged. "There are probably more, but I think those are the people to worry about at the moment."

Harry nodded in agreement, and then smiled at her before reaching over the table and circling five names. "I think I know where to start."

The pair popped into a secluded park, one of them looking decidedly more nervous than the other. "Harry, are you really sure about this?"

He smiled down at the black haired woman at his side and hugged her. "I know that this is hard for you, and it's probably going to be awkward for you after Remus has finished firing off his curses, but I want you to have what I never did; a family." He kissed her on the top of her head and then met her glowing orbs with his own. "Besides, the fact that I'm here, and that I'm not casting the killing curse at you should break the ice a little."

She punched him in the arm and pouted. "Gee, that's reassuring – thanks a bunch."

He huffed and then pulled away from her before folding his arms, imitating her pout, and adding his childish pose to the mix. "Gosh, see if I try and comfort you again." She chuckled and reached out to him, but he pulled back with a sniff. "Don't want to."

He found himself encased in a bodybind a moment later, and then Bellatrix the moment after that. He quickly nullified the spell and she laughed as he tickled her. "St- oh god, Harry st- stop, I ca- can- can't brea- breath!"

"Surrender you ungrateful wench!"

She cried out in laughter, and Harry tickled harder, making tears run down her face. "N-n-ne-neve-NEVER!" Two seconds later when he employed a small spell that made the nerves in her body more sensitive however, she cried out, "OKAY!"

He laughed and caught her collapsing form before dragging her over to a small chair beside the swings. "You're so stubborn."

She shakily wiped the tears from her cheeks and mock-scowled up at him. "And you're a cheater; I can't believe that you used magic to make it tickle even more."

He whistled innocently, but the mile-wide grin on his lips belied his lack of regret – much to Bella's amusement. After a few minutes she snuggled into his side and smiled happily. "I never imagined that I would one day sit in a park with the love of my life and genuinely laugh." She turned her head upwards and captured his lips in a gentle but meaningful kiss. "Thank you."

He smiled down at her. "It's no problem; I never imagined that I would ever be loved full stop." They sat for another minute before Harry sighed mock-disapprovingly. "You've stalled enough; it's time to face the music."

She pouted cutely. "Do I have to?"

He groaned and looked away. "Don't pull that out at a time like this love, else we'll be a lot later than we already are."

She laughed and stood up, followed shortly by Harry, and took his hand. They walked out of the park and down the cul-de-sac silently, and caught a delicious smell on the warm night air. Bella closed her eyes and breathed it in, and Harry's mouth began to water; it had been years since he had had a barbecue. The pair had just walked onto the front lawn when the door burst open and a grey haired man shot out. "HARRY-" was followed quickly by, "OH SHIT!" and a barrage of rather deadly spells. Harry's eyes glowed a little brighter, as did Bella's as they shielded against the onslaught, and Harry was a little apprehensive when it was still continuing after several minutes.

He hated to do it, but he quickly cast a bodybind at the attacking man. He froze stock still in the middle of an incantation, and Harry breathed a sigh of relief. He turned to Bella and grinned, "What did I tell you?" She mumbled back, and he chuckled before wrapping his arm around her shoulders and walking forwards until they were standing in front of the frozen werewolf. Harry crossed his arms and frowned disapprovingly at the man. "Remus, I was hoping for a

warmer welcome than that." He rubbed his eyes tiredly and then looked back at Remus, coming to a decision. "Now you are going to stay right there and think about the way you acted, and Bella and I are going to head inside and say hello to Andromeda, Tonks, Ted, and your son." He peered at his watch, "You'll be released in ten minutes."

Harry strode away towards the front door, and Remus was left completely and utterly confused when Bella walked by him with a quiet, "Sorry about that." The pair continued on into the house, and Bella slowed until she eventually came to a halt in the middle of the hallway. "Harry, I really don't know about this..."

Her eyes glowed worriedly, and he nodded before taking her hand. "I know, but I'm here with you now; and no matter what happens today I will never leave you." He squeezed her hand for emphasis and she nodded, still looking uncertain. They continued through the house, and eventually came to the door leading out onto the back lawn. Harry felt Bellatrix freeze in her tracks, and turned to look at her; her eyes wide, her mouth slightly agape, and tears gathering in her eyes. He took a step back to give her the space to move, and it was at that moment that Andromeda turned around from the barbecue and saw them. Her eyes smiled happily at Harry, but then turned shocked, and then confused when she saw the young woman at his side. Before she could even reach for her wand however, she found herself being tackled to the ground, and her Bellatrix sobbing into her chest, "I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry for what I've done!"

Andromeda had absolutely no idea what to do, and neither did Tonks, who was looking at the entire scene with a slack jaw and wide eyes. Teddy had no idea what was going on at all, Ted was just as confused as his grandson, and Remus was still frozen out on the front lawn. Andromeda peered desperately over Bella's shoulder at Harry, and her eyes widened when she saw the warm, caring smile on his face as he looked at the two embracing sisters. After a few minutes Bellatrix pulled back from the hug, and wiped at the tears running down her cheeks before looking down at her sister pinned beneath her. Andromeda looked up at her, confused, and it took her a moment to place the face because of both the emotions in her eyes, and the incredible change in her appearance, but she gasped when it clicked. "Bella, is that really you? The real you?" The

dark-haired witch nodded to her, and then found herself pulled back into a tight hug. "How, how is this possible?"

Bellatrix was too emotional to even manage a single word, so Harry answered for her. "She tells me that it is because of me, but I disagree...to an extent." He took a step towards a deck chair and sat down before continuing, a warm look in his eyes as he looked at his wife crying. "She is so strong; she survived four years in Azkaban, and it was there that she was able to overcome the darkness that had seeped into her soul. She came back." He looked straight into Andromeda's eyes. "She is the funniest, most caring, loving, and beautiful woman I have ever come across, and will ever come across."

The conviction in Harry's voice swayed the older werewolf that had just walked through the door, and Harry turned to face him when he spoke. "You mean that?" Harry nodded and Remus looked deep into his eyes. "You really mean that?" Harry's eyes flared a magnificent green and Remus took a surprised step backwards. "What the hell is that?"

It was at that point that Andromeda noticed the change in his sister's eyes, and she gasped. "You too?"

Harry nodded and sat forward. "It's a gift of power from the purest source that I know of, and it is proof that Bellatrix is not the Bellatrix we all knew during the Wars." He stood from his chair and walked over to Bella before gently pulling her to her feet and wrapping his arm around her shoulders, much to her joy. "I'm thirty three, Bella's fifty three, even though we both look twenty five, and really, don't ask about that, but I don't care what other people think; I love her more than anything."

Bella noted the disbelieving looks on the faces around her, and leaned up to kiss Harry lightly on the lips before looking at them all one at a time. "I love Harry as well." The conviction and love in her voice beat down any disbelief that had been remaining, and Andromeda took a step towards the couple.

She peered into Harry's emerald orbs, and Bella's glowing golden eyes, and then a smile broke slowly out on her face. "You both truly mean this don't you?" They both nodded happily, and the woman

embraced them both, smiling in-between their heads. "I have my family back."

Harry smiled across at his wife behind Andromeda's head, and she returned it in force; her arms wrapping tightly around her sister's back. "You're sure you want me to be a part of this?"

Her sister nodded and Bella stepped back to Harry's side, amazed. Harry chuckled at the disbelief on her face and leant down to whisper lightly in her ear, "I told you so."

She didn't even have the resolve to tell him to shut up, and instead rested her head on his chest, a beautiful smile on her soft features. Tonks gurgled slightly at the expression she was witnessing, and peered suspiciously at Harry; trying to gain access to his mind. He felt the probe, and smiled as he let his shields drop – and began feeding the memories he had with Bella through to her. He saw her developing emotions, at first there was shock and a slight disgust at the condition of her aunt, and then amazement at her personality. Her expressions went through wonder at what Harry had done to the cell in Azkaban, then startled at the care and love Harry had held for Bella from the moment he entered the prison. After several minutes, her expression finally turned understanding and accepting, and she smiled warmly at Bella before giving her a small nod.

The lead-up to dinner was what Harry could only call nice. It was a comfortable atmosphere that he had never really experienced in his life, and was glad he could now share it with the one person who he loved with everything he was. Andromeda and Tonks had paired up with Bella, and were discussing their lives. Harry noted that Bella didn't contribute an awful lot to the conversation, and understood implicitly; it had taken her nearly three years to trust him fully; to tell him what had happened to her in the four years before he had arrived – and it was an unspoken agreement that he was the only person she would ever tell about it. He wasn't about to betray that trust.

Ted, Remus, and Teddy, who was sitting in a chair next to his father, had migrated to the deck chairs, and the three adults were sipping occasionally at the black label firewhiskey. Remus sat back in his chair and let out a long sigh. "Harry, what happened?"

"I got stabbed in the back and thrown into Azkaban is what happened." Remus looked apologetically at him and he sighed. "I changed. I learned that I really need to evaluate who I trust, because I could be betrayed at any moment." His gaze softened. "Bella I trust implicitly, and a few other people are included in a group just below the one in which I hold her – including you three, Andromeda, and Tonks – and over the next few weeks I'll be getting in contact with those people."

"Harry, Hermio-"

Harry sighed and held up his hand. "I know; Ellen has been keeping an archive of all of the Daily Prophets while I've been locked away, and Gringotts provided me with dossiers of everyone who testified against me. Bella and I worked through them all over the past two days; I can't say I'm overly surprised really."

Remus looked disapprovingly at him. "Harry, they were your frie-"

"Remus, shut the hell up before I do something both of us will regret." The cold tone in Harry's voice did just that, and Remus quickly closed his mouth – stunned at the change in the man before him. "They stabbed me in the back because of greed; eleven years of what I thought was true friendship, gone because they would gain power from it." He snorted. "Azkaban was a joke, I could have broken out of there any time I wanted to; but I found that I liked it there with Bella." He looked at Remus inquiringly. "Do you have any idea how it feels to be free of rumours, fan mail, threats, jobs, deadlines, resentment, and fear, and instead spend every moment with the love of your life?" Remus shook his head dumbly and Harry sank back into his chair, his anger completely gone and a pensive look in his eyes. "I didn't want to leave. I didn't want to come back to this world."

"But Ha-"

Once again Remus was cut off by a cold glare. "But what? I was the golden poster boy of the light; I had stalkers following me everywhere, even sometimes breaking into my apartment to get at me. I had Dark wizards and witches that attempted multiple times to assassinate me, I was feared by nearly every magical person in the world for my power, and witches wanted to marry me for the gold in

my vaults. I woke up at four in the morning every day and immediately apparated to the ministry once I had gotten dressed.

"There I would be assaulted by the press, and then after that I would be assaulted by Umbridge demanding better results – even though she was giving me and my team one eighth of the budget the others had. I would then proceed to get chewed out by various people until midday, at which point I would head out and murder a couple more wizards and witches that were being particularly naughty. I normally got home at one in the morning, after paperwork, getting chewed out a little more, and then taking all the potions I needed to keep me from dying of stress, starvation, sleep deprivation, dehydration, malnutrition, and various poisons that had been in the little food I had eaten that day."

Remus gaped at Harry, but the saviour of the Wizarding world was not yet done. "On top of that I had to attend public functions to keep up the Ministry's image, fight against love potions and charms when my own magic and neutralizing potions could no longer stand up to the barrage, put up with Ron's incessant badgering for me to get him into a higher position, and constantly deny Hermione the knowledge of where I got my power." He looked at Remus and raised an eyebrow. "And you really think that it was unreasonable of me to want to give that all up and live out my life with the one I love? After what I've already done for this world I bloody deserve the option."

He took a large gulp of the amber drink in his hand, and Remus stuttered for a moment. "B-but Hermione asked you about your power under Veritaserum!"

Harry chuckled humourlessly, "Veritaserum? Remus, I don't even need potions to fight off the effects of that, especially after sitting in a cell for four days actually sleeping properly and being free from the normally-constant battery of compulsion charms and love potions."

Remus gaped at him, and Ted finally spoke. "Harry, I know that you didn't do any of the things that you were accused of, and I would have been terribly sorry for the time you spent in Azkaban if you hadn't told us how much you enjoyed it, but I must ask: why did you come back?"

Harry nodded appreciatively at Ted. "Good question. The reason I came back, the reason that Bella came back as well, was because

we want a place our children can grow up safely, and be accepted for whoever they are." He smiled, "That is all."

Ted nodded with a smile and raised his whiskey a fraction. "I couldn't think of a better reason myself."

Harry chuckled, and it was at that point that Teddy spoke up. "Mister Harry, why are you having dinner here if you are so famous?"

Harry peered down at the young boy and smiled warmly. "I don't particularly like the fame I have now."

"But you're nice!"

Harry grinned widely and patted Teddy on his head. "Thanks, but other people are afraid of me because I can do things like this." He raised his hand to the sky, and the three men raised their heads to see an incredible sight. Out of one of the lofty clouds in the pristine blue expanse burst into a flurry of colour, before exploding outwards; showering the darkening sky with hundreds of colourful stars that glowed brightly above them.

"COOL!" The three women had been alerted by the loud yell, and followed the young boy's eyes to the sky above, Tonks and Andromeda gasping in amazement, and Bella smiling warmly at Harry.

Once things had settled slightly, Harry turned to Teddy with a sad smile. "I'm glad you like it, only magical people can see it." He sighed. "The thing is Teddy; people have seen me do things far more powerful than that. In my third year as an Auror, I was sent on a solo mission to a cave where most of the remaining Death Eaters were hiding. I sensed the presence of nearly fifty Ministry workers nearby, apparently watching me, but I did as I was told." He lifted his hand once again, and then clenched his fist – causing all of the newly made stars to fly into a singular ball which began to pulse ominously.

Everyone watched as it pulsed brighter and brighter, save for Bella who was looking sadly at Harry, and Remus's eyes widened when he saw the completely relaxed and unstressed expression on Harry's face. It grew to a crescendo; the ball of light taking up a huge amount of the sky, and pulsing with an almost blinding

intensity, and it was then that Harry released his fist. The ball of light exploded outwards, engulfing the entire sky with a blazing white light that decimated any and every cloud in its path – before fading slightly over the rapidly darkening horizon. Teddy slowly turned back to Harry, and the black-haired wizard smiled unhappily. "They saw me do something ten times more powerful than that – now that you've seen me have that kind of power, and know that I can do far, far worse, tell me that you aren't afraid of me."

"I'm not afraid of you." Harry looked down at Teddy in shock, and the teen raised an eyebrow at him. "You show up here, clearly completely and utterly in love with my aunt, then you do something so cool, and you expect me to be afraid?" He laughed. "You wouldn't use that power against me, unless I turned Dark, so I actually feel a fair bit safer than usual."

Remus had just gotten over his shock, and so punctured Harry's amazement with a hard stare. "Harry, why are you really here?"

Harry smiled when he noticed that Tonks and Andromeda were listening intently for his answer, and sat back in his chair with a happy, carefree smile on his face. "Well I came here to see you, Ted, and my new niece, great nephew, and sister-in-law."

Remus spat out his mouthful of whiskey, Tonks fainted, and Andromeda squealed. Harry, on the other hand groaned, instantly regretting spitting it all out at once; tonight was going to be a long night.

A/N: Just thought I'd let you all know that I'm still writing hard, but also to tell you that the Resistance won't really start executing their plans for about thirteen more chapters; till that point I'm establishing relationships, revealing what happened in Azkaban, actually making the resistance, and some other cool stuff. Coincidentally, I'm also writing the biggest chapters I've ever written in my life at the moment: upwards of 6000 words a piece, and one even smashing through 8000!

A/N: Okay, here's chapter 7! Now I am a sucker for a good fluff scene, in fact I positively adore them – even if the sweetness of them rots my teeth at some points. If you don't like, don't read – but seriously, give it a chance. Hope you enjoy it!

"Awww..." Harry clutched at his head and stumbled up the stairs, bumping into the walls occasionally – and would have fallen backwards had Bella not been steadying him.

"Really Harry, stop being so melodramatic."

Harry winced at the loud noise and groaned again. "Bella, your sister and niece pretty much drugged me and then interrogated me about my intentions with you – I swear to Merlin that fighting off trained Aurors with a litre of Veritaserum running through my veins would be easier than interrogation by your family."

She chuckled and wrapped her arm around his waist; guiding him to their bedroom. Just as they passed through the door his eyes glowed a bright green for a moment, and he sighed in relief as his body was cleaned, and then purged of any and every foreign substance. He stood straighter, and then promptly collapsed onto the bed – followed soon after by Bella. He turned his head to the side and saw her golden orbs glowing warmly back at him, and her soft features conveying an emotion that only he would ever be privy to. She leant in slowly, and he gently placed his hand on the back of her head when her lips pressed themselves to his.

If he was a man that kissed and told, which he wasn't, he could never hope to describe the feeling he always had when he was with her. Even when he was simply sitting, reading through tales and stories of promotion due to the betrayal of him, and she was sitting in an armchair across the room, he could feel her inside of him; it was almost as if she was a part of him. He could feel her presence wherever he was; the gentle but deep caress of her love; the smell of her hair; the feel of her skin; the warmth of her breath; the taste of her lips.

But when they became even remotely intimate, it was almost overwhelming for both of them. The gentle presence that they always felt of the other was strengthened almost to the point of insanity – the first time they had kissed, truly kissed, they had both had to pull away from each other; the love was so powerful it

actually hurt; it was as if there wasn't enough space in their hearts for the love they held. It had taken nearly a week to recover from the ordeal, nearly two years into their relationship; since meeting each other, and Harry was afraid that she wouldn't want to be with him because of the hurt that their union, however small, brought forth.

Azkaban

Harry peered up from his leather arm chair, and smiled softly when he saw Bella standing by her bedroom, leaning on the doorframe and looking at him, but he felt his happy spirit wilt when he quickly remembered what had happened seven days previously. He returned his eyes to the heavy tome he was reading – a rather restricted book which Hogwarts had retrieved from Godric's personal quarters – but found after several minutes that he hadn't achieved much more than reading the same sentence nearly twenty times. He sighed in defeat and closed the cover to the dark leathered tome before placing it on the table in front of him and rubbing his eyes in frustration.

He heard a small puff of air across from him, and looked over to see Bella getting comfortable in her own chair; pulling one of the cushions onto her lap and resting her arms on it. He peered reluctantly into her eyes, and sighed when he saw a determination there. He straightened himself and nodded. "We need to talk about what happened."

She nodded her agreement, before fidgeting with her fingers. "Why did you do it?" He saw his eyes widen in surprise, and then a spark of hurt appear, and gasped, "No, I-I didn't mean that! I know that you didn't make it painful!" She saw shoulders relax, and his eyes fill with relief, and couldn't help but feel a flood of warmth flood through her. She lowered her eyes and stuttered for a few moments before managing to force the sentence out through her lips. She knew that it would make her sound insecure and weak, but he probably thought of her like that anyways, since she still hadn't managed wandless magic. "I-I know that you've already tried to tell me Harry, but why me?"

She looked into his eyes desperately, searching, and his gaze softened; his green orbs filling with the one emotion he had only given, and would only give, once in his entire life. "You find it so complicated, and I find it so simple." He sat back in his chair and

smiled at her. "You are truly incredible Bella, and so beautiful at the same time."

"But I'm fort-"

"And you look thirty six; you are the most stunning woman I have ever seen, and even if others don't think so, I do." He had to force himself not to stand and embrace her, but somehow managed; their physical contact since the kiss had been virtually zero. "You could ask me whether or not I thought your nose was ugly, and I would say no, because nothing about you could ever be ugly to me; to me you are woman of my dreams – it is as simple as that."

She was clearly about to protest, but he continued before she could. "When I came into the cell, and when I saw you, I knew almost immediately that you were the woman I had always wanted; a woman that didn't judge people by their reputation, but by her own experiences with them."

"But I-"

He sighed, "Looked skinny, hollow, terrified, powerless, hopeless?" She nodded, and he shook his head. "To me you looked strong; you had survived four years in Azkaban, and you were better for it. When I saw your eyes, they were sad, lonely, but there was hope; a want for love, and to love. You were a different person, you were yourself; not an insane, murdering Death Eater."

He smiled at her shocked expression, and then pulled out a newspaper clipping from his pocket before placing it on the table in front of them. She was taken aback at the photo that faced her, and felt her heart drop in her chest; she was looking at a picture that she never ever wished to represent ever again. It was her incarceration picture, and she was screaming at the cameraman; her eyes and hair wild, and her teeth broken and rotting. She turned away, ashamed, but snapped back to face him when he spoke. "Neville would have killed me if he knew what I saw in that picture, in fact he still might. What I saw was a woman beneath the insanity, a woman that wanted to break free so much and live."

She gaped at that, and he smiled warmly at her. "Even then I thought that you were beautiful, both in personality and appearance." He couldn't stop himself any longer, and stood from

his chair to approach her. She didn't wince once as he pulled her softly to his feet and wrapped his arms around her. Both of them relaxed and drew each other closer when they felt no pain, and they gasped in amazement when they felt a wave of warmth roll over them. What they couldn't see was that over two hundred dementors guarding their prison died at that very moment, not that either would have cared at the dark creatures' fates. Harry pulled back slightly, and took her hand in his before placing it under his shirt and over his heart. She could feel his strong heartbeats under her fingertips, and he looked her right in the eyes. "From the moment I saw you huddled in that corner, and the look in your eyes, you have had this." He drew his hand away, and she continued to rest her hand on his soft, but muscled chest. "I found what I had been looking for my entire life in you."

She looked deep into his eyes, searching, and hoping that she would find no deception there. She felt herself falling into him; his eyes telling her just how much he loved her. She couldn't breathe for the intensity of the emotion, and Harry gently squeezed her hand to bring her back to the present. She drew in a shaky breath, closing her eyes for a few moments, before peering back up at him – her eyes glistening with unshed tears, hope, and something wanting to break through. "Do you really want me to be with you? You could have anybody, any woman or girl. You could have a supermodel, any woman in any pureblood family, in any family." She searched his eyes once again. "You could have a woman your own age, a woman that will be accepted by the community, by the Ministry."

He shook his head and smiled at her, and she stuttered, trying to voice her last protests. "You want a woman that is twenty years older than you, who is an ex-Death Eater, who has hundreds of horrible, sickening murders on her hands, who tried to kill you?"

He looked down at her hands, and stepped back before taking them in his own. He lifted them to his lips and kissed them, before smiling down at her. "These hands are not the hands of a murderer; they are the hands of the woman who I love – a woman who is pure and kind and beautiful." He lowered them again before staring firmly into her eyes. "I don't want any of what you just mentioned; I want you."

And with those final words he leant down and captured her lips with his own. He felt the pressure building in his chest, but relaxed and gave himself to the flow; the warmth that was spreading through him.

He felt her slender arms curl around his back, and wrapped his own around hers – pulling her closer to him. He rested one hand gently on the back of her head, showing her that he was there; close to her, and she moaned lightly into his mouth – the dark, horrible memories of being forced to do such a thing being instead replaced with a wave of pleasure and completeness. She felt the pressure give, and suddenly a flood of warmth surged through her – and she felt her knees go weak.

Harry felt it too, but forced himself to hold her; to continue standing; to continue kissing her. He drunk in her everything; her taste, her scent, her touch, her love, and she did the same of him. She drowned herself in the feeling, and she cried. She had found him; the man that would never leave her; the man who would accept her for who she truly was; a man who would always treat her as his equal. Eventually they broke apart, and she rested her head on his chest, gasping for air, and crying happily. Harry held her close, not wanting to let her go, and panted raggedly – trying to acclimatise to the new feeling inside of him, and around him. It was as if she was inside of him, beside his heart, holding his mind and love as he was holding her at that very moment. Bellatrix could feel his emotions wrapping around her protectively, and sobbed again into his chest; amazed that she had been granted such a gift after all that she had done.

Harry was just as amazed, and breathed in her scent as he recovered, smiling joyfully into her hair. It was as if a huge weight had been lifted from his shoulders; as if the world had finally granted him his reward for all the pain and betrayal he had been through. Just as Bellatrix knew, he knew that she was the one; the one he would love for the rest of his life. He felt her love pulse inside of him again, and let out a single, solitary sob of joy at the knowledge that she felt the same for him; that she loved him so much that she would stay with him as long as he was there, and even beyond death she would be beside him; loving him.

He pressed his lips to her scalp and then rested his chin where he had just kissed. They didn't know how long they held each other before they separated – but they both instinctively knew what was going to happen. Harry turned to their two rooms, and Bellatrix watched contentedly as the doors faded away to nothingness, to be replaced instead by a single, stunning door. They both knew where it led, and both accepted it completely. Harry led her by the hand to

the door, and together they pushed it open – smiling at each other the entire time. What lay inside simply couldn't be described as anything but beautiful. The room was amazing; inside lay a king sized bed, covered with pure, flowing, purple silk sheets; the carpet felt like fur between their bare toes; and the walls shimmered soothingly.

But it wasn't the room that amazed the two; instead it was the window that covered virtually the entire far wall, and what lay beyond. Bellatrix sobbed uncontrollably, and Harry held her close to him; his eyes wide and his breath hitched in his throat. What lay beyond was a view only a select few would ever see in their entire lifetime; it was a small cove overlooking a lake, and it was a beautiful lake. It reflected the setting sun into their bedroom, filling it with warmth and a glow that neither of them had experienced since their days at Hogwarts – and both of them knew that it was a gift, a gift from the place where they had last seen such a thing.

Had anybody been walking past that particular point on the shores of the Black Lake, and had been able to see past the security charms and wards, they would have seen a heart-warming sight. Harry held his love to his side; an arm around her shoulders, and the other hand gently running through her long, black hair. Tear streaks marked the journey of Bella's happiness and love down her cheeks, and the complete warmth and contentedness in Harry's eyes told all who saw that he had never been happier in his entire life. The couple watched the sun set over the lake, Harry's hands resting on Bella's stomach, and her fingers intertwined lovingly with his as the last vestiges of light cast stunning shards of radiance around the room; their room; their home.

Eventually only a faint glow on the horizon remained, and Harry smiled down at Bella just as she looked lovingly up at him. The two gave each other the privacy they required to get changed, and then they both slipped under the covers before doing the only thing that felt right. Harry hugged his lover from behind; moulding himself to her, and she lovingly intertwined her fingers with his. He could feel her heartbeat beneath his palm and smiled warmly into her hair – just holding her. He felt sleep claiming him, and knew that it had already done so to the woman beside him, and gladly gave himself to it with a smile on his lips; he was where he wanted to be, he was where he belonged, finally.

A/N: There has been a couple of comment's that I've been a bit vague as to what happened in Azkaban. I had already written over twelve chapters ahead by the time I started receiving those comments, so I'm going to ask you now: please be patient; things will continue emerging from their times in Azkaban for the foreseeable future, although the next couple of chapters should sate your need. Once again a thanks to all the reviewers, and a special mention again to trotha and, from what I've heard, a special little girl that also enjoys my work ;-)

Harry watched the love of his life sleeping soundly beside him; his head resting on his propped up arm, and the sunlight from The Valley beyond warming her soft, pale skin. When he had brought her here, he had hoped against all hope that The Valley would accept her for who she was now, and gift her with the power and hope that it had seen fit to give him. He had hoped that it would look past the horrors and terrors that she had inflicted upon others; that it would see that she had been manipulated – no, twisted, into being that person. When he had asked The Valley to let her feel its power he had nearly jumped for joy when it had replied with a resounding "Yes." When he saw her eyes glowing that passionate red, the sign that not only had The Valley let her feel the power, but had gifted her with the ability to use it, he had only been able to hug her in elation.

He brushed a stray strand of silken, black hair from her cheek and tucked it back behind her ear; smiling the whole while. He had given the Tonks's and the Lupin's seven days to pack their belongings after they had agreed to moving to The Valley the previous night, and was looking forward to having the goblin-made town put to its intended use. He chuckled slightly when he remembered allowing the Goblins' apparation rights into the paradise, and the dropped jaws when they saw just where they were. He still remembered the conversation with Griphook where he was told that they had offered a reward for anybody that could trace where The Valley was, several thousand galleons in fact, and that even after six months the reward had not been claimed. He grinned to himself – even after ten years it hadn't been found, and now that the Goblins had had their apparation rights revoked, bar Griphook and the small Goblin's family – who were friends to Harry – nobody would be able to trace it...ever.

It was a paradise where only the purest people could live, a paradise where evil would never touch – and if by some miraculous chance it

did, Harry and every person connected to its flow of magic would know immediately. In a way he hoped that somehow they did manage; he was dying to try out 'The Purge', as The Valley had explained to him. The Dark witches and wizards wouldn't know what hit them, or what was happening should they decide to try and start a fight.

He sat up in the bed, and wedged a pillow behind his back before clasping his hands behind his head and chuckling softly as memories came pushing to the front of his mind; happy memories with his beloved; sad memories; angry memories...but in every single one he always felt the same love for her. He turned his head slightly to peer at her serene expression, and smiled before running a finger along her cheekbone, making her smile and nuzzle it in her sleep. He returned his hand to behind his head and looked back out of the window as the memories overtook him; his eyes unseeing of the rising sun.

Azkaban

"Mmm," the black-haired witch mumbled through a mouthful of scrambled eggs, pointing at a page in the heavy tome she was reading, "it's really interesting that; I never knew that Thestrals existed."

Harry nodded and finished chewing. "Yeah, we used them to fly to the Ministry when the Death Eaters were attacking, or when I thought they were attacking." Her eyes darkened, and she averted her gaze, much to Harry's disapproval. "Bella, we've been through this; that wasn't you, okay?" She looked into his eyes and nodded uncertainly, and Harry sighed a moment later; a slight smile on his lips. "You are incredibly stubborn, you know that?"

She pouted, "I resent that; I am not stubborn!"

He chuckled and tapped his finger rhythmically on the bench. "I've been drumming the fact that I don't hold you responsible into your head for over two and a half years Bella, and you still don't accept it?" He shook his head mock-severely. "Disappointing."

The cheeky smile on his lips gave away the game and she scoffed loudly before giggling herself; a beautiful, happy sound that Harry always loved eliciting from her. "Okay, okay; I'm a little stubborn."

Her smile faded, but she kept eye contact with him. "It will always be with me though." Harry nodded, and then took her hand in his over the table with a reassuring smile on his face, and she smiled back. "And you'll be there for me." It wasn't a question, it was a fact that both of them knew to be true. Whereas their physical relationship hadn't even progressed past kissing, their emotional relationship; the relationship which both of them felt was the more important, had matured into something beautiful; where trust was unconditional, and where no topic was ever off bounds.

He kissed her on the top of her head, leaning over the thin table top on the top of the kitchen bench, and smiled at her. "Of course." He waved his hand and the plates jumped into the sink and begun to clean themselves as he walked into the lounge and fell back onto the couch with a dull thud, and a happy sigh. Bella followed a second later, snuggling into his side and hugging him as he stroked his fingers through her hair absentmindedly.

"I love you."

He snapped out of his reverie and smiled down at her, a little confused by the sudden break of silence. "I love you too."

She looked away, and the silence returned for a short while, only to be broken by her once again. "You know how I only got a fourteen year sentence because of my contacts?" He nodded and she continued, "It only got me so far." She peered into the always-present flames of the fire. "They still threw me in the worst part of Azkaban, and I knew of the stories that were told about even the hardest of Death Eaters going insane after less than a year." She burrowed closer to him, and he responded by clasping her hand in his reassuringly. "I was afraid even then, when I was insane. I knew that I wouldn't survive in that place, that fourteen years would kill me beyond any doubt. They threw me in a cell beside Avery, who by that point had already fallen over the brink of insanity – hell, he was teetering on the edge even before he arrived.

"I was already insane; I was fueled by hate and loathing, but when I was thrown in my cell, and I had my first visit with the Dementors..." She shuddered. "I screamed for hours as they made me relive every hateful memory; normally I would have laughed and taken pleasure in the horrors I had inflicted, the terrors which I had witnessed, but

something made it horrible." Harry listened carefully to what she was telling him, and squeezed her hand a fraction tighter. "I-I..."

She faltered, and Harry nodded to himself. "Okay love, that's enough for today-"

"NO!" She whipped her head upwards to look at him, and it was then that he saw the tears that were running down her cheeks. "I love you Harry, with everything that I am, I want to tell you this; I don't want you to think that I am hiding things from you!"

He smiled reassuringly and placed a light kiss on her lips. "I understand that there are certain things that you would rather keep to yourself-"

She shook her head furiously. "No, I don't want to keep anything from you at all – I want you to know me wholly; so that you can understand me, so that I can love you completely, so that you can have the choice to love another..."

Her voice had gotten quieter as she spoke, and Harry's expression darkened when she spoke the last words. "Bella, look at me." She looked into his eyes and he spoke again. "Now really look at me, and listen to me." He saw her eyes searching his, and spoke with complete conviction and certainty. "I will never, ever love another. You are my world now, and for the rest of eternity. I will never let you go; I will never cheat, or look at another, or even entertain the notion." He placed his hands on her shoulders and shook her gently. "I know you better than anybody; I know the good and the bad, and I have made my choice. My choice will never, ever change."

She had looked into his eyes the entire time he spoke, and had begun crying when she realized that he was sincerely speaking the truth. She felt the doubt, the worry, the self-hate, the acceptance of another lover, disappear completely with his words, and she buried her face into his chest once he had finished. After several moments she turned her head so that her voice wasn't muffled, and said the lines that she had wanted to say her entire life without any doubt whatsoever. She had said them earlier, many times, but the worry had always been present; she now knew that it was gone – that it was never coming back, and that she could say it, and give her soul and mind completely to the man in front of her. "I love you."

He noticed the difference in her tone and smiled before pressing a chaste kiss to her forehead. "I know, and I love you too." After a moment he chuckled, "I can just see the look on Rita Skeeter's face when she finds out about us; it is going to be priceless."

She smiled softly and nodded in agreement, before darkening again. Harry pulled her back to him once again, and she rested her head on his chest. It was another several minutes before she continued her story; a dark, saddened tone to her voice. "I went through insane, until I was nothing but an empty shell really. It felt...it felt like I had nothing left; I knew that Rudolphus didn't really care for me save for being a sex toy; Voldemort had gone; the Death Eaters had disbanded; my family hated me; most of the people I knew, mostly Death Eaters, were dead; my money was gone..." she trailed off for a moment. "It was then that I realized that I needed something to live for; I didn't want to die, but to battle through Azkaban with no goal, no dream, would have been impossible. I searched myself for a dream, for anything to hold onto, to aim for – for days, weeks I searched, and I didn't find anything; it was as if the horrors I had caused erased everything.

"I was devastated, terrified and disgusted at what I had become; nothing more than a murderer with no regret; filled with hate; with no dreams or wants but to have a dream. I sunk into myself; I cried for those I had killed and tortured, for their loved ones, for their friends." She looked up at Harry, and faintly smiled. "I died. The person who I had become died then; I don't know how it happened, but one moment I was the murderer, and then I was me." Her smile deepened and turned genuine as she remembered the moment, and Harry stroked the back of her hand with his thumb. "I cried for hours when I realized what had happened; I cried because of what I had done, and I cried because I was no longer trapped by hate and revenge. But I had my dream; not the dream of friendship that I held as a child, but a dream of love – a dream that I would find someone who would love me for who I was; and who would accept everything about me."

She chuckled humourlessly. "At that time I knew that such a thing was impossible; that the best I would ever get was being paid for sex while living in alleyways and eating out of garbage cans, but I had a dream, I had a glimmer of hope that a miracle would occur and I would get at least a sliver of that dream." She looked up at him,

her eyes full of love, and he kissed the tears from her cheeks. "I can't believe that I have that dream..." She leant up and kissed him fully on the lips, and he held her to him; savouring the softness of her touch, and the rush of warmth that always flowed through him when they came into contact. They finally parted, and she smiled sweetly up at him before continuing, her smile diminishing as she spoke. "Even though I had found myself again, and I wasn't insane any more, the Dementors still forced me to relive the horrors in my past; the times that I had been raped; the times I had been placed under the Cruciatus; or the Imperio and forced to pleasure other Death Eaters..."

She clutched tighter to him, and he wrapped his arms more firmly around her. "I had to live everything again and again, to see what I had become repeatedly, and I hated myself. I thought of ending my life several times, but I always stopped just as I was about to; because I had a dream." She stopped shivering, and fell still. "When you stepped into the cell the Dementors were making me relive a memory where Rudolphus had lost a bet in a card game. He had run out of money, and had bet me instead." Harry gritted his teeth angrily, but kept himself silent; continuing to run his thumb over her hand. "He lost, and he left me with Dolohov, Crabbe, Mulciber, and Rosier until the morning." She shuddered at the memories, and tears of shame and disgust began crawling down her cheeks. "They forced me to do so many horrible things; they used me like a doll; tortured me for pleasure..." A sob escaped her lips, and Harry whispered comfortingly to her; making a mental note of all the people she had mentioned thus far.

He looked into her eyes then, and asked a question that he wouldn't have asked had she not truly meant that she loved him, and trusted him with everything. "Let me in?" He made sure not to give it as a command; such a thing was not meant to be taken or ordered, only given. She her eyes didn't even waver when she nodded, and he sunk into her – delving into her mind. Bellatrix gasped at the feeling; every time she had ever been placed under Legilimency it had felt like every other union she had ever experienced before Harry; rape, but the feeling as he probed her mind was incredible. She could feel his infinite care, his gentle, calming exploration into her memories, and she saw him smile lovingly as he came across the memory of one of their kisses nearly a week ago, and the love and pleasure she had felt from it.

She blushed slightly in the real world, and he broke out of his daze with a chuckle – kissing her quickly on the lips. "I can feel what you feel when I'm in your mind; if you keep that up then I'll be awfully distracted." She nodded sheepishly and he smiled reassuringly before slipping past her defenses once again; defenses which were so secure that not even he could break through; defenses which only she could give others access to. He felt his heart skip a beat that she was allowing him inside, but quickly focused on the task at hand. Over the next hour Harry experienced her childhood, adulthood, and her time in Azkaban. He relived nearly every moment in her life; some horrific, some sickening, some disgusting, some terrifying, but all of them making his love for Bellatrix grow so much more.

His exit from her memories was just as soothing as his entry, and his eyes refocused on hers – flickering worriedly and searching his orbs for any doubt, any difference in the love he had held for her before. He didn't give her time to search, instead pulling her into a tight embrace; his head buried in the crook of her neck. She stiffened in shock of the sudden movement, but soon relaxed when he felt his hands rubbing circles on her back. "I hate so many more people now." Her eyes widened, and he chuckled. "Not you Bella, please stop thinking like that."

"Bu-" she cut herself short and mentally berated herself. "Sorry, it'll take a while for me to get used to actually trusting someone completely." She chuckled happily into his shoulder. "I feel so alive Harry; I feel like I could do anything with you beside me, I- I just can't believe that you know all of me and still love me."

He pulled back and smiled softly at her. "I'll never leave you, and I'll never stop loving you – believe it." Her jaw dropped slightly, and he slapped his hand over his mouth, his eyes wide. "Oh God, Bella- I swear that I only watched like, one episode!"

"Well I never, my love watches an-"

"It was one episode, okay? Dudley was watching it, and it was the only time I had ever seen a program on TV before because I was always kicked out of the living room, so I-" He saw her cheeky expression and growled lowly, tackling her onto the couch, eliciting a surprised squeak. "Stop teasing me Bell-" he paused, thinking, and

then his grin widened. "How do you know about that little catch phrase?"

She froze mid-struggle and looked up at him, her eyes just as wide as his had been moments earlier. "I- I, ahhhh..." she stuttered, and Harry laughed.

"Well it's good to know that you let your hair down even as a Death Eater." She immediately darkened, and Harry rolled to the side so that he was no longer pinning her down before taking her face in his hands and looking her seriously in the eyes. "Bella, what you just gave me is a gift; a gift that I never thought I would receive from anybody. Do you know what you gave me?" She shook her head, confused, and he continued. "You gave me your entire life Bella, from beginning to now; I know you as well as myself – what is past is past." He kissed her chastely on the lips and lowered his hands, smiling at her shocked expression. "Laugh about the bad times, make jokes about the Death Eaters and Voldemort, treat it as a boggart."

He got up from the chair and walked through to the kitchen, still speaking. "There are some things in your past, in everybody's past, that shouldn't be joked about." He filled two glasses with water. "Like the times you were raped and abused; I want to rip the throats out of every son of a bitch that did those things to you – but the things which you are no longer don't matter." He sat down beside her again and passed her a glass before looking out the window with a faraway look in his eyes. "Like Dumbledore; he was someone close to me; he was family. When he was killed I was devastated, I was pissed off at the world for letting him be taken from me at the time I needed him the most, I wanted to kill Snape so much..." He took a sip of the water, missing the look of amazement on his lover's face. "But then I realized nearly two years after his death that he wouldn't want me to feel such sadness at his passing; he would want me to remember the good times."

He laughed. "I remember walking past McGonagall on a Ministry visit to Hogwarts, and she looked a little terse after telling off a student, and I put on a voice like Dumbledore and said 'care for a lemon drop Minerva?'" He smiled at the memory. "She looked so shocked, but then her face brightened and she laughed; that was what Albus would have wanted – to bring happiness and laughter." He turned back to her and smiled. "So joke about how pissed off

Voldemort would be if he knew about us, joke about how much of an idiot Rudolphus is, joke about the Death Eaters being a bunch of recluse, miserable otakus." She chuckled and he smiled widely. "Make a joke of those memories, because you know that they are just plain daft, and it will help you heal."

She nodded happily, and took a sip from her glass, frowning when she saw Harry flexing his fingers. "What are you doing?"

"Quenched your thirst?"

She nodded uncertainly, and he laughed. "You look just as nervous as the time Andromeda told you there was a Basilisk in the closet, now..." he placed his hands on her shoulders and smiled as he looked into her eyes and allowed her through his shields. "I want you to know me."

Her eyes widened as she realized the implications of what he was saying, and stuttered for a few moment before managing a sentence. "Bu- you want me to see your life?" He nodded happily and she stuttered again for a few moments. "But you spent years learning wandless magic, isn't it like...cheating if I-"

"Bella, I said earlier that you are my world, so stop making up excuses and get inside my head," he grinned cheekily at her, "besides, think of how awesome it will be when they come in to release us and see both of us using wandless magic?"

She paused mid-complaint, and the mental imagery did it for her. He felt her slip into his mind, and chuckled before smiling warmly at his lover's glazed eyes. As the warmth of her mind enveloped his own he stroked her cheek and whispered three words as she begun reliving his childhood.

"I love you."

A/N: Okay, just a short wee filler chapter here – just to give Bella the gift of wandless magic.

Azkaban

"Okay, now try a protego."

She nodded and then pushed out her hand, a whisper of the incantation on her lips. Immediately a stunning white shield appeared in front of her and she started to collapse, only to be caught by Harry who was standing behind her. He helped her over to one of the chairs and handed her a glass of milk and a plate of still-warm cookies before walking back to the shield and launching a bombardment of spells at it. Bella still found his spellwork captivating; it was as if his magic was fluid, one spell flowing onto another and another until it was just a wave of magic bombarding anything in its path. After nearly ten seconds her shield collapsed, and Harry smiled to himself. "It's just so hard." He turned to face her and cocked his head as she explained with a frustrated look on her face. "The spells draw so much more power than magic with wands; if I can only fire off two bonecrushers and a protego before I tire then what use am I?"

He sat down and took one of the cookies from her plate before answering, lifting up finger by finger as he made his points. "Firstly, you keep me sane; secondly, you love me; thirdly, you can do much more than that; and fourth...ly, you aren't used to wandless magic."

"But it only took you two weeks to-"

"Bella, I am a rather significant exception to the rule; the fact that you've come this far in only three weeks is incredible. To even be able to fire off offensive spells, let alone bonecrushers, is near unheard of."

She scoffed. "Really Harry, don't baby me-"

"I'm not Bella, now stop moping and stand up; I want to try something." She grumbled for a few moments before doing as he asked, and he stood behind her, a small smile on his face. "Sorry for getting snappy love; it's just that I get angry that you think so little of

yourself." She nodded, smiling, and rested her hand on his, waiting for him to continue. "When you cast your wandless magic, you need to remember that you no longer have a focus for your power. A wand is like a straw; it makes the magic go to a certain point; a point at which you aim. A straw however, is small, thin, and in fact limits your magic – it is a sacrifice most people make; easy focus over power." He grinned into her shoulder and pointed to an empty bookshelf on the other side of the room. "With wandless magic you need to create the channel yourself; you need a focus, and you can make the channel as big as you want." He turned her around and smiled warmly at her. "I use you as my focus now."

Her eyes widened. "Really?" He nodded, and she frowned. "What did you use before?"

His smile faded and he spoke quietly. "I used Ron and Hermione."

Her expression softened. "Sorry."

"No problem," he smiled, "what is past is past – and oh Hermione would have an absolute cow if she knew that I was teaching you what I refused to teach her."

She grinned back at him, but then narrowed her eyes and looked suspiciously at him. "How do you use me as a focus? Do you think about me as a target or something?"

He laughed aloud and shook his head. "I couldn't bring myself to do something like that," he grinned, but then his smile softened. "No, I feel you beside me, holding my magic steady as I cast." He smiled at her knowingly. "I know that you feel my love inside of you always, as I feel yours; use it."

She nodded, and turned back to the book case, and Harry wrapped his arms around her waist – easing the visualisation. He watched her breath in deeply, and then a soft smile wash over her lips. She lifted her hand, and without a word the bookcase exploded with a violent bang; sending shards of thick, lethal splinters thundering into any and every soft surface in the room. Bellatrix looked through the translucent, pulsing yellow shield that Harry had erected just as the shards of wood threatened to impale them in shock, and Harry grinned. "I knew you could do it."

A/N: So this is a gift to all you wonderful readers - five chapters (including the last filler one) all posted in one go! My spirits have been down lately, and the reviews a select few of you have given me have really brought me back. As always, a very special mention to Trotha, and a little girl whose name starts with P ;-)

Also, from this moment forth, this story is dedicated to little P. Through a series of events I discovered that I had ignited her passion for reading, and that is precisely what I want to do for my whole life. She brought the life back to this story, and me - so thank you once again P!

A man and a woman walked down Diagon alley holding hands just like hundreds of other couples that were walking around them. The man, a tall, blonde-haired fellow looked at the passers-by with his glowing green eyes narrowed; carefully searching any and every face for so much as a hint of malice or recognition, because if either appeared then he would fight first and think later. The young woman at his side, also with blonde hair – but much to the man's amusement a platinum variation, had her hand unclenched in her pocket ready at any moment to use the magic which her pulsing gold eyes signified.

None of the looks they were receiving were hostile; rather they were wary and suspicious. The couple made for an intimidating pair just by themselves, let alone with their smouldering eyes. The woman held herself like a member of the royal family, although nobody knew that that was because she was standing at the man's side; her eyes set and her posture authoritative; and the man exuded an air of power and purpose that would rival a king's. Like his companion who, even though she brought forth scared looks was stunningly beautiful, he walked with a direction and not even a group of suspicious aurors dared interrupt their course.

Another auror however, did. "Purpose and identification." Harry froze at the sound of the voice, and slowly turned around to face the person who had given the order. Blue eyes met his, and then sharpened and narrowed when they locked with his pulsing green orbs. "Purpose and identification wizard, or I'll knock you out and take you back to the Ministry."

"I'd like to see you try that auror."

The wizard's eyes narrowed and he pulled a wand from his robes. "Are you threatening me wizard? I could arrest you right now for that."

Harry smiled, and the black-haired auror tensed further still; ready at a moment's notice to cast a spell. "You could, but in this day and age, where corruption is rife in the Ministry and I would simply be drafted into the Minister's Death Corps if you brought me there, it's just not worth the effort, is it Neville?"

All throughout Harry's small speech the Auror's eyes had been widening at the knowledge his potential prisoner was exhibiting, but when his name had been spoken his apprehension and danger meter went off the charts. Harry found the point of Neville's wand against his forehead a second later, and Bella moved to attack but Harry shook his head and held her behind him. Neville got right in his friend's face and growled angrily at him, "How the hell do you know who I am?"

Harry grinned and wandlessly pushed Neville back slightly, making the auror snarl menacingly and ready himself for a battle; his entire outfit was charmed and warded to be impervious to wandless magic, and yet this man in front of him had not only used it, but had done so wordlessly and without moving so much as a millimetre. Having expected a fight, he was completely unprepared for the man to speak with a warm smile on his face. "Nev, don't be daft. I know pretty much everything about you; some I found out from you directly, and some I got from the Goblins, but suffice to say that I know you as well as I should have years ago."

Neville's eyes narrowed dangerously. "You've been spying on me?" By this point their impromptu stand-off had gained quite a bit of attention and Harry frowned before summoning Neville's wand and casting numerous anti-apparition and portkey wards around the surrounding area.

Predictably, after realizing that he had been disarmed, Neville attempted to pop back to the Ministry apparition point, and failing that activated his emergency portkey. Harry found it mildly amusing to see Neville frantically rummaging around in his robes trying to locate his backup portkey, and so decided to put the auror out of his misery. "Well I kept my promise and got stronger, but you're still as unorganized as ever. Your spare is in your fifth left breast pocket,

and legally, from what I've heard, you could just pull out your knife and stab me since I effectively started a duel." He shrugged his shoulders with a grin, "But I'm a little behind the times really; Azkaban can do that to yo-"

Harry didn't get to finish the sentence before he was tackled to the ground by the previously-hostile Auror who now pulled him into a bear hug. "Harry!" He pulled back and searched Harry's eyes in amazement before flicking his gaze to his bare, unscarred forehead. "How did you do that?" He shook himself, "Never mind that; how the hell are you?"

Harry laughed and pulled himself to his feet before helping his friend as well. "We've gathered too much attention; let's sit down for a drink." Neville nodded his agreement, still amazed at the appearance of his best friend, and led both him and Bella into the Leaky Cauldron.

After ordering some drinks, firewhiskey for himself and Butterbeer for Harry and Bellatrix, Neville sat back in his chair with a sigh and wide eyes. "How on Earth can you look like this after all these years?"

Harry grinned. "Good food, drink and accommodation with a pure source of magic do wonders for the body, soul and mind."

Neville gaped at him. "Harry, are you sure you're okay? Azkaban is a horrific plac-"

Harry cut him off before he could delude himself any further. "Nev, you remember when I found the Base Stone for Hogwarts? I pushed my magic into it so that the school wouldn't collapse, and it granted me a safe place wherever I was." He shrugged, "Azkaban was as comfortable as Hogwarts is."

Neville sat back with a whistle and a smile on his face. "Wow, things are never normal with you are they?" He spared a glance at Bellatrix, who lowered her eyes guiltily, and flashed Harry a grin. "You've only been out for a week huh?" It didn't take a genius to figure out what he was implying, and the waggling of his eyebrows made it so even a dog could pick up the meaning.

Harry thought it a bit too obvious, especially in front of the woman in question, but he answered all the same. "What can I say Nev; she's the person I've always wanted by my side, ever since I lived with the Dursleys."

For the second time that day Neville's eyes boggled, and he looked at Harry amazed. "You've known her for that long?" Not waiting for an answer he turned to Bella, "So you're a muggle?"

She shook her head, still with her eyes lowered and her expression guilty, but she brightened slightly when Harry grasped her hand in his. "I'm a pureblood witch actually."

"And I haven't known her since the Dursleys, but I knew what kind of person I wanted as my wife someday." He smiled at Bella, who returned the expression in kind. "I found her."

Neville frowned, then sprayed his mouthful of firewhiskey over the table when he saw the wedding bands on their fingers. "B-b-b-whe-you're married? How? I have a trace on your records!"

Harry chuckled and wrapped his arm around Bella's shoulders. "The Goblins helped us keep it a secret. The Ministry has no idea about me at all, let alone Bella."

Neville's eyes narrowed at the name, but cleared when he looked at her – she looked nothing like the Death Eater, and besides, Bellatrix Lestrange would be over fifty! He held out his hand with a smile. "My name's Neville Longbottom, it's a pleasure to meet you Bella; if Harry loves you then that's all I need to know."

She smiled at him and took his hand before shaking it firmly. "Harry calls you his best friend, and that is all I need to know."

Neville took his hand back and grinned. "Touché. So you said you are a pureblood, what family?"

The smile that had been spreading over the yellow-eyed woman's face dropped immediately, and Harry felt her clutch desperately to his hand under the table. Harry spoke for her once he felt the trembling fingers intertwined with his own. He turned back to Neville after glancing at Bella's pale, worried face and frowned slightly. "It's a...hard topic for Bella. Her family wasn't overly nice...or light for

that matter." He chuckled humourlessly, "In fact if you look at it in a certain way her family is the polar opposite to the light side."

It took a few moments for it to begin to make sense for the Auror, but when it did his eyes darkened. "I was unaware that the Blacks had any living members save for you, Narcissa and Bellatrix." His hands clenched on the table and he glared at Harry. "In fact I've been meaning to ask you, just what did happen to Bellatrix? I know for a fact that you were put in a cell with her."

Harry silently cast a barrage of privacy and not-notice-me charms, wards and spells around them, and then dispersed his and Bella's disguise with a faint wave of his hand. Even Harry hadn't been prepared for what happened next. Not having his wand, Neville was reduced to his fists and sent one crunching into Bella's face. She let out a pained cry, and Harry's eyes suddenly burned with a ferocity never seen before. Neville found himself completely paralysed; his arm pulled back as he leant over the table ready to punch her again. Harry glared at him with a murderous intent that Neville had never expected to be on the receiving end of, before quickly turning to his injured lover.

Seeing the pain in her eyes, and not just physical, with the tears running down her cheeks nearly sent Harry over the edge, but he managed to stop himself and took a deep breath to calm his anger. He gently took his wife's hands away from her jaw and winced when he saw that it was broken just below her ear. He traced his fingers lovingly across her jawline, and pushed some of his magic into the touch; ordering it to mend the break perfectly and painlessly. Once it was healed she buried her head into his chest and started sobbing. Harry automatically wrapped his arms around her back and kissed the top of her head soothingly, much to Neville's fury.

His fury however, quickly turned to fear when Harry opened his eyes and gazed into his. Never before had Neville feared for his life so much; Harry's eyes were burning like the fires of hell, and the scared Auror was sure that Harry could give even Lucifer himself a run for his money. When he spoke, his voice was ice cold and very, very deadly. "Bellatrix is no longer a Black; she is in fact Lady Bellatrix Potter-Black, and she is my life. I've lived without her before, for twenty three years in fact, and now I couldn't live without her." His glare intensified, and had Neville been able to do anything at all his first act would have been to soil himself. "I would do anything for her;

the only reason that no bones in your body are dust right now is because I know Bella thinks she deserves what you did to her." Harry saw the expression in Neville's eyes and growled. "You know nothing of my wife and it's not my place to tell you about it either; but you said that knowing that I love her was all you needed to know." Neville was shocked at the ferocity in Harry's glare, and would've dropped his jaw at the green-eyed wizard's next sentence had he been able.

"Don't make me chose between you and Bella Nev; you won't like the answer." He dropped the stunned auror back in his chair with a wave and Neville blinked in surprise when Harry got to his feet, helped his lover back into her jacket, and then turned to him with one last parting sentence before dropping the wards. "You know how to contact me; just go through Ellen – but before you do make sure that you understand that I will choose Bella over everything and anything: there is absolutely no contest." And with one last civil nod, Harry pulled Bella to his side and disappeared with a faint squeak.

The pair popped back into existence at the public apparation point within the Ministry. By all rights neither of them should have been able to do so, but both of them had hijacked the magical signatures of two drunk wizards at the bar before they left the Leaky Cauldron to get around the blocks. The Ministry was always a busy place, and when the pair popped in it was rush hour in the auditorium. Their appearance however, did the one thing that most considered impossible. The first person that saw the two immediately stopped his conversation with his colleague, and that one simple act spread like a wave until the entire space was filled with only silence. Harry raised his eyebrows and took Bella's hand before walking straight through the security checkpoint without so much as a single alarm going off. Harry frowned at the lack of action from the Aurors and turned to talk to his companion. "Well their standards have certainly dropped; twelve years ago we'd be getting attacked by now."

He stopped when he saw the unhappy expression on Bella's face and she looked up at him. "You wouldn't really choose me over Neville, would you?"

Harry took her hand once again in his and locked eyes with her. "I vow that what I am about to say is nothing but the truth." After a flash confirmed this he continued, his eyes never wavering from hers. "I would choose you over everything; my life means nothing

without you in it, and as far as I'm concerned the world can go to hell if you get taken from me."

"You can't!" Harry found himself sporting a smarting cheek a moment later, and he looked at her in complete and utter shock. By this point tears were running down her cheeks as she cried out to him, and he could only listen in bewilderment. "Neville trusts you like a brother, and others are relying on you to make their lives better by ridding this world of the scum and corruption that has poisoned it! You can't just throw their needs away if I die!"

He growled and took her hands firmly in his before speaking lowly. "I, Harry James Potter-Black swear on my magic, my life, and my eternal soul-" when she realized what he was about to do she cried out and started struggling in his grasp, and then attempted to silence him with numerous spells and charms, but neither had any effect whatsoever on him. His eyes glowed a deep, smouldering green as he spoke, "that should Bella move on from this world I will follow; that I will chose her above everybody and everything; that I will follow her anywhere." He could see the horror in her eyes as he opened his mouth to intone the final words of the binding ritual, and her struggling increased hundred-fold. "May this be vowed, so mote it be." There was a blinding white flash as his magic accepted the oath, and then a thin, golden beam appeared between them; disappearing into their chests and fading a moment later.

Bellatrix couldn't deny it any longer; Harry had just tied her life and soul to hers in a way that even wedding vows could not; he had pledged his entire being to hers for eternity, and she buried her head into his chest before sobbing loudly. Neither of them took any notice of the shocked silence around them, and Harry wrapped his arms around her back before hugging her tightly to him. "How could you?"

He smiled slightly, "How could I not?" After a few moments he pulled back and met her teary eyes. "I want to talk about what I just did, but now isn't the time; we're drawing too much attention again." He could still see the horror of what she thought he had done clearly in her eyes, and the disagreement that they should wait until later to talk, but she nodded all the same. Harry truly couldn't express just how thankful he was, and grabbed her hand before pulling them both into the just-opened elevator and pressing the button for the very bottom floor.

The ride downwards was far too tense for either of them, and Bella gladly entered his embrace when he held open his arms. He stopped the elevator by suspending the runes' magic and simply held her to him; his face buried in her short black hair and his hand running small, soothing circles on her back. "Even without the oath I would have done the same; living without you is impossible for me."

"But all those people..."

He nodded into her hair. "Yes, but I've always thought of others before; I was trained to kill Voldemort, not for myself but for the world. I was forced to give up my childhood for the greater good, and I was forced to murder." He kissed her head and then rested his chin on the same place. "And then they locked me up for ten years, which made me want to be selfish for the first time in my life; because I found you and I loved you. I don't want to give you up for anything, especially for the world that has already stolen so much from me; I just made sure that I would always be with you."

She turned her head sideways on his chest so that her voice wasn't muffled and peered up at his clear green eyes that were looking blankly ahead. "But if I died then you could still help everyb-"

"No." His eyes changed from blank to pained at the prospect, and he looked down at her. "If you died then I would kill myself." Her eyes widened and she was clearly about to protest, but he stared at her, "What would you do if I died?"

She stiffened at the question, and the two both felt the elevator jolt and begin moving again – making Harry frown, but he retracted his magic before waiting for Bella's answer. It came a few moments later in a quiet mumble of, "I would kill myself to be with you again..." He nodded with a smile, but she wasn't finished, and she looked up at him desperately. "But that's not the point; people actually need you! They don't need me!"

"I need you." Her argument was cut short once again, and he stared at her with a deep emotion in his eyes; and she knew that he was telling the truth. "I don't want you Bella; I need you just as much as I need air. I've lived my entire life without love, and now that I have it with you it has merged with me. I can't live without it now; I can't live without you around me to give me your love and to receive mine."

She looked frantically at him for a moment before her shoulders slumped in defeat, and he smiled at her before pulling her back to his chest. When the doors opened however, Harry was treated to a sight and a barrage of magic he had most certainly not been expecting. Harry would have been rendered a vegetable had any of the spells hit him, and he was sure there were a few modified bone crushing curses in there as well. What surprised him was the two purple jets of magic that tore through several of his shields before dispersing, and the person that cast those spells.

His eyes ran over the crazed but fearful eyes; the bushy brown hair; the Unspeakable badge on her breast pocket; and the ten and a quarter inch vine-wood wand pointing at his face. Not even a hint of a smile was present on his face as he addressed the witch, and Bella was positively glaring at the woman. "Good afternoon Hermione; what a surprise to see you here."

A/N: OOOOOHHH! R&R please!

Before Harry stood a woman who he had once thought of as a sister; the woman who had lied through her teeth to get him locked up in Azkaban; the woman who had done so because of her thirst and hunger for knowledge. Harry did have the stray thought about just what exactly Ron was thinking: if she had thrown him in Azkaban for something as little as a refusal to tell her something, then what was to stop her from doing the same to her husband? He shook himself and looked back at the panting brown-haired witch, and quickly decided that some teasing was in order; he could let out his anger at a later date...when he wasn't in front of Ministry witches and wizards. "You look a little tired 'Herm's'; those powerful spells took a lot out of you huh?" He hummed thoughtfully as he peered over her magic pathways and immensely enjoyed the look of complete rage twisting her face. "Well your reserves haven't gotten bigger since I last saw you..."

He saw the flow of magic around him being dragged forcefully towards his ex-friend and raised an eyebrow. "But you regain your magic quicker." He saw a slight glimmer of triumph in her eyes, but immensely enjoyed wiping it completely away with his next words. "But you're forcing it to you; and magic doesn't like to be forced." He smiled again at the loathing on her face, but also raised an eyebrow – surprised that she hadn't tried to curse him again. He quickly checked her reserves again, and then compared them to his current levels before smiling to himself; the spell of a foreign, ancient shield charm in the forefront of his mind.

He felt genuinely guilty however, when he realized that he had completely forgotten about the woman at his side, and stepped away from her so that he could see her. "Sorry," he mouthed, and she smiled knowingly, with a hint of love as always. After a moment of silent conversation she turned to the still-furious Hermione and her eyes glowed deeply as her face contorted in anger. Hermione, however, paid no heed to the dangerous expression and instead felt the implications of the burning eyes glaring at her hit her like the Night Bus at rush hour. Her eyes flicked with a renewed fury to Harry, and said black-haired wizard noticed quite a few heads poking out of offices when she started screaming at them.

He didn't miss their wide eyes when they recognized him either. Nobody identified Bella; she had changed too much, and Harry saw her warm, happy glow at that fact. Hermione however, brought herself abruptly back to the center of attention. "YOU BASTARD!

OVER TEN YEARS AND YOU DIDN'T TELL ME, TEN YEARS! AND THEN YOU KNOW THIS SLAG FOR JUST A WEEK AND TELL HER WHAT YOU NEVER TRUSTED ME WITH! YO-"

"That's quite enough you little bitch," Bella spat in disgust, and the mousy-haired witch found herself completely unable to move. Harry subconsciously began working on a rune in his head while his wife made sure that Hermione knew just what she thought of her. Bellatrix got right up in Hermione's face, and Harry was surprised but more than a little happy when his wife's eyes changed suddenly to red. "You dare call Harry a friend?" A loud crack echoed out in the hallway, and Hermione would have been clutching at her reddening cheek had she been able. "You threw him into a hell because of greed!" Another slap, and tears of love for Harry and anger at the woman in front of her began gathering in her eyes. "Harry had been deceived, hunted, hurt and abused a million times worse than you ever have, and then you; the person who he thought of as his sister in all but blood, stabbed him in the back because he wouldn't tell you of his source of power." Yet another crack, and a trickled of blood ran from the corner of Hermione's mouth.

Harry stepped forward and rested his hand on her shoulder, squeezing lightly, and the strength suddenly left her. She collapsed into Harry's waiting arms and immediately began sobbing into his chest. It broke Harry's heart to see the pained tears running down her cheeks, and so Harry did one of the only things he had expressly forbidden himself from doing. Behind her back he sent a wandless cutting curse across his wrist, and winced slightly as the blood begun flowing and dripping rhythmically to the floor. He could see the surprise, and then hunger in Hermione's eyes as she realized the ancient, lost magic he was about to perform. Seeing the thirst in the brunette's eyes he wandlessly performed a number of high powered privacy wards around him and his lover.

He missed the anger in her eyes as he pulled back from Bella, and then lifted her left wrist with his blood-covered left hand. She gasped at the injury, but stopped herself short of making any comment when she saw his eyes not pulsing, but blaring with a deep purple light. He cast the same spell at her wrist, and she flinched as the pain lanced up her arm. He allowed the blood to cover her hand, and then intertwined his fingers with hers. She looked deep into his eyes, and felt her worry completely disappear when she saw the depth of

emotion she found there, and the pain at her pain. She didn't know how she knew that, but she did.

He started muttering in a lost language, thousands upon thousands of years lost; so sacred and powerful that it had taken several days of meditation in The Valley to learn. Bella was lost in his eyes, and Harry's voice washed over her like waves on a tropical beach. She felt completely at home as her blood dripped to the floor with her beloveds; completely content in dying by his side right there and then if that was what he wanted. Harry had felt the magic hesitate for a moment, but smiled lovingly at her when it followed his direction once more. He could feel that it had accepted their love for one another. By this point virtually the entire floor was peaking at the from behind various cover to see what was happening, but Harry only saw her, and she only saw him. Harry's chanting suddenly changed; becoming faster and more complicated, and Bella felt a strange magic and awareness thrumming through her. She knew with a start that it was Harry, and a wave of warmth and love flowed through her veins a moment later, making her legs even weaker than they already were.

Harry was feeling much the same but forced himself to continue standing as waves of love from Bella rocketed through him. Ten minutes had passed, and Harry was silently counting down the seconds before he had to voice the last words in the ritual. As soon as he felt the magic flare he stopped his chanting and squeezed his wife's hand. "Bellatrix Felicia Potter-Black, I promise myself to you for all eternity; everything that I was, everything that I am, and everything I ever will be." He paused, and she once again felt a wave of the purest love was through her. She had never even imagined that such a thing could exist before she felt it for Harry years ago, and knowing that he loved her just as much as she did him made her answer to his next question the easiest, and most and most right decision she had ever made in her entire life. "Can you give me the same?"

"Yes."

Her reply came with no hesitation whatsoever, and he smiled the warmest smile he had given since entering the Ministry. "I love you Bella, so mote it be."

She returned his smile and said what felt right. "And I you my love, so mote it be."

He leant forward to capture her lips with his own, and she felt the slight lust dissipate, instead being replaced with the deepest emotion she had ever experienced. As her tongue touched his and her body moulded itself against him she felt at home. She had felt at home in The Valley, but the feeling in her heart at that moment was beyond describable. It wasn't just the embrace that she was engulfed in; she was swathed in his presence; surrounded by him, and filled with him. It was the most beautiful and intimate feeling either had ever felt, and neither had any doubts that when they finally made love to one another it would feel as if their souls were fully merged and in harmony. With a rush the real world came back to them, but Bellatrix paid no heed to the dropped jaws around her, and Harry's attention was fixed entirely on her as his memories merged with hers and hers with his. There were whirlwinds of emotion in both their eyes, the most prominent being anger and fury at their lover's treatment in their early lives.

Harry pulled her to him as he remembered her rape and brutal torture at the hands of several Death Eaters, and a moment later she eeped in surprise. When Harry discovered that she had just seen the memory where he had been...releasing some tension one night at Hogwarts to thoughts of her he blushed a beet red and buried his head into her hair. She chuckled, but then blushed herself when she sent him a memory where she had brought herself to the first orgasm she had ever experienced while he was in the shower in Azkaban, and she was thinking about him. Finally, after nearly an entire hour together Harry pulled back and took notice of their surroundings. They had certainly changed since he had begun the ritual.

Hermione was surrounded by several Warlocks attempting to free her from the floor and release her from the paralysis; the number of people who were tentatively peeking out at them had nearly quadrupled; and the person that Harry had come specifically to see was standing at the end of the hallway with her eyes wide, but filled with complete joy and loyalty. There was of course the issue of two entire squads of Aurors with a mad-eyed Ron at the helm launching a battery of powerful spells at them, but Harry didn't have the heart, and was drawing too much amusement from their increasingly infuriated expressions to tell them that the bonding shield would last

for two hours, and would just get stronger the more they attacked. So far as Harry knew it was the only shield in existence that could repel the killing curse.

Harry locked eyes with the silvery-eyed witch at the end of the hallway and was happily welcomed into her mind when she recognized his magic.

'Hello Luna, it's wonderful to see you again!'

He saw her smile and nod discreetly before replying. 'The same goes for you Harry; I was worried about how you would handle Azkaban – I see now that my distress was unfounded.' Harry smiled and nodded happily, but turned slightly apprehensive at her next words. 'Who is she Harry? The woman you just bonded with? I've never seen her before.'

Harry cleared his throat uneasily and shuffled slightly, glancing at his wife who was holding onto his arm and watching the Aurors with unveiled amusement. 'You have met her Luna...just in slightly less...friendly circumstances.'

The normally-calm Luna frowned, and Harry began sweating under his collar. Bella felt his distress course through her, and she looked up worriedly – before paling herself when she followed his line of sight and realized that he was having a rather uncomfortable conversation at that moment...involving her. 'I never knew that you fancied anybody at all Harry, apart from perhaps Hermione.' Harry winced at that, and Bella knew exactly why – and she pressed herself closer to him; lending him her comfort, and forcing him to acknowledge that that was all behind him and that he now had a woman who would give everything for him. Luna's frown deepened when she squinted and saw the slight age difference between the two lovers. 'And she has the same kind of eyes as you do – which means that she is in fact older than she looks.'

Harry paled further still. It was very true; The Valley gifted all those within its trusted few the endowment of youth, and although he considered Bella beautiful even without the Valley's contribution he had to admit that with the added youth she looked gorgeous. Not that she didn't when she looked older, but it was different. 'She is,' he confirmed, and she sat down in a chair humming to herself thoughtfully. Nobody noticed the prolonged eye contact between the

pair; partially due to Bella's not-notice-me charm, and also in part because of the chaos as more Aurors popped into the already cramped hallway.

Luna shook her head in frustration before looking back up at him. 'I just cannot think of who she is Harry.'

'She is twenty years older than me,' Luna's eyes boggled slightly, but Harry forged on with his explanation, 'but I love her more than life itself. She is perfect to me; even with her horrific past and her faults.' Harry pulled Bella into his mind, and she was slightly shocked at the act; such a thing shouldn't be possible under any circumstances. She felt him around her mind, and relaxed into his side once again when he spoke to her. 'My love, the bond allows us to do far more than you can imagine, we will discuss it when we get home.' She nodded into his arm with a loving smile, and had the warm, fuzzy thought of being with him in his mind as they made love; coupled with their bond it would surely bring them a pleasure higher than anything imaginable.

Harry smiled as he caught the tail-end of her thoughts, and blushed slightly before turning back to Luna. Harry found a new cure for getting rid of blushes at that moment; telling one of your best friends that you were in love, and bonded to somebody who had tried to murder them more than once was not exactly the most pleasant situation to be stuck in. After a moment he squared his shoulders and relaxed against Bella with a small smile on his face – why was he worried? If Luna disagreed then Harry would simply chose Bella; it was one of very few things in his life that was certain. 'Luna, I am very proud and delighted to introduce to you the love of my life; my wife Bellatrix Felecia Potter-Black.'

Luna was rarely shocked or surprised, but this revelation from one of her best friends physically caused her to fall off her chair in complete, unbridled stupefaction. A few of the people surrounding her glanced at her antics, but quickly returned to watching the Aurors attempts at breaking through the now-golden shield. A collective gasp shot through the crowd when Ron launched the killing curse, and an even louder exclamation came from the crowd when it bounced harmlessly off the shimmering barrier and ended up connecting with one of the fish in the office water-tank. Goldfish Tibbles was no more.

'Bellatrix...' Harry nodded, and she looked at the woman clutching desperately to Harry's arm looking genuinely guilty and...afraid.

'Lu- I'm sorry; Miss Lovegood, I- I really don't know what to say.' She lowered her eyes, and Luna was shocked for the umpteenth time that day when a tear ran down Bella's cheek, and she could literally feel the waves of self-hate and remorse across their tenuous mental connection. 'I hurt you, and your friends. I tried to kill your father, and I attempted to take the life of the first person besides Ginny to accept you for who you were; the man who is now my husband.' Harry pulled her closer to him and wrapped his arms around her; wanting more than anything to get away from there so that he could love her and tell her that it wasn't her fault at all, but he knew that she needed to do this.

She had told him the previous night that she wanted- no, needed the acceptance of Harry's friends and family before she could believe that she was worthy of him on even the most basic of levels, and Harry had had to grit his teeth quite severely for nearly an entire hour as he contained his anger at her lack of belief that she was suitable for him. And so it was because of this that Harry stood beside her and lent her the love and support she needed as she confronted the first of Harry's very limited but loyal group of friends.

Bella looked desperately to Luna; tears running down her cheeks and Harry's arm wrapped supportively around her back. 'I really love him Miss Lovegood, and I want you to not change how you see Harry because of me. I've done horrible, cruel and evil things in my life, but I changed because of my husband: Harry.' More tears ran down her cheeks, and Luna was treated to the sight of Harry leaning down and tenderly kissing the salty streaks away before closing his eyes and pressing a loving kiss to her forehead.

He then turned to Luna and gave her a sad smile. 'Please don't judge my wife because of what she has done in the past; it isn't at all as simple as it seems. I've already contacted Neville, who saw fit to break Bella's jaw, and now I've seen you the last person to visit is at Hogwarts.'

'Ginny...' Harry nodded, and Luna fell silent for several moments before staring at the two of them. 'I am reluctant to accept your relationship, in fact if there weren't Aurors in the way at this moment Bellatrix would be on the receiving end of the same treatment she

just administered to Hermione.' Harry was about to interrupt, and quite forcefully too, but Luna spoke first and placated his anger to a degree. 'But I can see that she has changed, and I can tell that you would choose her over the entire world, as she would for you. I trust you Harry, but I don't trust her. Yet, at least.'

Harry's shoulders slumped in relief and he nodded to her. 'Thank you. Ellen will be in touch to organize anything further. It was wonderful to see you again Luna.'

She sent him a beaming smile, and then gave Bellatrix a curt nod before replying happily. 'You too Harry.'

He smiled, and then with a momentous crack the two lovers disappeared right through what many considered to be the strongest wards in the world, bar Gringotts of course. Luna grinned widely at the dropped jaws and returned to writing her research report. 'They look beautiful together.'

A/N: This chapter has a lemon. In fact this entire chapter is a lemon, a big, juicy, three thousand seven hundred and ninety word lemon. It's fluffy as hell, will rot your teeth, and probably isn't healthy due to the aforementioned reasons – but we all have to indulge sometimes. I aimed to keep this lemon, and in fact all my lemons, tasteful and loving. There is no fucking in my stories.

Enjoy, and R&R, because this is my second attempt at a lemon! Constructive criticism welcome; I do want to get better at them.

The two lovers popped back into existence in the living room of their house, and Harry immediately wrapped the woman in an embrace, pushing all the emotion he was feeling over their bond. She was lucky she was being held by him, else she would have collapsed under the onslaught, but Harry held her tight as he forced his love, contentedness, and completion over their newly-formed bond. He could feel her disbelief at the feelings he had for her; exactly as strong as her emotions were for him, and he smiled into her hair. "You are worthy of me Bella; I gave you my heart."

She didn't move for a moment, but slowly nodded into his chest, her voice joyous but muffled when she spoke. "You and I are the most bonded couple in the last two thousand years." Harry smiled at the notion, but was shocked at her next words. "I want to consummate out bonding Harry: tonight."

He pulled back just enough to see the deep blush on her cheeks before she buried back into his chest; hiding her face from his searching gaze. "But Bella, I thought we were going to wait until Rudol-"

"I don't care about him anymore; I can kill him later with you by my side." She turned her head to the left so that her voice was muffled no longer, but her face was still hidden from him. "I want to be able to spit in his face when I kill him, and tell him that I made love with you and that it was beautiful. I don't want to stop us from feeling fully complete because of my past; I want to feel whole with you; I want to be with you."

Harry could feel her embarrassment for asking such a thing; he could feel her joy and elation at finally realizing that she was worthy of him; he could feel the guilt she felt at denying them what they both wanted for so long because of a man who she hated in her

past; but above all he could feel her love for him, and her need to share everything with him. He smiled and lifted her chin with his finger, and she allowed him to do so but continued to avert her eyes from his face. He smiled at her cute expression and lowered his lips to hers. There was a momentary flicker of surprise over their bond, but then it dissipated and Bella felt the most wonderful warmth spread through her. He had accepted her gift, and although she was giving her body to him, they also both knew that he was giving himself as well.

He entered her mind easily as they kissed, and not only was her tongue wrapped around his, but his mind was weaving together with hers. She could feel his pleasure at her touch; the slight list from her body pressed firmly to his and she could also feel his gentle, comforting love at every point she was connected with him. With a slight pull they were standing beside their bed, and Bellatrix felt the familiar fear at just what that one object meant for them both tonight. "My love." She looked up at him; surprised at his breaking the silence, and he kissed her tenderly on the forehead. "You were abused and raped, and I want to replace your horrible memories and associations of those acts with ones filled with the love we hold for one another."

He smiled as he pushed her against the bed, and her knees buckled so that she was sitting and he was kneeling in front of her. "But I understand that there may be a point where you don't feel like you can continue, or where you just need me to stop for a moment." He took her hands in his and cracked a sheepish smile. "I know I'm being a bit soft and emotional, but it's who I am when I'm with you; it's the real me, and now that I have a connection to you I especially want to make this pleasurable for not just me, but you as well."

He had his entire speech planned out, but found the opportunity to finish it removed quite forcefully when he was pulled onto the bed with his head resting against his wife's breasts. "Harry: I love you more than anything; I love you so much that I sometimes cry in happiness, and I want you to be with me tonight." She could see the hesitation in his eyes, and she stroked his hair as one would a baby, a loving smile on her soft, candle-lit features. "I promise to tell you if I feel uncomfortable or want to stop, but I will be hurting when you first enter me."

He smiled a secret, caring smile and nodded. "I know."

She was slightly shocked at that, and looked down with a hint of hurt. "You've done this before?"

He shook his head, still smiling, and then nuzzled his cheek against the pale, creamy skin of her cleavage; his slight stubble sending delighted shivers down her spine. "No, you're my first – but I have your memories now, just as you have mine; I know what your first time was like." He frowned, and then pressed his lips to the top of her left breast before looking up at her, only care and certainty in his eyes. "I would never do that to you, ever." And then he lifted himself and pressed his lips against hers in one of the deepest kisses he had ever given, or received when she responded. He entered her mind to share the pleasure he was feeling, and they both gasped into each other's mouths; the pleasure from just their kiss made them wonder if they could even handle intercourse, but both knew that they didn't want it to end. It was at that moment that Harry gently begun massaging her pert, perfect breasts.

Her lips never left his as they continued, and it was as if electric shocks were pulsing through them at every moment from their conjoined minds. Harry was barely aware of banishing all their clothes save their underwear, but he certainly took notice of just what she was wearing when he pulled back for air. To Harry not a single person, or sight could be more beautiful than the woman that was panting beneath him. Her pale skin was covered in flickering light from the candles floating around them, and the only clothes she was wearing was a stunning black-lace pair of panties and a matching bra that was just cupping her heaving breasts. Her skin reddened in excitement as Harry's eyes roamed over her body, but when he saw her face he couldn't stop himself from taking her once again.

The passion in the kiss was something that neither had ever felt before in their entire lives, not even when they were pleasuring themselves to thoughts of the other. It was one thing to be thinking about them, and another thing entirely for them to be holding onto you shivering in pleasure with their tongue meeting yours. Bellatrix arched her back upwards; forcing herself closer to his touch as his fingers brushed over her hardened nipples that were hidden by the thin material. She shuddered as the pleasure became too much, and it took everything Harry had to not ride the wave of pleasure with her, but he got to see the most radiant sight he had seen...ever. Beneath

him Bella's back was arched like a bow; her now-bare breasts pushed upwards towards the ceiling, and her mouth open in a silent scream while her eyes burned a bliss-filled red. He stroked her cheek softly as the aftershocks ran through her spasming body, and she whimpered in pleasure. Finally she opened her eyes once more, and he smiled at the look of barely concealed lust she was holding for him.

"Clothes. Off. Now." He didn't object, but did take several moments to stare at her perfect body before ravaging her lips once more. He loved how she tasted, and quickly wondered what else she tasted of elsewhere. He broke away from the kiss, and she was mid-growl when he bit her neck firmly; the pain and pleasure combining and rocketing through her body to pool at her core. Harry could literally feel the heat radiating from her center, and quickly trailed kisses down her lithe body until his face was in front of her most sacred place; his place. His staring made her more than a little embarrassed, and she put her hands over her face and peeked nervously between her fingers.

When Harry looked up and spoke he meant every word. "You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen." She blushed even deeper at his words, but he could feel the joy from her; what was happening at that moment was the complete opposite of what her first time had been like. Harry had already brought her to the most amazing orgasm of her entire life; he had showered her with love and affection; he had allowed her to dictate their pace; and he had kissed her. Not once had he forced himself on her in any way; he had always made sure that his next intentions were clear to her, and had given her plenty of time to stop him should she feel the need.

She felt nothing of the sort; in fact she craved more. The actions of her beloved had already overcome her fears, and she looked down into his pulsing green eyes with a look of deep passion, but as always with a hint of love under the animalistic lust. "You want to taste me?" He was slightly shocked by her confidence, but quickly smiled and nodded. He realized that she had likely never felt this before; felt that she could trust her partner so fully that she could allow herself to lose all inhibitions and give her mind to the passion and lust that pulsed through it. For once in her life she knew that her partner, her husband, wouldn't take advantage of her in that state.

He gently pressed his lips against her red, moist flesh, and smiled when she jolted and he felt the heat radiating from deep inside of her. He had made her like that: Harry James Potter-Black, not the Boy-Who-Lived, nor the Man-Who-Conquered, not even the Betrayer-Of-All as the Daily Prophet had taken to calling him. He lowered his lips a fraction and placed them directly against her heated, wet centre. She shivered in delight, and both of her hands came down to hold his head there; making sure that he couldn't move away.

Harry didn't see how she could think that he would want to. He slowly pushed his tongue out, and she pulled him even closer at the amazing feeling. He shuddered at her pleasure and moaned at her taste. It was slightly salty, but it was just so Bella, and Harry pushed himself forward further; burying his tongue deep inside of her. He froze when he heard her gasp, and a spike of pain shoot through her, and he slowly drew his tongue out from her depths, and kissed her mound softly in an apology before returning to his ministrations.

Bella felt her heart melt at his loving and careful actions, and quickly found her body following suit as his tongue brushed a small spot inside of her in an attempt to drink her juices. This time her scream wasn't silent, and she spasmed uncontrollably while feeling the joy and awe of the man on top of her as his mouth was flooded with her essence. Harry didn't know how he hadn't had an orgasm himself; the pleasure from his wife had been overwhelming, but after a moment he knew the answer: he was saving himself for her. For the third time that day he found himself pulled into an embrace with his sobbing partner, and he wrapped his arms warmly around her. "Thank you Harry, thank you so much."

He pressed his lips to her forehead for a moment before resting his chin on the top of her head and smiling as he licked away the remaining juices from around his mouth. "Thank you my angel; allowing me to see you like that; at your most vulnerable was a gift I never thought I would receive growing up." He pulled back and smiled down at her. "Besides, you taste delicious."

She blushed at his compliment, but smiled brightly when she felt the truth of his words over their bond. She had been afraid that she would taste disgusting; she did pee from there, and she would have been more than understanding if he had not wanted to taste her there – even though she wanted him to. For her it was the ultimate

show of physical attraction and not only had he done it, but he had enjoyed it; and his thoughts told her that he was hungry for more. "You really didn't mind?"

She wanted to hear it from his lips, and he smiled before nodding. "I loved it; you taste just like the beautiful woman you are."

She blushed even deeper, but her joy from his compliment was clearly shown on her flushed face. She reached downwards. "I want to taste yo-"

She found her wrist held tight in his hand, and she looked up in shock before the hurt appeared. The wounded expression didn't last long however; in fact it only lasted until she saw his sheepish and embarrassed expression. "If you so much as touch me there then the chances of me lasting until you orgasm as well will lessen quite considerably." The hurt turned to delight and pride and he chuckled. "Happy you've got me ready to come without even touching me, huh?"

She blushed even harder, and then lowered her eyes in embarrassment. "Nobody had ever made me come before, and you've just done it twice. To know that I actually have that effect on you feels amazing." She met his gaze with her next words though; so that he could see that what she said she meant with her entire being. "I've never loved somebody so much, nor have I ever wanted to be with someone as much either."

Harry's lust-filled expression softened completely, and he leant down to place a small but meaningful kiss to her slightly parted lips. "Neither have I Bella."

His lust now completely gone, and hers having dissipated from his previous ministrations, he could simply smile genuinely at her, and he felt her love swell across their connection. A moment later Harry found himself in a tight embrace; his head nestled in the crook of her neck and her voice whispering into his ear. "Make love to me Harry; make me yours."

He smiled and pulled back from her, gently running his fingers across her jawline, and she nuzzled into the contact. "And take me as yours." She also nodded, and Harry reached down to align himself with her, and then joined her once more in her mind. She

was slightly afraid of the pain, he could feel that; but he knew that the pain she had felt when she had first been raped wouldn't occur this time around. Rudolphus LeStrange had broken through her virginity in the most painfully way possible: she had been unaroused, unloved, and perhaps most importantly in regards physical pain: unlubricated. She had been treated like a princess by Harry; he had been showering her with compliments since the very beginning; he had brought her to the most amazing states of bliss and pleasure twice; and not for one second had she felt unloved. The other thing that Harry knew would make this infinitely more pleasurable for them was that she was dripping wet, and Harry felt both aroused and proud of the fact that it was because of him she was in such a state.

He locked eyes with her when he was resting against the entrance to her very depths, and she gave him a small, loving smile and a nod. He didn't break the eye contact once as he began pushing – and so didn't miss her eyes widen in surprise when he slipped into her sweltering heat.

He could feel her surprise and slight pain as he stretched her long-unused walls, but he could also feel the pleasure from the very same stretching, and the pooling arousal and passion at the slight friction as he continued to penetrate her. It took nearly two minutes for him to reach Bella's barrier, as he had allowed her to adjust to every centimetre of movement, and he could see the slight fear in her glowing red orbs. He once again traced her jaw with his fingers, and then pushed quickly past it. He felt the pain spike, and quickly drew half of it to himself.

Bellatrix had felt her barrier break the moment he had moved, and had winced in expectation of the pain. When she felt it at first she was confused; she had been expecting far, far worse, but when she felt it lessen even more she had opened her eyes again, and seen Harry's loving, but slightly uncomfortable eyes looking back down at her. He was kind of thankful for the distraction of the pain he was taking; he had been but a moment from complete abandon beforehand, but it was still pain. "I told you I wanted this to be as pleasurable for you as it is for me."

Her eyes widened. "You're sharing my pain?"

He chuckled, a slight wince as it caused him to move and the spike of pain from his wife to surge. "Yeah, I'm probably the only bloke

that has ever experienced pain while losing his virginity." He winced slightly again, "Discounting some of those people that enjoy more painful methods of sex."

"Harry, stop it! I don't mind the pa-"

"And if it means that the love of my eternity enjoys our lovemaking more than she would have otherwise then I don't mind a little pain either."

She could tell that he wasn't going to back down, and she sighed with a slight smile. "Okay, I'll let you away with it this one time..." Harry stayed quiet; he knew exactly what he had planned if they ever had children, and if she was objecting to this then he really didn't want to think about her reaction when she felt far less pain than normal during childbirth. She nodded to him a moment later, a look of want in her eyes now that the pain had lessened. "Please move."

He smiled warmly and kissed her neck gently before pulling back and meeting her eyes once more. "Of course my love." And with that he sheathed himself fully inside of her. He had to quickly pull away from sharing her emotions however, when he felt himself very nearly falling off the edge of pleasure; he was barely resisting on his own, let alone with Bella's desire added to the mix as well. Bella was lost in the feeling inside of her; she didn't know if her body had been holding all the pleasure back from her, but as soon as their hips met and he was fully inside of her it was as if a dam had broken. She could feel herself dripping onto the bed sheets beneath them, whether blood or her juices she wasn't sure, but with what she was feeling she assumed the latter in vast quantities.

The stretching was amazing; it was as if Harry was designed specifically to cure the itch that had developed, and when he began moving it most certainly did. She could feel his shaft slowly moving back out of her, and almost mewed in disappointment, but her discontent only lasted until he pushed back into her forcefully. A pleasure-filled gasp escaped her lips, and Harry groaned as her tight warmth squeezed around him. It felt perfect; he could feel her walls pulsing and squeezing him, and it seemed to constantly pull him deeper into his lover; for Bella Harry fit inside of her as if he was made to be there. She could feel the occasional sting from her lost virginity, but the pain only brought a smile to her face; she had finally

given her virtue to the one she loved. The friction against her walls made them both moan in ecstasy, and their movements became faster and more frantic.

As Harry pushed into her, she arched her body to his; impaling herself on him and moaning at every opportunity. Bella's wanton gasps and moans and mewling made Harry's blood boil; she looked so beautifully innocent; her short hair framing her face, her skin prettily flushed, and her eyes wide in awe and pleasure, and he felt completely blessed to be making love to the woman writing beneath him. Both of them had been highly aroused to begin with, and as The Valley sensed their union about to come to a climax Bella felt a warm flow of magic fill her womb. This however, caused the woman to arch her back and scream in complete and utter pleasure; forcing herself against her husband; her eyes pulsing a brilliant crimson; and her body shivering with the most intense delight she had ever felt.

As soon as Harry had felt her walls spasming around him he too let himself go, and then, with one last ounce of coherent thought he re-established the mental link to his lover. At this, neither could do anything but surrender to the tsunami of pleasure that coursed through their joined bodies. Harry vaguely heard his wife, his lover, scream out his name in ecstasy, and felt words burst from his own mouth in a yell, before their bodies lost all strength and they collapsed back onto their bed; Harry only just managing to fall to the side of his wife with the last of his strength. Neither he nor Bella knew how they found the power to spoon against one another, but they didn't care; all Harry had ever wanted was in his arms, and Bella had all she ever wanted in the man whose arms were wrapped around her. Only several words needed to be said before the two drifted off to sleep in the love of the other.

"I love you Harry; I always will.

He smiled and breathed in her scent before replying and closing his eyes. "And I love you too my Angel – forever."

A/N: R&R with constructive criticism, your opinion, or just a thanks please!

"Mrs Potter-Black, would you do me the honour of accompanying me to the Ministry's Masquerade Ball?"

The black-haired woman looked up from the heavy tome she had on her lap and smiled at the man still standing in his bathrobe holding out a hot chocolate to her. His own was hovering obediently behind him. She took the cup and watched as his smile widened when she took a sip and moaned deliciously. "Thanks love, I needed that."

"I know you did." She looked up at him with a quirked eyebrow, a smile teasing on her lips and he chuckled before collapsing into the chair opposite. "So what do you think?" He could see her indecision, felt it too in fact, and leant over the small table to clasp her hands in his own. "It will be our first real date Bella, and nobody will recognize us with the masks and glamours on." And then he finally said the words that he knew would sway her. "And I will finally be able to dance with the most beautiful woman in the world, and show everybody just how much I love her and am proud to be at her side."

Bella wasn't like most girls; she didn't spontaneously 'melt' as other women and girls put it...apart from when she was with Harry. She could feel the love and pride he held for her and that was all it took for her to choke up, smile radiantly, and nod her head.

Harry was wearing his most expensive set of clothing he owned, and grinned when he fixed the black mask over his eyes which glowed merrily back at him in the mirror. To wear what he was to an official, exclusive, and very formal Ministry event had never been done before – quite simply because such occasions were always frequented by bigoted purebloods that didn't give muggles the time of day. Harry was wearing a jet black tuxedo; polished steel capped shoes; a textured white dress shirt; and a green silk waistcoat which was delicately and finely embroidered with a beautiful and stunningly realistic Phoenix. Oh if only they knew.

A moment later the door opened behind him, and he felt a wave of love and lust crash across him. When he turned and saw the person from whom the emotion had originated he found himself replying in kind. Before him stood who he considered to be the most beautiful thing on the entire planet. The woman was wearing a strapless, forest-green silk dress that hugged every perfect, voluptuous curve as if it were a second skin, which had Harry dropping his jaw immediately.

When she playfully twirled around with a giggle however, Harry became just that little bit more lusty and appreciative of the woman in front of him. Down the side of the dress and flowing over her hip was a fine, white phoenix; apparently she had had much the same talk with her own familiar, but it was the slit from the bottom of the dress to just below her hip that had Harry wanting to make that opening about a meter longer. Harry could nearly make out her underwear, but smiled warmly when he recognized the impenetrable shadow charm she had placed there. When he pushed some magic into his eyes however, he growled and slammed her up against the wall.

In both their glowing orbs there was the matching emotion of wanton lust, and Bella's lips parted slightly in anticipation; her hot breath caressing Harry's skin; asking- no: begging for him to take her. He groaned loudly and dropped her arms that he had pinned above her head before looking into her eyes that he could see glowing lustfully through the holes in her mask. "I want to Bella, you have no idea- well actually you do, but we'll be late for the Ball."

"Screw the ball," she growled, and Harry was inclined to agree, but he held his ground with incredible difficulty as she pressed herself against him.

"I want to dance with you Bella; I want to show everybody that we are meant to be." He leant down and kissed her lovingly on the lips, and her lust dissipated quickly with the action. He pulled back and smiled, receiving one in return. "I want to show that bitch that she made me complete; that she made my life perfect."

She nodded, and then leant into his chest with a smile as his arms came around her; simply holding her. "So do I, but when we get back..."

He nodded in agreement, his eyes holding a hint of lust. "I know my love." And with that the two disappeared from The Valley. A moment later the announcer at the Ball was faced with a situation, and couple, that he had never had experience with before – were they trying to start trouble?

Nevertheless the pair had obviously been let in by the squadron of Aurors standing guard outside, else they wouldn't have been able to

get there, so he asked them the same question he had been posing to the arriving guests the entire night. "Sir and Madam, who do you wish to be announced as?"

Harry turned to Bellatrix with a worried look; he hadn't thought of that. She rolled her eyes and turned back to the man with an apologetic smile. "Surprise us."

The announcer was thrown for a six; the pair in front of him apparently didn't have aliases ready, and had just asked him to give them names that he deemed appropriate. He could safely say that the man and woman in front of him were the oddest and most unusual pair he had ever met. A moment later his voice rang out yet again in the atrium, and not too many heads turned to look at the new arrivals, as it had been happening all evening. Those that did however, caught the attention of the other attendees with their dropped jaws, and soon afterwards their angered expressions, although one would have to be blind to miss the looks of lust directed towards the black-haired woman. "Presenting Lord and Lady Phoenix."

The two regally and confidently walked into the gigantic room; Bella with her arm looped in Harry's, and both practically glowing with happiness at showing the world their relationship – even if they hadn't a clue just who they were. Harry leaned down to her ear in the silence, a small grin on his face. "You can no longer say that you aren't beautiful; you've got virtually every man in this room looking at you."

"And you've got virtually every woman looking at you," she replied with a grin, and Harry snorted...before jerking slightly when he finally noticed the stares he was receiving from every female he laid his eyes on. "Well shit; I might just need a club to beat them off!"

"Not if I told them who I am." She raised an eyebrow at him, her face completely visible and uncovered to his eyes, and he immediately adapted an innocent expression. "What?"

She was just about to reply when they both sensed a presence behind them, and they both felt the other's furious anger as well as amusement and mirth when the bossy voice came from behind them. "Your names are not on the guest list."

Harry turned around, placing a small glamor on his eyes for the time being, and quirked an eyebrow – trying as hard as he could not to kill her right there and then. "Is that so? I believe that this is a masquerade ball, so I must wonder just how you know whether my lover and I are supposed to be here at all – unless of course you have surveillance wards to scan all that enter this room."

The slightly puffed out chest at his statement was impossible to miss, and both Bella and Harry rolled their eyes. "I do in fact, and you set them off. I'm afraid that I am going to have to place you both under arrest for-"

"Masquerading as authorised guests?" Harry snorted and winked at his wife. 'Nice pun'. She grinned back before returning her gaze to the now-very-annoyed brunette in front of them. "I assure you that we are supposed to be here Missus Weasley."

At this the Unspeakable tensed, and the two intruders found two wands pointed at their faces by the single woman in front of them. Her eyes were rather dangerous, but Harry once again took note of her magical reserves and grinned – no matter what she threw at them, both he and Bella could easily swamp any spell with their magic. "You are unauthorised to know that information," Harry noted the interest they were gathering and adopted a relaxed stance so that he came off as the good guy in the situation. He grinned when he saw Bella do the same; hugging herself closer to his arm and smiling as Hermione continued on oblivious. "I am here on official Ministry business, and by revealin-"

"Annoying, bossy voice – check; dictatorial, I-think-I'm-superior posture – check; bushy, brown hair – check; brown eyes – check...I think anybody here could guess who you are."

A few sniggers met his comment, Harry quite enjoyed his wife's laughs beside him, and said bushy-haired witch snarled angrily at him. "I have called the aurors to arrest you."

Harry raised an eyebrow at that, and spoke calmly – but it was clear to all that he was more than a little annoyed. "I can feel that, but the fact remains that you have just ordered the arrest of the head of two of the Ancient and Noble houses." By this point the silence had deepened so far that one could've heard a pin drop, and the glare that Harry was sending the Unspeakable was nerve-wracking;

causing her to take a wary step back. The aurors in question had also frozen at the announcement of their prospective-prisoner's status. Hermione was clearly just about to complain when Harry growled out his next words. "I hereby do swear that I am the head of two of the Most Ancient and Noble houses, that I have the ancient right to be here, and that I will disable any person here who moves to harm or otherwise restrain me and my wife."

A golden flash signified the truth of the oath, and Hermione paled when she saw the man give a wave of his hand and a dark red rose appear in his breast pocket. He had clearly not lost his magic, and the traitorous woman immediately begun backtracking – a very, very worried expression on her face. "I am terribly sorry for my mistake here tonight my Lord and Lady..."

"Phoenix," Bella replied condescendingly, and Harry grinned under his mask.

Hermione however, even though she had insulted them enough, had the gall to look affronted and annoyed at their lack of cooperation. "I must insist..."

Harry was getting more and more irritated by the moment at his ex-friend's actions, and just managed to grind out his next sentence without cursing her. He could feel Bella's fingers twitching in irritation as well, and had no inhibitions about allowing her to curse Hermione should the brunette take another step to annoy them. "And I refuse, you stubborn wench." A few gasps echoed out in the silent hall, no more than the witch in question. Harry glared at her, the light from his eyes threatening to break through the powerful glamour, and growled at her. "You have the audacity to interrupt the first public outing I have ever had with my wife, and then make demands of me?" He lifted up his hand and clicked his fingers ominously – which resulted in the bushy-haired woman flying back several meters to land on her rump.

Nobody moved a muscle, but Hermione's eyes glowed angrily at the couple. "You just assaulted m-"

Bella simply couldn't take it anymore, and her eyes burned right through the glamour charm that had been concealing her identity – which led to Harry throwing all caution to the wind as well and blasting through his own with merely a thought. Hermione's eyes

widened at the significance, but most of the people there had no idea of just what was so momentous about the, what they assumed to be, powerful glamour charms now covering the eyes of Lord and Lady Phoenix. "You little bitch!" she spat, and a wave of power flooded outwards, making the people who had been agreeable to the powerful glamour hypothesis quickly begin to rethink their views. "My husband brought me here tonight so that we could show everybody that we are in the deepest of love possible, and you – you meddling, backstabbing little skank, just ruined that!"

Hermione's mouth opened and closed a few times, comparable to a goldfish really, before she moved to stand. She was shocked, and more than a little afraid to find that she couldn't move a muscle. Harry watched as she grew more and more frightened when her attempt to pull in more magic failed, and he stepped back from her in disgust. "You abuse magic like some muggles abuse cocaine; you overuse it, you steal it, and you pay the consequences."

He waved his arm in a wide arch, and everybody's eyes widened when flowing blue currents became visible in the room – but it was two things that caught everybody's specific attention; the first being that the flow of blue seemed to avoid Hermione like the plague; and the second being that the mysterious Lord and Lady Phoenix were surrounded by a current of pure gold, which was willingly flowing into them so fast that compared to the other people's tap-like flow it was like Niagra Falls. Harry looked down at the shocked woman and gave a triumphant snarl. "You have finally abused it to the point that it will no longer respond to your demands, you see, unlike drugs magic has a will; a consciousness, and I happen to be rather good friends with it."

He watched her try desperately to pull in the magic against its will, and the current depressed towards her for a moment before snapping back to its original flow – making Harry smile and lift the silencing charm on the young witch. "WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?"

Harry raised his eyebrow and waved his hand to magically silence the annoying voice, but Bella bet him to answering the seething brunette still paralysed on the ground, her voice equally as angry – if not more so. The disgust was palpable. "You sick, horrible witch; you lost the trust of magic because of your greed – just like you lost the best man you could have ever had in your life."

Some mumbling in the crowd followed this, but it hadn't hit them yet – which meant that Harry and Bella had more time to berate her. Bella took the lead. Harry had absolutely no problems with that. As she spoke she trembled with anger in his arms, and he wrapped her tighter in his embrace. "You are no better than Death Eaters," she ignored the gasps at the accusation and continued; her tone scathing and full of hate, "simply for the reason that your best friend denied you knowledge you got him thrown into a Hell on Earth; you abuse the source of your power for greed; you will do anything to get what you want. All that matters to you is knowledge and power – neither of which is synonymous with the self-serving, jealous, failure of a wizard that your husband is."

Harry released Bellatrix from his arms as she knelt down to glare into Hermione's eyes. "My husband is so, so much more than you could even imagine in your convoluted, twisted little world." She leant closer, and whispered so that only the petrified woman could hear. "You have no idea the restraint either of us is showing in not kidnapping you this instant and making you pay for all that you have done – but one day we will; one day you won't be safe."

And with that the terrifying power that had been overwhelming the entire crowd, and keeping them silent, disappeared. Bellatrix stood up and levelled one last, cold glare at the frozen woman before returning to her lover's open arms. Harry turned around to all the guests present and growled lowly. "You are all the cause of problems like this stupid, power hungry woman," he stabbed a finger at the still-paralysed witch, "your stupid, closed-minded views of the world will be our downfall. Your pureblood supremacy is worthless – would you like to know why? Because I'm a half-blood, because Voldemort was a half-blood, and both of us could, and in his case did, kick your old, decrepit arses from here right back to Timbuktu."

Slowly blue tendrils swum up from the floor to surround the pair, and Harry gave them one last glare, and parting statement that made them shiver in fear. "I intend to do the same." And with that Harry and Bellatrix disappeared from the room, leaving very, very scared witches and wizards behind.

They reappeared in a dark alleyway and Harry let out a deep sigh before turning to Bellatrix with a rueful expression. He didn't get time to apologise however, because as soon as he turned his head he

found himself pulled into a kiss. After a moment she pulled back and rested her head on his chest; her soothing, loving voice reaching his ears moments later. "Don't ever apologise for trying to make me happy, never Harry."

He nodded into her hair and after a deep breath smiled down at her. "I promise, but now let me try again to make you happy." She cocked her head in confusion, but followed him after he had changed his and her clothes to something a little more casual...and provocative. She looked at his smart, black jeans, and form-fitting dark green t-shirt, and then down at her short, black miniskirt and blue tanktop that showed off her long, stunning legs and toned, flat stomach before looking up at him with a raised eyebrow. He smiled, but nervousness was in his eyes. "Did I overdo it?"

She stared into his eyes for a moment before speaking. "Do you think I look beautiful?" He cleared his throat and shook his head in the negative, but his slightly predatory and lustful expression stopped her from feeling disappointed at his comment. "Well then what do I look like?"

He stopped walking and turned himself to face her fully, and when he truly saw her in the light of a nearby street lamp his eyes flared with a force that he had shown back in the Ministry Ballroom – but it was far from angry as she found out when he pushed her into a brick wall and crashed his lips against hers. After several minutes of clinging to one another, their lips never separating for a moment, Harry rested his forehead on hers – panting softly. "You look- you make me want to apparate back to the house and take you for the entire night..." he looked into her smouldering red eyes and closed his eyes after a moment, the strain of not doing just that very clear in his voice. "Does that answer your question?"

After a moment's silence she smiled, and shook her head. "Then no."

His eyes snapped open and he cocked his head slightly. "No?"

She nodded. "No, you didn't overdo it." She kissed him lightly once more and looked at him with barely restrained need. "If you like it, I like it." She grinned up at him, "And if it makes you look at me like that then I most definitely don't mind."

He stared at her, and then a matching grin spread across his own features. "You will never, ever cease to receive my need."

She smiled, but shook her head. "Thanks for the thought, but in forty yea-

"Bella," his firm tone made her stop, and she looked up at him, confused. "I don't think you understand: you will never, for all eternity, ever not be wanted by me."

"Harry, I love you for your nobility, but when I get all wrinkl-

She found herself a moment later with his hands on either side of his face, and his eyes burning seriously into hers – a deep want for her palpable, and punctuating his words. "Bella, even though you have my memories, at least the ones that I didn't hide as a surprise, the ones of my knowledge and conversations with The Valley were blocked from you – through no will of my own, but because of The Valley." He leant down slightly and placed a gentle kiss to her forehead before looking back into her eyes with a joyous smile. "Bella, you will never age." Her eyes widened and his smile widened before he shook his head. "Far be it from being immortal my love, but suffice to say that both you and I are far from normal."

He turned to pull her towards their mysterious second destination, but found himself stopped by Bella – whose eyes bored into his. "What have you done to me?"

He could see the slight fear in her eyes and hastened to quell it. "Look into my eyes Bella." She did, and he continued. "I love you more than life itself, and it was that feeling that caused The Valley to do what it did. There was one other person who had the power like you and I possess, but he had nobody to love him and nobody to love. The Valley vowed that anybody from that moment forth that was worthy of its power and who had a lover who was worthy of the same, it would grant them a longer life, and cease their signs of aging while giving them certain abilities in regards health and healing."

The fear had lessened, and had instead turned to disbelief and hope. "Like?"

"Well we will never appear to age, you will appear to be around my age, as you very well know, we will live for nigh on five hundred years before dying – unless we decide to pass on earlier, our healing is nearly instantaneous, we are resistant to all potions and poisons – unless we chose otherwise, and I haven't been sick once since I came to The Valley and was granted its power."

She looked at him, disbelieving. "All of that?"

He nodded with a warm smile, but it faded after a moment. "I'm sorry for keeping it from you my Love, but I wanted to wait until we got fully settled into The Valley before I told you."

She was still for a moment, and Harry's heart fell – but when her eyes once more sharpened, and she smiled lovingly at him, he felt relief wash over him. "You're telling me that I will live on this world by your side for nearly five hundred years, that I will always remain this age, and that my health will never fade...and you expect me to be angry at you?" A moment later she wrapped him in an embrace and smiled into his chest when his arms inevitably wrapped around her. "I will always love you Harry, never think different. I may get annoyed, or even angry, but you will always have my heart."

Harry very nearly teared up at that, but managed to hold it in with a huge, overjoyed smile. "And you will always have mine. Thank you." She shook her head with a smile, and the couple stood in an embrace for several minutes before Harry took her hand and led her along the quiet street. She looked down at his and her attire once more, and raised an eyebrow; this wasn't exactly the place she expected to be wearing such clothes. She saw his concealed grin at her confusion and she narrowed her eyes at him – which he responded to with a completely innocent expression.

After several minutes of walking they reached a small café on the corner of the street, and Harry held the door open for her with a small, mischievous smile. She narrowed her eyes further at him as she entered, and looked around – scouring the room and the occupants with her eyes. Seeing nothing out of the ordinary, and two elderly couples drinking a cup of coffee, she turned to the man behind the bar to ask just what he was hiding, but found him stuttering and staring over her shoulder. She turned to see Harry giving the man a look of immense amusement. "Hello Collin, how's business?"

"H-h-h...HARRY!" Forgoing the waiters door from behind the counter Collin leapt over the bar and went crashing into Harry – causing Bella's eyes to widen in amazement; it was impossible to jump that far...without magic. She whipped around as the man was hugging Harry and peered at the elderly couples – narrowing her eyes further when she saw them still talking, almost as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening at all.

"Harr-"

"Bella, this is Collin Creevy; one of the people we were talking about."

Collin looked at Harry in confusion. "Bella? As in Bellatr-"

"Who are you involved with at the moment Collin? Sorry I'm not up on events but Azkaban was very good at keeping information out."

Colin looked at Harry in confusion, happiness, and slight worry, but answered all the same. "Uhrm, Susan Bones but-"

Harry's eyes lit up, "Wonderful! This might make things a whole lot eas-"

"HARRY!"

Said raven haired man turned to the irate black-haired woman and raised an eyebrow. "Yes love?"

"What the bloody hell is going on here?"

Collin tentatively put up his hand and winced. "Actually, I'd really like to know that as well Harry."

Harry grinned at Bella's steaming condition and she scowled when she realized that Harry had been playing both of them. He turned to Collin and his grin widened. "Collin, before I explain – I'll be in contact with you and Susan in the near future, okay?" The young man nodded warily, and then Harry gleefully dropped the bombshell. "This is Bellatrix Potter-Black, my wife," Collin's jaw dropped, and Harry then turned to his lover, who had calmed down slightly, before taking her hand and pulling her towards the wall behind the counter.

She blanched in shock when they passed through the bar as if it didn't even exist, and Harry's grin got wider. "And this here is my club." And with that he pulled them both through the wall.

String Quintet In E Major, Op.13 G282 Minuet

A/N: I would just like to point out just how freaking much I loved writing this scene. Firstly I was probably overmedicated on morphine (Mum brought in my laptop to the hospital right after I broke my leg – THANKS MUM, YOU'RE A LEGEND!), and within three hours of breaking it I was writing this scene. Secondly I love the idea of a club like the one I've created, and thirdly...well there is none. Whether it was the drugs or the fact that it was such an awesome scene (I still consider it awesome even now I'm coherent) I don't know. I hope you enjoy reading it; I sure as hell enjoyed writing it.

Many people had compared the experience of walking into 'Sanctuary' to one of the Ministry's magical resonance chambers – but far more pleasurable. As soon as the couple appeared on the other side of the hidden entrance their senses were assaulted almost to the point of pain. The music around them pulsed with an ethereal quality; the magical currents and eddies were completely visible and highlighted – swirling in mysterious, deep colours around the dancers on the main floor; and the power around them was almost intoxicating. It was quite clear however, that the magical currents and all-consuming pulsing power was a new feature, as every single dancer on The Floor stopped and turned to look at the landing where Harry and Bellatrix stood.

Harry grinned at the confused, but exhilarated faces that looked at him and stepped forward into a particularly bright current of magic, before allowing his own aura to become visible – sending a shockwave through the crowd. When he spoke his voice was heard even above the deep, rhythmic beat, and everybody's grins returned when it finally hit them just who he was. "Tonight, from this night forwards, this place is one of complete unity and freedom; where we can all lose ourselves to our primal nature and not worry about abuse we would receive if we did so elsewhere." His grin widened even further and he raised his arms – causing the currents around them to burst forth in colour and pulse with power in time with the beat. "I'm back, and this is your place to let yourself go!"

The pulses around the club intensified, and the power radiating from the enhanced magic around them seemed to purge any doubt from their minds. Not one single person in the club hesitated to let out a yell of primal freedom, and Harry's grin widened as he lowered his arms and looked out over the dance floor where every single witch and wizard was letting go of all their fears and inhibitions. He turned back to his lover, standing in complete, utter shock and awe at the

power and emotion pulsing wildly around her, and pulled her to his side before nipping playfully at her neck.

After a moment's delighting in her wanton moans he pulled her down the stairs and sat her down at the bar where the music seemed to quieten to comfortable talking levels. Before she could ask the question clearly on her mind Harry turned to the slack-jawed, but clearly very happy and excited barkeep with a smile. After a moment's shock the burly man pulled Harry over the counter and gave him a manly hug before pulling away and looking at him in amazement, a huge smile on his face. "Harry you bloody legendary bastard!" he yelled fondly, and Harry grinned at him.

"You have no idea just how good it is to be back here Matt."

The man scoffed. "You have no idea what it feels like to be here right now! I've never felt or seen anything like this before in my entire life Harry, what have you done?"

Harry smiled softly, an expression not often publicly seen, and looked out over the dance floor where the crowd was, quite literally, going wild. "I wanted to turn this into a place where names, previous statuses, prejudices don't exist – and to reward the people that are willing to forget such petty things a reward. This is the result Matt; magic wishing to be in complete harmony with all of us."

Matt looked at Harry, stunned. "You are the most incredible wizard I have ever met Harry, without a doubt."

Harry focused back on Matt and smiled warmly. "How's Nicole?"

The man's face darkened at the mention of his wife who had been near death even before Harry's incarceration. "She has at most one week before the cancer kills her."

Harry's smile widened. "Go home this instant, I have lowered the anti-apparation wards for you. Bring Nicole back here." He could see the man about to object, but he stared him right in the eyes and allowed the pulse to break through the glamor once more. "Matt, please trust me – I love your wife as a sister, and I would only do what was right by her. Please, return home and bring her here."

Matt nodded after a moment, and then disappeared with a very faint crack. Harry's smile softened even more when he turned to his extremely confused, awed, shocked, and frozen wife, her eyes flicking between him and the wondrous things around them, and he sat opposite her on a seat behind the bar. "You are wondering what this place is?"

She locked eyes with him and nodded her pulsing red eyes full of wonder. "I- I've never ever felt like this before, except when I use The Valley's power, but this is even more..."

He smiled and nodded before pouring himself a glass of ice cold water, and then one for Bella who gratefully took a sip. "I purchased this club the moment I defeated Voldemort, in the hope of turning it into a place where people who wanted to be free of all judgements and prejudice could come and just...release themselves." He waved his arm around at the incredible atmosphere, "Before tonight it wasn't like this. It was popular, as you can see by the amount of people here, but by the time I had gained The Valley's power I was too busy to worry about this place. Tonight I changed that." He pulled a current of magic his way with a thought, and it seemed to nudge at his hand like a cat would his owner, and he chuckled before gently running his hand across it; petting it.

"Before we left tonight I spoke to The Valley about this place. I told it about what I wanted to achieve, what kind of people clubbed here, what I wanted it to evolve into. I knew that we might end up here if things went to hell at the Ball, but now that I can see what The Valley has blessed this place with I am thankful that Hermione interrupted our outing."

"What- why did you tell that man to go and get his wife?"

Harry smiled. "Watch and see." Before he turned away from her once more however, he stared her right in the eyes, suddenly very serious. "Tonight I will show everybody here that you are my wife, and that I am your husband – do not be afraid when I do." He motioned to all the people dancing, "They will not judge you for what you were; they will embrace you as you are now." He leant over and captured her lips in a passionate kiss that left them both breathless, and she gaped at him and the confidence he was displaying. "They will see you as the woman I love."

Before she could reply a squeak came from behind Harry and he turned around to see Matt holding a very frail, but clearly beautiful woman in his arms. The woman looked over at Harry, her eyes barely comprehending, but she smiled all the same. "Harry..." she whispered, and he smiled at her before taking her outstretched hand.

"Hey Nick, how's things?"

She smiled lightly. "I'm dying."

Harry looked up into Matt's eyes and saw the horrific pain that was held deep within the man, and smiled warmly at him – which prompted a spark of anger to appear. "What the fu-"

"I am smiling because of what is about to happen Matt, do not doubt me." Harry held his arms out, and after several moments of indecision from the man Nicole was placed in his arms. Harry nodded and smiled at Matt before turning to Bella and motioning with his head that she should follow him. The three moved past the barrier that protected the bar area from the complete freedom of the dance floor and Nicole jolted in Harry's arms as the magic ran through her unabated. Harry could feel the urge to lose himself pushing against his mind, but smiled when it ceased its push against him as he told it what he was doing.

The crowd started to slow as the three moved through them, until a complete silence and stillness save the thrumming pulse and waves of power fell over them all. The three finally reached the centre of the mass of people, and they parted to make a circle in the middle of The Floor. Harry gently laid Nicole's frail body in the centre and then stood to address all present – his voice once again carrying to every ear with a clarity that should have been impossible over the beat. "I told you minutes ago of my plans for this place, what this place is and will always be. I neglected to mention what this place will give."

He waved his hand at The Floor, and a pulsing blue pentagram burst forth with Nicole at the centre. Harry peered over his shoulder and saw Matt about to move, but shook his head slightly. After a moment's silent communication Matt nodded and stilled. Once more Harry addressed the crowd, but his eye contact with the barkeep never wavered. "This place is a sanctuary for all who are of pure heart, soul, and purpose; this place is a haven for those who don't care about the long-accepted prejudices of our society; this is the

place where the new era will begin – free from all forms of hate and segregation!" A yell of support and triumph flooded through the crowd, and Harry continued speaking – the support sending a wave of belonging, acceptance, and purpose crashing through him. "Tonight one of our brothers, and indeed one of our sisters is in turmoil from a disease that is to take life in less than one week!"

He motioned to Matt, and the man stepped forward for all to see. "Tonight Matt; the man who serves you drinks, offers you advice and conversation, a man who helps make this place what it is, is in need of our help! His wife is dying from cancer, a disease that wishes to take away the life of a wonderful woman who we all consider our sister!" Cries of outrage ran through the crowd as their unchained emotions made themselves known, and Harry looked over them all in pride. "And tonight we will deny her death!"

This time the yell was overwhelming, and the magic around them thickened to the point where it became hard to see. Harry stepped forward past the boundaries of the pentagram on The Floor and crouched down before placing his hands on two of the thickest pulsing lines before guiding all the magic around them into the runes surrounding the dying woman at the centre. Everybody watched in awe and wonderment as the currents turned into a rapid of magic and raged into the runes, powering them with an energy that nobody save Harry and Bella had ever experienced before until that night. When all of the blue had disappeared, Harry called on The Valley for power, and a new wave of magic burst forth into the fading blue currents, changing them to a pulsing, powerful gold and running into the pentagram with renewed vigour. After several moments everything froze; not a sound was made, not a single person moved, and then it happened. A wave of the most pure power burst from within the circle as all the power that had been gathered released, and the room once more lit up with currents of blue magic, now intermingled with gold.

Nicole looked at Harry standing above her in shock, and slowly sat up from where she had been lying. It was when she got to her feet that the entire crowd comprehended what had happened and a cheer of complete exultation roared through the crowd. Harry watched as Matt rushed past him and embraced his beloved, and a smile spread over his lips when he saw them kiss. He quietly moved away from the newly-reunited couple and pulled Bellatrix back to the bar where they were once more partially shielded from the

unfathomable power of the dance floor. Bellatrix looked at Harry in complete wonder, and he smiled at her. "What you must understand my love, is that what just happened would not have been possible without you."

She stuttered for several moments before managing to speak, and Harry's smile widened at her question. "H-how is this even possible?"

He sat down beside her and took her hands into his before looking into her wide eyes. "This is what happens when magic places its trust completely in a user, or in this case users. After much discussion The Valley has agreed to my plans, and if tonight is anything to go by, is positively joyous with the people who are gathered here." As if in reply to his words a current flowed over and rested on their joined hands for a moment before returning to the dance floor, and Harry's smile widened. "Magic can heal virtually anything, but through the ages its trust in us has dwindled. As hate and conflict spread through our world it limited itself from us; it begun to distrust us. Finally it revoked almost all of the benefits of its untainted power, and the magic you see in the wizarding world today is the result."

"But what about us?"

He looked into her eyes and brushed his lips over hers. "We were the first in over one thousand years to fully gain the trust of magic, and tonight this crowd of people have gained more than they know. The Valley is not just the source of our power Bella; The Valley is the source of all magic." Her jaw dropped and he chuckled. "I had much the same reaction to you when I found out my Love." He looked out over the crowd and his smile brightened even further when he saw Matt and Nicole dancing and laughing with a life in their eyes that had not been present for over fifteen years. "You and I are the two people that Magic fully trusts, and tonight I can feel that it is overjoyed at what it has seen. I called it to this place. It was hesitant to come at first; Magic's trust for the wizarding race is virtually non-existent, but when it saw and felt the intentions and the souls of all those here it realized that this was the place where it could give itself fully without being abused."

Bella looked at the two lovers on the dance floor in wonder. "It healed her because of you?"

He shook his head with a smile. "I would be lying if I said that it was. It healed her because of everybody here. It healed her because everybody here considers themselves part of a family; an unshakable, loyal family. It healed her because of who we all are, and what we all believe."

Bella stared at him for several minutes, looking at the complete joy on his face as he watched all of the dancers giving themselves to the pure magic around them, and then ran her hand over his cheek. He turned to look at her, and was met with a soft, but completely loving kiss. After several minutes she pulled away and looked him directly in the eyes. "I love you."

The words themselves didn't do what she felt for him justice, but the waves of emotion that flooded through their bond made clear both of their feelings. Harry kissed her again before taking her hand and leading her over the barrier once more and onto the dance floor. The crowd parted once more for them, and Harry nodded gratefully as they made their way to the front of The Floor. When they did, once more the crowd stopped and gave him their full attention. To say that he felt honoured would be the understatement of the millennia.

"Tonight we have felt what magic is supposed to be, and what magic will be like for us in the future. This is the beginning of a revolution; no longer will we just keep our united views and beliefs in this room; from this moment forth we will spread them and change this world into one worth living in!"

A roar of agreement and support followed and Harry grinned widely. "From this moment forth we will not be afraid to stand up for what we believe in, and while only those who fully hold our view in their souls will be able to enter this place we can still plant the seeds to allow it to grow in those who are ignorant of the truth! With your permission I will mark you so that you can identify one another as comrades, as brothers and sisters, so that we can come to each other's aid should it be required – do I have your consent?"

A deafening shout was his answer, and he grinned as he raised his hands and deep golden tattoos of phoenixes appeared on each and every shoulder in the room – followed by a burst of pure magic through their systems. Harry smiled as he felt their connections form to the pure source of magic and raised his arms in celebration. "You

have all felt the new magic flowing through you tonight, and although it will always be strongest in this place, it is now a part of you; you have gained the trust of magic once more!"

It seemed that with every speech Harry made the crowd was wilder, and he felt a rush of warmth burst inside of him. His smile widened when he felt the congratulations and renewed hope from The Valley, and the words seemed to flow from his mouth. "We are the future! We will lead this world into a new era of unity and trust!" Bella looked at her husband with complete awe, pride and love, and he pulled her up onto the raised platform to stand beside him. "Who recognizes this woman here beside me?"

Nobody spoke for several moments, but suddenly a gasp was drawn from a witch in the centre of the crowd. "That's Bellatrix Lestrangle!"

Surprised looks flooded through the crowd, and Bella cringed, waiting for the curses to start coming her way – but was shocked when a yell of approval erupted from the crowd. Harry's pride and approval went through the roof and he grinned out at everybody. "No longer is this woman a Lestrangle; we have all discarded prejudice here for past actions, and tonight I am introducing this woman to you as Bellatrix Felicia Potter-Black!"

The response was incredible. The roar and applause was insane, and Bella looked out over the crowd in shock and amazement, but nothing could stop the complete joy and happiness at being accepted immediately by the huge group of people in front of her. After a moment she stepped forward and the crowd quietened as she spoke. "You have no idea what this means to me; the Love of my life, my husband, our leader, brought me to the Ministry Ball tonight to show everybody that he loved me – but I am the happiest person on Earth that they insulted us and he brought me here!" The crowd went wild, and she grinned out at them all – their behaviour contagious. "My brothers, my sisters, thank you!"

Harry stepped forward as everybody roared even louder and he wrapped an arm around Bella's waist – the biggest, proudest smile he had ever given on his face. "Tonight we celebrate, tonight we cement our family!" And with his last word he spread out his arms, and The Valley released its last gift for the night into the club. Power burst forth, and the blue magic in the room was completely decimated by the flood of gold that rushed forwards, feeding the

atmosphere and the newly formed family. Even Harry couldn't withstand the frenzy of primal joy and freedom that flooded through his system, and he dragged Bella into the centre of the crowd before letting himself go alongside her.

The passion and lust in her eyes was overwhelming as she ground into him, and his eyes smouldered dangerously as they swept over her lithe body that was moulding itself to his. Had he been anywhere else, with any other people, he would have never considered letting himself go; giving in to the flow that surrounded him, but this place was different. He was surrounded by his brothers and sisters in all but blood, surrounded by the purest, most untainted magic possible, protected from any attack or betrayal, and so he dropped his mental shields and bared his soul to the magic and people around him as they had done for him.

Never before had Harry felt like he did at that moment. He could feel every single person in the room almost melding with him; the loyalty, the joy, the passion, the freedom, the peace, the belonging; everything flowing through him and out of him to carry to all of his family. He lost himself in the feeling, and ran his hands down his wife's body, eliciting a delighted, lustful moan from her lips – causing a new wave of power to rocket through his veins. He didn't know how long he was on the dance floor, nobody did, but after what seemed like a lifetime of the most intense emotion and freedom of his entire life his consciousness came back to him, and as he looked around he saw awareness and complete joy in everybody else's faces as well. Slowly the power became less frenzied until it was a comforting, powerful hum that passed through them all, and they all turned to Harry with looks of complete trust and thanks.

He slowly pulled his arms away from his lover and lifted himself slightly with magic so that all of his family could see him. He wanted them to see the pride and trust he held for them, and when he looked over each face he found his trust and pride returned in kind. The beat had dimmed to a nearly inaudible thrum, and he spoke quietly – but not a single word was missed. "It's morning." People looked shocked, and Harry chuckled before waving his hand, causing the time to hover in front of him for all to see. The numbers 6:47 made a few jaws drop, and a few quiet laughs came from some witches and wizards. "Long night, wasn't it?"

This time more laughs met his words and he smiled warmly at them all. "I'm about out of motivational speeches really-" everybody laughed and his grin widened. "But I think I should say thank you to all of you, the trust and faith you all have in me, and your acceptance of Bella has made me the happiest man alive. Forming our family has brought me more joy that I thought possible."

Murmurs of agreement met his statement and one man spoke up from the middle of the crowd; his eyes alight with loyalty and happiness. "Mister Po-"

Harry held up his hand and shook his head with a smile. "We are family now Jonathan, we are all equal in respect."

The man's smile widened and he nodded. "Harry then. After tonight I thought I'd want to sleep for at least a couple of weeks..."

Harry grinned, "But you feel more alive and awake than you have your entire life?" The man, and indeed the entire crowd nodded their heads and Harry nodded. "The magic that you now hold, the magic that floods through this room, has accepted you all as worthy of its use – admittedly not to the extent that Bella and I have been granted," some nods and haughty chuckles followed that, "but you will notice things changing for you. You will age slower, you will not get sick, you will heal faster, your spells and magic will become far, far easier, and temptation to do anything dark will be effortless to resist. The magic that you carry within you now is what witches and wizards are meant to have, but abused and ruined because of corruption."

Bella stepped forward at that moment, and all attention turned to her – the respect they held for her was identical to the respect they held for Harry. Her past didn't matter to them; they knew her to be on the same level as Harry; they knew that she loved him and he loved her, and for that they judged her as their leader as well. Her heart swelled at the acceptance and smiles she was receiving. "This is a place to recharge yourselves, to be with your family. In this place sleep is not required; when you leave this place you will feel, and be as refreshed as you would after a week's sleep, as you suggested Jonathan." The man in question chuckled, but nodded in understanding.

Harry spoke once more, and his smile spread throughout the crowd until not once face was without one. "This place will grow with its family. You will know when you meet somebody who holds the same belief as we all do; your mark will pulse and your magic will guide you. All of you know what to do when that person is found." They all nodded and Harry grinned. "Bring them here, and they will join us." He hugged Bellatrix and winked at all the people in front of him, his family. "But I think after what I just experienced here tonight I need some privacy with my wife." Laughter came from all present and his smile softened. "You can come and go from this place, The Sanctuary, as you please; remember that you are all welcomed here, and you are always safe here." He waved at them with a grin, "And so my brothers and sisters, I will see you next time!"

And with one last cheer from the crowd Harry and Bella disappeared from The Sanctuary, both of their faces smiling, and their hearts strengthened and empowered by their new family. Nobody, least of all Harry and Bella, had any qualms about the loyalty of any of their brothers and sisters, and all looked forward to what was to come.

A/N: PLEASE READ!

Make sure to check out my homepage (link is on my profile) because I've made a piece of cover art for this story. It is available as a wallpaper in all common screen sizes, and if you like it then please leave a review here or PM me. Anyways, here is chappy number 15! It's a lot bigger than the others, coming in at over 5000 words, but I was on a roll when I wrote it – the same with the next chapter which is over 6000 words! Enjoy and R&R if you like it!

Harry woke slowly, his senses slowly rousing to the world. First he felt a new sense of power thrumming through his veins, and then slowly he noticed the smoothness and familiar warmth of skin against his chest, and the pert, soft breast that he held cupped in his hand. Her slight cinnamon scent wafted over him, and she mewed softly when he pulled her closer; a small, loving smile appearing on her face even in sleep.

Harry wondered just what he had done to deserve what he had gained in his life. Sure he had an abusive existence, had been forced to murder, but did it mean that he deserved what he had? He had a wife whose soul was melded with his, full of love and devotion; he had a family of hundreds, all of whom cared for him and respected him far above anybody else alive; he had a home in the most magical place on Earth; he had a club in which everybody, himself not excluded, could lose themselves in the magic; he had been entrusted with a power lost for over ten thousand years; and he was going to live a very long life in a world of his creation. He couldn't ask for anything more, if anything he felt himself unworthy of nearly all the gifts and people in his life.

Slowly pulsing red eyes opened to meet his emerald, and a beautiful smile spread across her lips, which she brushed against his own in a gentle kiss. "My Love."

He smiled down at her and brushed his lips against hers. "My soul."

Her smile widened and she burrowed into his chest – a completely content feeling settling deep inside of her. "Last night and this morning was indescribable Harry, thank you for sharing it with me."

He smiled down at her and shook his head. "I will never require your thanks; what is mine is yours, and they treated you with the respect

they show me. I should be thanking you simply for being you." She chuckled into his chest and he smiled as he ran his hands through her soft black hair. "I said last night that it wouldn't have been possible without you. I wasn't lying: The Valley wouldn't have had enough power if only I lived here; your love, and mine for you made the saving of a life and the formation of our family possible last night."

He kissed the top of her head and felt her lips press against his skin in reply. "You gave me something that I never thought I would have...again." She pulled back slightly, a look of faint disbelief on her features. "I still don't- they accepted me without any hesitation at all; even though they knew of my actions in the past."

Harry smiled down at her before pulling her tighter to him. "They saw the real you my Love; and they treated you as a new person – because you are. You said it yourself; Death Eater Bellatrix LeStrange is dead; she died in Azkaban, and she will never come back. They saw Bellatrix Felicia Potter-Black, and they saw you as their leader and sibling alongside me. None of them, nor would I ever betray you. The tattoos that we all now bear to show our bond as family, they cannot be taken by anybody who doesn't believe in our cause, in our loyalty and friendship completely. You can trust each and every one of our brothers and sisters Bella – not a single one of us sees you as you once were, only as you are now."

She smiled up at him, and then a small glint of mischief flashed in her pulsing red orbs. "You're getting pretty good at those motivational, heartfelt speeches."

He blushed slightly, but a smile spread over his face all the same. "It's how I really think, as you know, but now that I can show my true thoughts and feelings without being shunned or betrayed...I want to show the real me to all those I trust." He looked down at her, his smile softening even further. "And from now on I will."

She kissed him once more, this time more deeply, and when she pulled back – her lips clinging to his for as long as they could, her words lifted his spirits even higher than they were before. "And I will walk beside you on that path."

His smile was filled with love and devotion, and he nodded. "People have abused your trust in the past – but with us, with our family, you

can show them all that you are without fear." She nodded happily in acknowledgement and he sighed happily into her hair. The two drifted in and out of consciousness for the next hour or two, but finally awoke fully just past mid-day. Harry slid out from underneath the sheets, and Bella embraced him fully a moment later; her smooth, voluptuous body pressed against his toned muscled one. Slowly Harry dressed his wife, enjoying the small whimpers and shudders as his magic enhanced touch danced over her skin and sunk deep into her. Nearly an hour later the two lovers emerged from the bedroom and held hands even as they ate a late lunch. No conversation was needed at that point; the silence was completely natural.

Finally as Harry marched the dishes into the kitchen he spoke, although softly so as not to damage the calm, contented atmosphere they had created. "We'll need to leave in about an hour to pick up our first neighbours."

Bella's smile widened and she nodded happily. "I can't wait until I can see their expressions." Harry chuckled lightly and wrapped his arms around her front, where she leant back into his chest with a satisfied sigh. "I don't know what I did to deserve all of this."

Harry laughed at that, and she looked up at him in confusion. He shook his head and explained, "I was thinking the exact same thing this morning my Love."

She raised an eyebrow in surprise. "But you do deserve what you have now."

He mirrored her expression and spun her around so that she was facing him. "And you don't?"

She shook her head firmly. "No, I don't; even though I am a new person I can't run away from my past. I killed and tortured people for fun, I ruined peoples' lives, I followed a madman, and I was a horrific person Harry, and yet I find myself with a life now that I don't deserve. I have you, the most wonderful man ever, as my husband who loves me; I have a family that forgave me for my actions as if they never happened; I now have brothers and sisters, hundreds of them, that trust me with their lives, and who will never betray me; I hold the purest magic in the world; I will never age, and I will live for several hundred years longer than normal witches and wizards."

She stared him deep in the eyes. "Now tell me that I deserve all of that."

"You deserve all of that, and more." She looked at him incredulously and was clearly about to complain, but Harry cut her off even before she could open her mouth. "If you didn't then I wouldn't be with you now because I'd be out making sure that you got it and kicking anybody's arse that denied that you were worthy; you wouldn't have The Valley's power; and you wouldn't have the tattoo that is now on yours and my shoulders."

She frowned when he didn't include their new brothers and sisters, and pulled her tanktop down to expose her bare shoulder...which was most certainly not bare. It didn't even have the tattoo of the golden phoenix. Instead what rested there, looking almost like it was sleeping, was the most realistic phoenix she had ever seen save for her own familiar and Harry's. When it cracked open its golden eye and trilled at her she jumped, and Harry laughed before pulling down his t-shirt to bare his own. Ellen looked back at Bella with a delighted gleam in her shining blue eyes, and the black-haired woman looked at Harry in complete wonder and confusion.

Harry took pity on her and sat her down in the lounge before launching into his explanation. "I know far more about what happens to the flow of magic than you can possibly imagine, and with time you will be able to do the same, but it takes a while. Magic talks to me Bella, not just here in The Valley – which is the only place I can talk directly to The Source – but everywhere. Ellen and Sephiria are creatures of almost pure magic, and we are their bonded. Never before in the history of magic has a person's soul been merged more than once – but now we find ourselves the two people that have that privilege."

Bellatrix gaped at Harry, and he chuckled. "I learned all of this in a dream last night Bella, and the reason I'm so calm now is because I wasn't there."

"Bu- but, wh- how is it possible? What does it mean for us?"

Harry shrugged, but his eyes glowed with mischief. "Not a lot really, I mean our familiars can now appear where we are instantly; our connection with The Source, The Valley, will now be stronger; we

can learn from them via our bond and merge; and we're immortal – but apart from that we're pretty much the same."

She released a breath that she had been holding and nodded with a relieved smile. "Thank Merlin; I was afraid it was going to be more invasive than that."

Harry's mirthful eyes still danced as he replied and waited for it to sink in. "I thought so too, but communications between us and our familiars must be allowed with both parties, and only information we want passed can actually go across our bonds – kind of like a muggle phone call really."

She frowned. "What do you mean communication between us?"

He shrugged and replied. 'I'm not really too sure on that part but I guess we'll have to see...'

She nodded, but then froze. "You didn't open your mouth..."

He grinned and replied, once again without speaking. 'Okay, I was teasing you, I do know all about that part. By bonding and merging with our phoenixes we gained several of their abilities; flaming, healing tears, and their form of communication – which normally requires eye contact, but because of our bond we negate that requirement.'

She tried a moment later, an amazed but excited expression on her face. 'This is incredible! Can you imagine just how useful this could be?'

He nodded, 'The possibilities are nearly endless – but you're forgetting something about what I said before.'

She frowned, and thought for a moment. 'You mean the bit about it being like a phone call?' He shook his head and thought harder. 'Hmm, maybe the bit about... connection to The Valley stronger... familiars travelling to us... learning from the bond and we're...' Her eyes widened, and her head snapped upwards, complete and utter shock and surprise on her face. "We're immortal."

He nodded his head with a smile. "Yes we are. Like a phoenix we do actually die, for a fraction of a second, but we are brought back

almost instantaneously. If we die due to our bodies being damaged beyond repair then we will turn to ash and reappear fully healthy, but magically completely drained and unconscious, at The Sanctuary; if we die by something like the killing curse then our soul will return to our body in mere seconds. In both cases however, it takes around an hour or so for us to regain consciousness, as our souls need to adjust to our new bodies."

"I can't believe this..."

Harry nodded with a smile, and the mischievous glint reappeared. "I would prove it to you and get you to kill me but we have people to pic-"

SMACK.

Harry looked at Bella in shock; his hand against his quickly smarting cheek. She glared angrily at him, tears threatening to spill from her smouldering red eyes. When she spoke it was clear that she was upset. "You promised me that you would never die or live without me. I promised the same; I would never kill you, I love you far too much."

"You wouldn't be killi-"

SMACK.

She glared at him, her gaze now holding sadness and hurt. "I told you that I couldn't live without you alive; that the thought of your death horrified me. Even though you claim that we are immortal I couldn't risk it."

Harry stayed silent for several moments before standing up and speaking. It wasn't hard to hear the strain in his voice. "Come on, we need to keep our appointment."

And with that he popped away.

She looked at the empty space for several seconds before picturing her parent's house in her mind – and with a faint, almost inaudible squeak apparated away.

She appeared at her destination to see the one thing she had voiced she never wanted to experience. The reality of the situation was far,

far more horrifying and hopeless than she ever anticipated. A powerful slicing curse was heading directly towards Fenrir Greyback's neck, but she could feel that it was her husband under the powerful glamor. She could see the hate in Remus's eyes as he stared at the man whom he thought to be the cause of his affliction, and she watched in slow motion as Harry's eyes met hers – certainty and a hint of sadness in his pulsing green orbs.

The curse hit, and a line of blood appeared right across Harry's neck, before widening and a gush of red burst forth. When the head hit the ground the glamor dispersed, and Remus's eyes widened in dreaded horror at what he had just done. Already tears were flowing from Bellatrix's eyes at the sight of her husband dead and alone on the ground – but everybody including herself gasped when the blood, and the body slowly turned grey and then collapsed into a shapeless pile of ash. Bella didn't even think to explain to the shocked and horrified Tonks or Lupin family, and immediately apparated away with a deafeningly loud crack; the sound mirroring the feeling in her heart.

With a whirlwind of power she reappeared inside The Sanctuary to find the unfamiliar faces of the people that frequented the Club during the day staring at her in shock, and surrounding the unconscious body of her husband. She rushed over to his side and gasped when she saw his steady breathing. After a moment one of the people gasped and pointed at her. "Your Bellatrix Lestrangle!"

In answer to the unasked question she pulled back the strip of fabric covering her tattoo and another round of gasps ran around the crowd. She turned to them after a moment, her eyes still filled with tears. "Help me get him to a booth." Immediately three people broke away from the crowd – all of them whom she recognized from the night before, one being Collin, and helped carry Harry to one of the booths, which immediately transformed into a bed when a current of golden magic ran through it. They lay him down and stepped back looking uncertain as Bella brushed a stray strand of hair away from his forehead. After a moment she turned to them, and she once again had a faint smile on her lips when she saw the genuine worry and respect for both Harry and herself in their eyes. "Harry just got killed by a cutting curse to the neck."

All three blanched and gaped. "Well then how the bloody hell is he here now?"

She smiled and turned back to them. "He'll be making an announcement tonight when he introduces several more people to our family," smiles appeared on the three's faces, "so I'm sure he will explain then." She looked over their shoulders at the whispering crowd and frowned before turning to the three she knew. "Were any of them here last night?"

Jacob, whose name seemed to pop into her head, answered by shaking his head. "Nope, they came in today – although over thirty people couldn't get in, I suppose because they aren't believers like us."

Bella nodded with a small smile as she continued to stroke Harry's cheek; she had wondered what Harry meant by that the previous night. "So are they marked?"

They all nodded, and Brian continued. "Us three sat them all down and explained what it meant, and what they were now part of – but I think they believe we're exaggerating about the power we all felt last night."

All of them chuckled and Bella joined them after a moment. "I think it's only going to be like that when Harry's here and ready to party."

"Probably. They're all staying for the night though, in the hope that they feel the same that we did, so they will be here for the announcement I'm sure. If what you think is true then they'll probably only turn up at nights anyway – I mean the power here right now is nice, but nothing like this morning and last night."

She nodded her agreement, and then sighed when she saw the entire crowd still separating themselves from her. "I know that they weren't here last night, but they're being a bit prejudiced towards me, aren't they?"

Collin chuckled and raised an eyebrow. "Bellatrix, they know no different." She cocked her head to the side in confusion and he continued. "You show up here the moment Harry appears unconscious; your innocence was never proven nor publicly announced; and you're crying over the man who you once tried to kill. They also don't know that you are no longer a Death Eater, so really is it any wonder they are a little apprehensive? As soon as we

saw you next to Harry, and his smile and eyes when he held your hand last night, that was all the proof we needed to accept you – and these people would too, but Harry is a little dead to the world right now."

"Nah, let's do it." All four heads snapped around to see Harry moving to sit up, although his movement was halted quite abruptly when he was tackled by Bella, whose sobs he could feel against his chest. He wrapped his arms around her and slowly massaged her scalp while whispering softly to her. "Shhhh, it's okay now. I'm sorry I did what I did, but I had to prove to you that I would never break my promise to never leave you, shhhh, I'm here now, I'm safe."

She cried into his shirt, her reply stuttered and filled with relief and happiness. "Never, ever do that to me ever again!"

He nodded, "I won't do it intentionally, that's all that I can promise."

She nodded once more before lifting her head and meeting his eyes. She searched his face, as if to reassure herself that he was alright, and then pressed a tender kiss to his lips. Both heard a few gasps of surprise from the new members, but neither paid it much heed – too busy losing themselves in the moment. After several minutes, and some amused throat-clearing by the three familiar members the two broke apart, their eyes pulsing with renewed power. "Uhrm, Harry...mind giving a short moment to the newbies?"

Harry nodded, stood up, wrapped his arm around Bella's waist, and faced the crowd; a mischievous, light-hearted glint in his eyes. "Awesome party on here tonight, got some new members to introduce, wait till then to hear more about what just happened, and Bella's my wife. Cheerio!" And with a bright flash the pair disappeared from The Sanctuary, leaving behind a groaning three men who knew they would have to answer a million questions before Harry returned, and a gaping crowd of witches and wizards.

They reappeared in the place where Harry had been slayed under ten minutes previously and Harry looked surprised, before casting a wandless tempus temporis charm and the time popped up in golden letters before them. His eyebrows raised another fraction and he turned to Bella. "Apparently I was off in my calculations for the time for the soul to settle back into a new body..."

She rolled her eyes and dragged him towards the white house at the end of the street where Remus was likely about to kill himself for what he had done.

Harry caught Bella's train of thought after a moment and took off at a dead sprint – followed immediately afterwards by his wife. Upon reaching the landing he blasted the door from its hinges and launched himself inside before sprinting towards the familiar source of all the auras. He burst into the lounge, his eyes flaring dangerously and his hands held in front of him at the ready, only to find every single face in the room puffy eyed, and looking up at him with complete and utter astonishment.

After a moment he rose from his combat stance and scratched the back of his head sheepishly, and after a moment rubbing the spot where Bella rapped him firmly on the skull. He sent her a mock glare for a moment before turning back to the frozen Tonks and Lupin families and wincing. "Sorry about making you think you'd killed me, but I really did need to prove a promise to Bella."

Remus looked up at him, incredulous, and clearly still very upset. "What kind of promise warranted you doing something like that?"

Harry looked down at the floor, angry and disappointed in himself for causing the werewolf mental distress. "I promised Bella that I would never leave her alone, even if somebody killed me. She wouldn't kill me, so I went with the first thing that came to mind." He lifted his head and met the still-teary eyes of the man who was one of his father's best friends and held his gaze as he apologised. "I didn't mean to cause you pain; I wasn't thinking straight – all I could think of was proving to Bella that I would never lie to her, and for that I'm sorry. I could've just as easily done the deed myself with an explosive rune."

Everybody save Bella looked at Harry like he was completely and utterly mad, but then Remus got a dangerous glint in his eye, and he growled lowly at Harry. "I killed you, I saw you die."

Harry nodded. "Uhuh, I was well and truly dead. Very powerful curse by the way, well done."

Remus's eyes narrowed. "You were dead, but you're here, now, alive." Harry nodded again, and Remus was forcing himself not to

leap from the seat and kill the man in front of him again with his next words. "You created a Horcrux, just like Voldemort."

Tonks and Andromeda gasped, and Harry raised an eyebrow at the accusation while managing to look slightly annoyed at the same time. "The fact that you think that I would ever resort to such a disgusting means of immortality, let alone the very one Voldemort used is offending to say the very least."

Remus's eyes lost their dangerous glint, but they still held a healthy amount of suspicion. "Then how are you still standing here in front of me?"

"Well you were correct on the immortal front," dropped jaws met his statement and Harry suppressed a grin, "but as for the Horcrux you're way, way off track. I have used Dark Magic before, Black Magic, and on a couple of occasions even Necromancy, but anything that requires anything more than a non-lethal blood sacrifice I stay well clear of."

"Y-you...IMMORTAL?"

Harry nodded happily at Remus, "Yup, and using only light magic to achieve it too!" He saw Andromeda's eyes flick worriedly to Bellatrix and he smiled warmly. "Don't worry Andromeda; Bella will live for as long as I do as well – I was not the only one to be granted immortality."

He saw the worry disappear, but surprise, disbelief and shock was still present on all the faces looking at him. Teddy provided the next question, excitement clearly rampant in his voice. "But immortality is impossible!"

Harry chuckled and conjured a couch which him and Bella sat down on, his wife snuggling comfortably into his side and paying as much attention as the rest of them to Harry's explanation on their immortality. "You are very correct Teddy – I would say ten points to Ravenclaw but I'm not exactly a professor." The boy's eyes lit up at the praise, and once again Harry felt honoured that his opinions and compliments were held in such high regard. "Immortality is indeed impossible – it is impossible to never die, it is possible however, to die and come back almost instantaneously."

The teen's eyes widened with excitement once more, but Bella interrupted. "From what I can gather Teddy, only Harry and I have, and will ever have this ability." She looked to Harry for confirmation and he nodded, smiling lovingly at her. She smiled back before turning back to them, "This morning Harry told me that I had a tattoo on my shoulder, and when I looked I saw this." She pulled away the strap of her top and Andromeda put a hand over her mouth while all the others just gasped. When it turned to look at them all and trilled happily however, they all jolted in their chairs and not one of them was left without a slack jaw. Bella smiled and then covered it up while Harry bared his as well, which also trilled before falling still once more. "You don't know about the significance," she turned to Harry with a raised eyebrow, "but from what you said in The Sanctuary I assume you'll be introducing and explaining all to them to our family tonight?"

Harry nodded before turning back to the still-shocked, but now confused faces with a smile. "Perhaps we will wait till tomorrow night to move you to The Valley – for the rest of today I suggest you get dressed for a party, and be ready for pickup at around seven o'clock tonight." Harry saw Teddy's eyes dull at the prospect, and he gently nudged the boy's mind, causing the teen's head to snap up in surprise. Harry winked at him, 'Teddy, unlike other senile old men, although I wouldn't call myself or Bella old at all, I still know how to throw a party. This isn't going to be a fancy dinner party – dress in comfortable, casual, hard dancing clothes.'

Teddy's eyes lit up once more with the usual excited fire and he tried his hand at conversing with Harry in the same manner. 'Really? I mean I know you're cool, but a real, actual party?'

Harry laughed, prompting the adults' confused expressions to deepen, and nodded. 'Yeah, a real party – as in at a club.' Teddy's eyes nearly burst from their sockets and Harry chuckled, 'But I must warn you that you won't be served alcohol,' the boy's eyes dulled a little, 'but there will be several people your age there as well – so you should have a good time once it gets started. Bella however, will be wearing clothing that I like, which constitutes scantily clad and sexy in my book – so you're going to have to get over the fact that your aunt is going to look like an absolute bombshell.'

His eyes screwed up a little at the prospect, and Harry chuckled at his reply of, 'I suppose that won't be too bad; I don't really know her

so I don't see her as an aunt – but Mum had better not dress like that...that would be weird.'

Harry pulled out of Teddy's mind and gave him another wink. "Oh she will, I'll make her, but I'll make it so that you can't see – is that acceptable?" If the teen nodded much faster Harry could've mistaken him for a bubblehead. One more sly comment of "But don't tell your parents anything of what I just told you, I've also set up some temporary Occlumency shields for you so they can't pull it from your mind. Let's surprise them." Teddy looked positively ecstatic at having one over his parents, and Tonks narrowed her eyes at Harry, wondering what he had done to corrupt her little baby.

Harry wisely adopted his patented innocent expression. "So anyways, prepare yourselves for tonight. I'll be introducing you all to a very important group of people, all of whom are part of a society in which Bella and I are the leaders." He saw Andromeda, Tonks and Remus's mouths start to open and answered their question even before it was voiced. "It's called Phoenix if you must know; sort of in remembrance of the Order when it was around, also it's the reason for the tattoos on my and Bella's shoulders."

Not leaving any more time for questions, Harry and Bella stood up, banished the chair, and smiled at the clearly still very confused occupants...minus Teddy who looked positively gleeful at being the only one in the loop. "Well, I guess Harry and I will see you ready to go at seven tonight – as for me, I need to talk to Harry about this afternoon."

Any protests of asking them to stay and answer their questions halted when she said that, and Harry's jovial look turned serious as he nodded understandingly at her. He turned back to Remus one last time and held out his hand. "I apologise once again for my actions this afternoon; they caused you unneeded stress and pain – although I never intended it, it did all the same. Forgive me?"

Remus stood almost immediately and looked Harry dead in the eyes, his gaze unwavering, as was Harry's. "You scared the shit out of me Harry; never do something like that to me or my family again."

As he took Harry's hand, the raven-haired immortal nodded seriously. "I promise Moony."

And with one last, final wave, the pair disappeared in a wave of cold, white flames, leaving two families to organize themselves for what promised to be an interesting, and very mysterious night ahead.

A/N: WOOOO! Here is the biggest chapter so far, coming in at 6,066 words without my author's note! I know that this is another big club scene, but I like my club. In fact I like it so much that there will be a few in my story – not too many, but once in a while. I hope you enjoy this chapter, and R&R please!

Once the two immortals reappeared back in their home Harry set about preparing a cup of tea for the two of them the old fashioned way. Bellatrix knew that this was his way of giving himself time to organize his thoughts, and was more than happy to allow him to do so; it gave her time to think as well. After several minutes Harry sat opposite her on the counter and slid her cup to beside her hand. She nodded thankfully, and Harry sighed before speaking. "Firstly I wa- no, I need to apologise. What I did caused many people, including you, the person who I want to hurt the least in this world, unnecessary pain." He took a sip of his tea and then met her gently glowing eyes. "I wasn't in my right mind when I did what I did. What you said to me hurt, however trivial it seems now it did. It felt like you didn't trust me, and that scared me more than I had ever imagined it would."

She nodded in understanding, glad that she had waited to see his side and viewpoint beforehand, and she reached over before laying her cool, soft hand over his. He looked at it for a moment before his eyes flicked to hers with deep relief in his eyes. "I understand why you did what you did now, but I still think that you should have been in better control. You never act rashly."

He nodded sadly. "I know, but it's just something about you that makes my emotions...more real. If Andromeda, hell, even if Remus hadn't trusted me then I'm pretty sure I wouldn't have done something like that, but because it was you...I don't know...I just need your full support and trust – do you know what I mean?"

She could see the truth in his eyes, the frustration at his own lack of an explanation for what he felt, but she nodded with a smile – understanding implicitly. "I do know, and perhaps I would have done the same if I was in your situation – but you scared me. When I saw you get hit I felt so helpless and so alone I- I never want to feel that again."

With a slight whisper Harry appeared behind her, and she closed her eyes and sighed when his strong arms wrapped around her front

in a comforting embrace. "I promise, just as I promised Remus. I will never do that to you again intentionally – I can't guarantee it if we get into a fight, but I will never do anything so rash again to prove myself to you."

She smiled and leaned back to peck him on the lips. "You never need to prove yourself to me."

He smiled at her certainty in him and then whisked back to the other side of the counter with a lick of flame before taking another sip of his tea, his smile once more bright now that the matter was finished with. "So, tonight's going to be rather interesting."

Bella snorted with a wide grin, "That's the understatement of the century."

A double crack signified the arrival of Harry and Bella, and Tonks looked angrily at her son, who stood defiantly in front of her. "Teddy, you go to your room right this instant and change into your dress robes or so help me I will ground you for a month and confiscate your broom."

Harry had to hold in a snigger when he walked into the lounge in which the argument was taking place, and had to force a disapproving and frustrated expression onto his face as he looked at Teddy's choice in clothing – a pair of black dress shoes, smart black jeans, and a green t-shirt with the legend 'Don't worry about what the Ministry thinks, they don't do it very often'. Harry truly had to bring his Occlumency shields and training to bear when he saw that, and judging by the covert cough from Bella, she was finding it just as appropriate and amusing as he was.

Andromeda had paused at the sound, and turned to them before dropping her jaw when she saw Bella. Harry had to admit that she looked positively beautiful in her midnight black, strapless dress, but he was in a way glad that she would be changing into something more revealing when they arrived; there was a time for the beautiful look, but tonight both of them had agreed that they needed to feel wanted by the other. Andromeda ran her eyes over her sister and then somehow managed to speak through her amazement. "How the hell do you look like that? You don't look a day older than twenty five!"

Harry whistled innocently, leaving Bella to send him a mock glare and explain to the confused people in the room. "The Valley, where you'll be living, is the source of magic. If it finds you worthy of using its pure form then it gifts you with a few things, one of which is turning back the clock, another of which slows down aging. For me and Harry however, who have the full power, we'll look like this until the moment we decide to pass on from this world."

Remus spoke for the entire room with his amazingly articulate statement of, "Wow."

After a moment Harry returned to his irritated look when he looked over Teddy again and sighed. "Well we're late already; there's no time to change – Teddy will just have to come as he is. I don't think the others will be too offended." 'They'll find it positively hilarious.' Remus looked Harry over and nodded his head in approval – he looked like a very powerful and respected wizard in his formal robes.

Harry held out his hands and everybody touched a point on his body, while Bella wrapped her arm around his waist. A moment later, with a sound almost as quiet as a swish of wind, the seven witches and wizards disappeared from the living room and then reappeared in the same alleyway Harry had brought Bella into the previous night. Everyone save Bella looked at Harry in confusion, but he led them out of the back street without a word of explanation, leaving them with the only option which was to follow.

They followed him into the café in confusion, and watched as the waiter behind the counter called out happily to him. "Harry!" Harry smiled and walked forward before meeting Collin halfway into the room with a friendly hug. After a moment the man pulled back and looked Harry over with a relieved smile, "Glad to see back to normal; you had us all half scared to death when you turned up like that."

Harry grinned. "Yeah, I just never seem to do things normally, do I?"

Collin chuckled, "Can't disagree with that."

Harry nodded to the wall with his head. "How's the crowd?"

Collin leant against one of the tables and smiled. "Anxious. The magic's been keeping pretty low key, even lower than when you turned up this afternoon, so people – save the ones present last

night – are wondering if the rest of us are going nutty and exaggerating. Apart from that they're buzzing. Want me to close down the caff?"

Harry nodded with a smile. "Definitely. I don't want you to miss out on anything tonight." Collin nodded with understanding and waved his hand, causing the old patrons to disappear instantly. Remus, Tonks, Andromeda, Ted, and Teddy looked at the previously occupied seats in shock, and then back to Harry and Bella. When they saw the two however, they all dropped their jaws in astonishment. Bella was no longer wearing her dress, and Harry most definitely wasn't wearing his formal robes.

Bella was showing off her perfect, creamy legs with a short denim miniskirt, and her toned, flat stomach with a white tank top that ended just above her bellybutton; her hair short and tendrils curving over her cheeks. Harry on the other hand was wearing much the same as his nephew-in-law; a pair of black dress shoes, a pair of smart black jeans, but had opted for something that would keep him a little cooler, and allow more contact with his beautiful wife on his upper half – which was only covered by a white, skin-fitting singlet which showed his clearly defined muscles underneath, and left his strong arms bare.

Bella looked him over and licked her lips, before flicking her fingers which caused his hair to become even more chaotic – just the way she liked it. Harry, after drinking in his wife's appearance for a moment and giving her a look that promised a very passionate and lusty night of dancing, turned back to the Tonks and Lupin family with a roguish grin. "Yeah, I kinda led you on a bit. This isn't exactly the place where you'd wear formal robes – what Bella and I am wearing is a little more risqué than most, but we like feeling our skin touch on The Floor." He looked over the stunned group, minus Teddy, for a moment before waving his hand and smiling as their clothes morphed into something more appropriate.

As promised to Teddy, Andromeda and Tonks appeared quite covered to his eyes, but the truth was a little different. Both men were outfitted quite similarly to Teddy, just with different shirts, and both women were wearing reasonably covering clothing...reasonable by The Sanctuary's standards...which meant not a lot.

It was quite clear that both women took great care of their bodies, and both of their husbands looked at their wives with more than a little lust at their new look. Harry laughed and wrapped warm arm around Bella's bare midriff before mocking the men. "Now now, down boys – no need to scar Teddy for life." Said teen was looking out the window humming quite loudly to himself, much to Remus and Ted's chagrin, and Harry and Bella's amusement. Andromeda and Tonks really didn't know what to think. Harry looked over to Collin, who gave him a nod of confirmation, and Harry held out his hand to the group, "well then, follow me and see what you've gotten yourselves into." And with that he walked through the wall behind the bar with Bella and Collin by his side.

The Lupin and Tonks family all looked at one another, before following Teddy's lead when he rolled his eyes and strode confidently through the wall just as his great uncle had done. When they emerged on the other side they were hit by a wave of power and felt a slight burn on their shoulders that lasted but a moment. They looked around in complete and utter amazement at the room and magic that was below and around them, and Harry stood by the wall with Bella, allowing them to drink in the sight and feel of the place before announcing their presence to the crowd below. After nearly ten minutes of mouth-gaping Harry felt like it was time to step forwards, and did so with Bellatrix by his side.

Almost as if the club sensed their want to be recognized a huge pulse of energy burst through the room – not nearly a tenth as intense as it had been consistently the night before- but Harry knew that he would remedy that soon enough. All the heads in the room turned to the landing, on which he was standing, and eyes lit up and smiles emerged when they saw him. The ones who had been there the previous night even cheered for him, and the support brought a large smile to his face. Keeping his arm around Bellatrix's waist he addressed them all, once again his voice easily carrying above the heavy beat.

"Good evening all, for those of you that don't know me – or rather don't recognize me because I should look about thirty five rather than twenty five, I am Harry Potter – the owner of The Sanctuary, and co-head of Phoenix with my wife Bellatrix Potter-Black." Some shock ran through the crowd at that announcement, and Harry decided to truly see if the new ones would accept Bella as easily as the older crowd. He pulled Bella to his side, smiled lovingly at her,

and then pressed a tender kiss to her lips. When he pulled back he was astounded, and delighted that not a single hostile expression was on any face, only smiles of welcome, acceptance and congratulation. He smiled warmly at them all and continued, "As I said to the crowd last night, thank you very much for your acceptance of my wife – in this club we forget about the past and move forward with Phoenix's views!" A loud cheer met his words, and the magic kicked up a notch – Harry could feel to about ten percent of its capacity.

"Now tonight, before we lose ourselves like last night, or discover our true selves for the first time for the people new to The Sanctuary, I need to explain to all of you the purpose of what happens here, what we are, and what we will do. I'll also explain just what my wife and I are, which I know many of you are curious about." A few chuckles met that and he smiled. "Firstly I want to introduce you to some people that are joining our family tonight." He motioned for the Tonks and Lupins to come forward, and they reluctantly did so – unsure of just what was going on. Harry smiled reassuringly at them before turning back to the crowd. "From left to right, my very good friend and technically nephew-in-law Remus Lupin, Teddy Lupin my great nephew, Nym- uhrm, Tonks Lupin my friend and niece-in-law, Ted Tonks my brother-in-law, and Andromeda Tonks my sister-in-law. Tonight they are our brothers and sisters, and I have no doubt that you will treat them as family, because Phoenix is family!"

Another roar was let loose, and everybody shivered in shock and power as the magic burst up several more levels. Harry could see everyone who hadn't experienced it before wondering just how crazy it was going to get, and the people that had all grinning in anticipation. He didn't have the heart to tell either group that they had only felt a portion of the power possible to have running through the club. "Now as to the people, especially our new family who haven't been filled in on just what we are, my wife and I will explain fully."

Bella stepped forward, and all the attention in the room switched to her, making her swell in pride and Harry grin happily a step behind her. "We are Phoenix. For those that haven't already noticed, when you entered this place you gained a golden phoenix tattoo on your right shoulder to mark you as one of us." Everybody save the Lupins and Tonks family had been filled in to that extent, and said families' eyes widened, and then each of them hurried to peer at their

previously bare shoulders. Harry grinned at their shock, and he could see Bella's sly grin. "Yes Teddy, you're awesome because you have a cool Tat." Teddy blushed a deep red and everybody shared a small laugh at the boy's reaction. "But it means so much more than just an inking of your skin; it shows what you believe. To get into The Sanctuary; and by extension to receive one of these markings you must believe in complete equality. Race, species, stereotypes, the past, none of it matters here. What matters here is what you are now, what you believe now, who you are now. The mark is not only to identify you to the rest of us, but is indeed a gift from The Source of magic itself.

"Slower aging, no sicknesses or illnesses, faster healing of injuries, easier and more powerful spell casting, and the allure of doing wrong will be easier to resist; the magic will warn you. The magic you carry with you now is what witches and wizards were always meant to carry, and once did, but as a race we abused it and lost the trust of The Source."

Harry stepped forward and leant on the rail overlooking The Floor before continuing. "For now our plan is to gather followers; to acclimatize and bond with the magic, both for our sake and it's; to enjoy the freedom; and form friendships with one another. To win this war we must trust each other with our lives. My wife and I are already planning to abolish the prejudice in this world, not just in wizarding Britain, but that is where we will start. We plan to start undermining those who hold these beliefs and will do anything to reinforce them silently and stealthily – politically and unobtrusively, but there will come a point when our actions will draw attention, and when that happens we will have to fight. You will be in danger, your families will be in danger, but in that regard I will not allow you to be vulnerable. Who here has their wife, husband, father, mother or children in this room?"

Every single hand rose, and Harry grinned widely before clapping his hands together. "That truly is wonderful. I implore all of you to begin packing your bags so that you can disappear from your homes at a moment's notice – although this will not be necessary for another five weeks, but after that point we will put our plans into action, which is when danger could come our way."

People looked worried, and Bella stepped forward to Harry's side with a reassuring smile. "The family of Phoenix sticks together; your

tattoos will allow us to give you warning, and then transport you to your new homes when the time comes. Harry and I already live there, and I assure you that you will love it."

Smiles returned to the crowd, and Harry checked his watch before speaking once more. "And now for the last bit of info for the night: just what are Bella and I?" Nods and curious looks met his words and he nodded with a sheepish smile. "Promise not to freak?" Ultra-curious faces now faced them, but they nodded and voiced their ascent all the same. "Okay then, Bella and I both have a Phoenix as a familiar." Gasps came from the crowd and Harry chuckled uneasily, "Oh that isn't the shocking part. You see, not only are Bella's and my souls bonded – basically merged in fact, but we also have a second soul bond...to our phoenixes." More gasps came his way, and he mock winced, "Gosh, if this information is getting this reaction then I haven't the faintest what you're going to do when I say my next lines."

A few laughs later and Harry cleared his throat. "Well, it essentially means that my wife and I pick up a few of their traits. We can flare, which allows us to travel anywhere in the world, even through charms like the Fidelius; we can cry healing tears – which is a nifty trick; we can communicate with one another anywhere telepathically, which is neat for just the two of us...and the real kicker – the one which is going to cause the shock, is that both my wife and I will not age, because we are immortal."

As he suspected, the silence was deafening, even the magic had ceased its rhythmic, heavy-beat music as if to await the reaction. When it came it was most certainly not what either Harry or Bella had been expecting. A roar of approval broke forth from every single person below, and the magic around the entire group flared before reaching its new equilibrium in the club – overwhelming everybody for a moment while they reigned themselves back into control; when their leaders were speaking it wasn't time to party – that would come soon enough.

Harry finally closed his mouth and somehow managed to speak for both his and Bella's thoughts without stuttering. "Wow, I mean... thank you all so much for that; it really means a lot to both me and Bella that you approve..." he stood still for a moment just absorbing that fact, but finally shook himself back to the present where a huge smile broke out on both Bella and his faces as they looked at one

another. Bella turned back to the crowd and searched them with her eyes, "Where are the teens and kids at?"

A few hands came from the back of the crowd and Bella smiled before turning back to Teddy and nodding. Harry smiled at his unsure expression and winked. "Trust me; you'll want to be over there with people your own age when I turn this place to its full potential. The dance floor over there for you guys is sheltered from the full magic of the our one – no offence or anything, but what the full power makes us do is not exactly for minors; it allows us to fully let ourselves go, and in addition to the adult only content, your bodies would probably shut down from the overload; your cores just aren't ready for it yet."

Teddy nodded, and smiled at the explanation before walking down the stairs and jogging over to the other teens. Harry nodded and winked at them all. "You might want to head to your floor right about now, because things in here are going to get kind of crazy."

The younger members disappeared almost instantly, and laughter came from everyone left. "Apparently the idea of seeing their elders and parents getting a little heated doesn't appeal all that much." He looked over the crows and saw the new people trying to hold out against the power surrounding them, while the older ones trusted it implicitly and were already revelling in it. He turned back around to Tonks, Remus, Andromeda and Ted, and smiled when he saw them struggling against losing themselves. When he spoke next he was addressing everybody.

"The information I have given you tonight I expect you to give to anybody new who makes it into this room; they need to be informed, and I will be made aware of their marking the moment it happens." Nods came from those still coherent, and Harry smiled before toning down the magic so he had everybody's attention. "Last night, I think those who were there will agree, was insane. Am I right?" Yells in the affirmative reached his ears and he smiled slyly. "Would you believe me if I told you that the power then is only a fraction of what is possible here?"

Dropped jaws were the answer to his question and his smile widened, "Well it was only a fraction, barely a quarter of what was possible. I should warn you that only half the club's potential can be met without me and Bella here – but suffice to say that half is double

what you felt last night, and it will be the norm from this moment forth. The entrance, where I am standing now, the path to the youth dance floor, and the bar will always be at about five percent capacity to give the newbies a chance to adjust – but for the love of god tell them just what they are getting themselves into before they step on."

Mirthful laughter followed that, but then a young witch spoke up from the middle of the crowd. "Just wondering, what kind of power so the kids receive on their floor?"

Harry nodded, "About fifteen percent, so not as powerful as last night – I want them to be in control enough to not do something they'd later regret. The reason you're here is because there are anti-pregnancy wards around the club, and your bond to your lovers, all of whom are here with you, will prevent you from doing something you don't want to." Some chuckles and nods of understanding showed their acceptance of his answer and he looked out over them one last time. "Any last questions before we go completely off our rockers at one hundred percent?"

The magic currents seemed to pulse in anticipation at letting themselves completely loose, and after several seconds of silence Harry nodded with an excited grin on his face, "Well then, a vote – gradually, or BOOM, all at once?"

The screams and yells of "ALL AT ONCE!" were more than unanimous, and Harry's smile deepened.

"You asked for it my friends, enjoy; the magic will ease off at seven o'clock tomorrow morning!" And with that he raised his arms, and a pulse of magic rocked every single person to their core. On the unprotected dance floor the result was immediate and wild. The magic whirlpooled around the lovers, the beat thrummed into their very souls, and everything but the moment faded away to nothingness.

The four new Phoenix members gaped at the display below them, and then looked to Harry with something akin to fear. Harry chuckled and then led them down the stairs and into the bar, where Nicole immediately came out from and engulfed the black-haired immortal in a tight hug. After several long moments she pulled away and looked up at him with a stunning, bright, healthy smile. "Thank you so much for what you did Harry."

Matt came up and hugged her from behind with an equally bright smile on his face. "I was just struggling to keep it together Harry, I was so close to breaking down and then you healed her. I'm sorry for doubting you even for that brief second; you've given not only our lives and our love back, but so much more – I don't know how we can thank you."

"No pay for two years," Harry replied instantly deadpanned, and Matt looked stunned – at least until Harry broke out laughing and clapped the man on the back; his eyes filled with mirth. "I am so getting that memory painted, oh the look on your face!" Matt rolled his eyes good-naturedly and Harry's smile softened. "You really want to know what you can do to thank me?"

Nicole answered instantly, "Anything, anything at all."

Harry smiled and looked at them both in turn, "You have to promise that you will do it without protest."

"We promise," they answered in unison, and Harry grinned.

"Wonderful. When I'm here, and this place is at full power, you have to leave the bar and get on The Floor with each other." Dropped jaws met his request, but he wasn't done. "Also, you work for two nights, and get five off...with pay. The magic here will serve anybody who wants a drink or a snack on the times you're not here."

"Bu-"

Harry mock growled and winked, "Oh no you don't; you both promised not to complain or argue."

Nicole was the first to recover, and she pulled him into another hug, this time slightly tearful. "Thank you so, so, so much Harry; I like working the bar, but I love feeling like I did with Matt last night – you've given us even more...thank you my brother."

Harry gave her a small squeeze and then took a step back, a radiant smile on his face. "You're welcome sister." He turned to Matt and grinned, "I think you and I can forego the manly hug for tonight brother; get out there and love your wife."

Matt grinned thankfully at him, and then pulled an equally grinning Nicole past the barrier and onto the dance floor. The change in their demeanour was visible immediately; they immediately flowed into dance with one another; seemingly in complete synchronisation as they moved and touched each other's bodies with a passion that neither had clearly felt ever in their entire lives. Harry watched them for a moment before wrapping his arm once more against Bella's waist, and both shivered in delight as their hot skin touched.

After a moment's enjoying the sensation Harry turned to his uncertain family and smiled – although it was clear through the fierce burning in his eyes that he was eager to ravage his wife on the dance floor. It was equally evident in Bellatrix's expression, where her tongue would flick out across her lips every time she took a glance up at her husband, and her eyes smouldered with barely controlled lust and need. "Out there on The Floor you will feel like you have never felt before; I can't even describe to you precisely what it will feel like, as I myself have never felt the full power of it – which is what we will all experience tonight. You both lose yourself and find yourself at the same time; all inhibitions disappear; all that happened before, and all that will happen drops away; when you walk out there you truly feel free. You will be completely safe; your new brothers and sisters, along with The Source will ensure that."

He walked forward with Bella at his side until their bodies were right on the edge of the shimmering gold barrier. He looked at Tonks, Remus, Andromeda and Ted with a reassuring smile and a nod, and after a moment they joined him on the precipice. He turned towards the barrier and smiled. "The magic will slowly recede at about five minutes to seven tomorrow, and the club will be back to about five percent by seven. It will stay like this for an hour, and then it will hit about half power since Bella and I have things to do. You could stay for another five hours, after which there is a thirty minute break back to five percent, and then another five hours of half power, or go back home and double check your packing for the move tomorrow night." He turned his head to face them and grinned, "But for now, let's not worry about that – for now, let's experience the full purity of The Source."

And the three couples stepped through.

What hit them was like nothing they had ever felt before in their entire lives. Harry didn't even try fighting it; he welcomed it with open

arms, and the power that flowed through his veins was like liquid nitrogen and lava at the same time – the power was completely overwhelming and sense numbing. The only thing he could make out through the feeling was the woman in front of him, whose burning red eyes set his skin on fire, and whose touch was like lightning rippling across his body.

He could feel her lust, her passion, her hunger, her need as if it was his own, and he ran his hands underneath her top, delighting in the smooth softness of the skin under his fingertips. Neither could hold it in any longer, and they would never deny their true natures to each other even if it meant the end of the world. Their lips crashed together into a fervent kiss that seemed to encompass their entire being; it was as if everything that they were was melding together in that moment, and both of them clung to the other tighter in an attempt to enhance the feeling.

The magic around them felt their want, their need, and concentrated in on them; surrounding them in an ethereal glow which pulsed with the soul-moving beats that surrounded them – and both of them shuddered against one another as they ground into each other's bodies. The feeling was beyond describable, and both were certain not of the mortal plane.

While Harry and Bellatrix were sinking into one another, Tonks and Remus were doing much the same, for the first time in years lusting completely after one another without any restraint; any care; any worry whatsoever. Tonks's stunning sapphire eyes widened in desire when she saw the scars on her husband's face slowly disappear, and the grey hairs on his head darken to the dark brown it should have been but for his affliction. Before Remus knew what was happening Tonks's lips were on his, and he sure as hell wasn't complaining when he felt the surges of power overwhelming him and making his senses hypersensitive to her ministrations. For once he was glad that his son wasn't around. Letting his inhibitions go to the seven winds he ran his hands over the bare skin on her back, and grinned ferally into their kiss when she shivered and moaned in response.

He had wanted to do what he was doing at that moment ever since Teddy had turned five and they had had to limit their sexual contact. Unfortunately the decision hadn't led to a limit in it, it had completely abolished it. Although Remus loved his son, at that moment, in the

small, miniscule part of his mind that wasn't solely focused on the feel and emotions for his wife, he swore that he wouldn't deny either of them this pleasure ever again. He knew advanced locking and silencing charms, and by God he was going to start putting them to good use.

When Andromeda and Ted had looked down at the lusting, needing crowd of dancers from the entrance they had had quite serious doubts about the way that they would be affected by the rampant magic that seemed to overwhelm those without the protection of the entrance, bar, and youth dance floor. As soon as they set foot within the chamber however, all of their doubts were blown quite forcefully away by the magic that burst through them. In an instant the gradual de-aging process that had begun as soon as they received their tattoos completed, and almost instantaneously fifteen years dropped off both of them. Neither could remember the last time they felt so alive and lusting after one another, neither could even remember the last time they had had sexual contact at all – but that particular problem was remedied within two seconds of their stepping onto The Floor which held the ethereal power.

Nobody received the amused thought from The Source as several unspeakables and a clan of warlocks attempted to break through the entrance to the club, nor did it alert Harry to Hermione and Ron's presence. When it saw the connection, and felt the strength of the emotion and need Bella and him were holding for each other at that moment it had decided instantly that anything involving the outside could well and truly wait; to interrupt something so pure and perfect would be unforgivable.

One member remained at the bar that night; watching with happy, contented eyes as she saw Harry Potter-Black and his wife revelling in each other's love. She had always thought that Harry deserved so much more in his life than a nagging and arrogant bookworm and a jealous, backstabbing prat – and when she heard about their betrayal of Harry she had damn near had to paralyse herself to stop herself murdering the two of them. She had actually had to do that precise spell on her boyfriend when he heard what his brother had done to Harry, but finally managed to convince him that it was Harry's decision to deal with them when he got out. Finally Charlie had relented to her argument, but he had stayed well away from his family ever since their betrayal of the man who he now considered more of a brother than Ron.

As soon as the blonde-haired witch has become a part of Phoenix she had alerted Charlie to what was happening, and he had owled back almost immediately – completely ecstatic and overjoyed that his brother in all but blood had not only survived Azkaban, but was healthy, had found love (although the witch hadn't divulged just who that was...she was going to leave that to Harry), was the most powerful wizard his girlfriend had ever seen, and was starting the movement that he believed wholeheartedly in. She smiled at his last words in his letter of 'I've spoken to my handler and told him that I quit, I'll be taking an international portkey back to our apartment in twelve hours. I love you.'

Daphne Greengrass took a small sip on the lemonade The Source had served her and smiled; she would follow Harry Potter-Black wherever he led them; to make the world a better place; to restore the honour of the wizarding race...

To give magic the respect and understanding it was due.

R&R!

Harry slowly felt reason and coherence coming back to him and smiled as the magic gradually calmed until it was simply a mere, comforting buzz pulsing through his veins. He looked deep into his lovers eyes for a moment, and then looked out over the rest of the dancers, all of whom were looking at him with amazement, awe, and happiness. He smiled back at them. "Well I think we'll be doing that again."

Collin laughed and pulled Susan to his side, who waved merrily at Harry, and nodded. "I don't think any of us would forgive you if we didn't."

Harry shrugged with a chuckle, "I wouldn't be surprised. Now-" He froze for several seconds, and everybody saw his eyebrows raise further and further until they disappeared beneath his messy, roguish fringe. His eyes snapped back into focus once more and he chuckled. "Well it seems that while we have been having the time of our lives, a squadron of Aurors, several unspeakables, and the Minister have been roughing it out trying to break their way in here."

Some worry appeared on the faces around them and Bella chuckled before reassuring them, "You forget; we are protected by The Source; the only magic it can't control is dark, black or necromantic power – but it can rebuff all of them without much problem, especially with the power and happiness we gave it last night and this morning."

Harry saw Teddy reappear at the back of the crowd, holding a pretty brunette's hand, and he gave the teen a small wink. The girl jolted at his gesture and then turned to Teddy asking him if he was really Harry's great nephew. The black-haired immortal laughed when Teddy proudly proclaimed that yes he was, and that he knew him quite well, and the girl smiled at Harry before mouthing, "I really like your great nephew."

Harry smiled warmly back at her and nodded before facing the crowd once more. "So the entrance is out until they bother off, which probably won't be any time soon, so I think now is the time to let you know that so long as you have a Phoenix on your shoulder you can apparate to and from The Sanctuary. If you think somebody is worthy of joining our family then you can side-along apparate them, but they will be returned to their starting position if they are not honest to our cause." Nods came from all around and Harry gave

one last smile. "Well it's another hour before the magic kicks back up to about half power so all those that need to leave and work, or have things to do then I suggest you pop on out now. Bella and I have business, but we will probably be here tomorrow night."

About half of the couples nodded with a heartfelt smile and disappeared a moment later, while the rest went over to the bar to refresh themselves. Teddy came over a moment later after saying goodbye to his dance partner, and prospective future girlfriend, and smiled up at Harry after being led to the bar. "Uncle Harry that was soooo awesome! It felt- I don't know what it felt like!" Harry's smile widened as the young man rattled on about what a great time he had, and it eventually turned to the topic of the girl he had been dancing with for the entire time. "Her name is Alyssa."

Harry nodded with a smile, "I know. In fact I know quite a bit about her; the magic tells me about everybody in Phoenix. She actually goes to Hogwarts, in your year too."

Teddy's eyes boggled and Harry was pleased to have his attention on him rather than the teen turning around and seeing his parents and grandparents kissing each other tenderly after the amazing night they had shared together. "Wh- but how is that possible? I would remember somebody that pretty! What house is she in?"

"Slytherin."

Teddy's eyes turned thoughtful for a moment before snapping wide open. "Surely not...no, it couldn't be Alyssa Berkley..." Harry grinned and nodded, which caused the young teen to splutter wildly, "But it can't be! She doesn't look a thing like the Alyssa that I take class with!"

Harry's eyes darkened and he nodded. "I know, but if I asked you now who you thought the most beautiful woman in Hogwarts was, who would you say?"

"Alyssa," he answered without the slightest hesitation, and Harry nodded sadly.

"Exactly. Now imagine just how nice the seventh, sixth and fifth year girls would be to a third year student that threatened their status in the school."

Teddy gaped at Harry in shock, and barely concealed disgust. "They wouldn't..."

Harry nodded, also sickened at the behaviour against one of his family. "They would Teddy, that's the sad thing." He placed one of his hands on the teen's shoulders, and Teddy looked up in surprise, before widening his eyes at Harry's deadly serious expression. "That's why you're here Teddy; you didn't even flinch or wince when I told you she was a Slytherin; Phoenix is the future of the world and you are one of us, as is she." Harry waved his hand over Teddy's face, and the boy blinked rapidly when a film of green washed over his vision before slowly disappearing.

He looked up at Harry in confusion and the immortal smiled at him. "The fact that you danced with her from the beginning because you felt a 'connection' as you put it, is not something to ignore. When a connection is made here, it means something, and the looks in both your eyes when I saw you said something a little bit more than brotherly and sisterly affection." Teddy blushed a deep red and Harry smiled. "It's nothing to be ashamed about. When you go back to Hogwarts don't miss out on the chance you have with her; she is a wonderful woman and you would make a great couple. I just placed a charm over your eyes so that you can see through any glamours that have been put on her."

Although still blushing, Teddy looked delighted at the advice and gift, and hugged Harry quickly before pulling back with a wide smile. "Thanks Harry, I was already thinking about doing what you said, and perhaps if she knows that somebody can see the beautiful woman she is then she'll feel better about herself."

Harry nodded at the young man, proud of his intentions, and then looked over his shoulder at where the Tonks and Lupins were standing, hand in hand. Andromeda looked truly beautiful now that the age-reducing magic had taken place, as did Tonks, and both men looked more alive than Harry had ever seen them. They all nodded with brilliant smiles towards him and he grinned back. "I'm glad to see that you enjoyed last night and this morning; I suppose you see what I meant about losing and finding yourself at the same time now." They all nodded and Harry's smile softened. "Great. Well you know your options; you can stay here or apparate back home;

Bella and I have a few things to do before we pick you up and take you to your new home."

The seven exchanged goodbyes, and after a couple of minutes' deliberation the Tonks and Lupin families popped away. Harry turned to Bella with a small smile and then held out his hand. "My Love, would you accompany me to Hogwarts this fine day?"

She giggled slightly, and nodded before taking his hand. "Of course I will; you could've asked me to travel to the end of the Earth with you and I would have said yes."

Harry smiled warmly at her, and pecked her lightly on the lips as they flared away in a cold burst of flame. The two reappeared only seconds later on the shores of a familiar lake, and Bella's eyes teared up slightly when she remembered the many times Harry and her had stood at their window in Azkaban holding one another with smiles on their faces, looking out on the exact same view. She turned her head upwards and captured Harry unawares with a tender, but deep kiss. He placed his hand lightly on the back of her head and ran his fingers across her scalp, earning him a pleased whimper from his wife before she broke away and smiled warmly at him.

He smiled back and took her hand. As the pair walked side by side to the large castle in the distance they chatted happily about the feelings and emotions that had surged through them in The Sanctuary, and Harry smiled when he felt magic almost swell in self-pride at the joy it had brought its most trusted friends and users. Finally they reached she warded and secured gates of Hogwarts, and Harry placed his hand on the wrought metal, smiling when he felt the shock of the Castle. Bellatrix did the same, and the shock deepened, much to the immortals' amusement. 'A bit shocked Lady Hogwarts?'

A figurative snort met his comment, and a moment later a voice entered both their heads, 'A bit shocked? That's a right understatement that is! And who is this with- well I never! You married Bellatrix Black then?' Harry mentally nodded and Lady Hogwarts turned its attention to its older ex-pupil. 'Well then Missus Potter-Black, how have you been since I last saw you – crashing through these gates with Voldemort at the helm if I'm not much mistaken.'

Bella smiled warmly at the gates, much to Hogwarts's amazement, and replied in a contented, sincere tone. 'At first I was lost, but then I found myself again. When I met Harry it was the beginning of the most wonderful adventure of my life. I fell in the deepest love possible, which just continues deepening; I have had the most fun in my entire life; and I have a family who trusts and loves me for who I am. I have never felt so alive in my entire life. Thank you very much for asking my Lady.'

A shocked silence followed for several minutes, but finally the Lady responded. 'Uhrm...well you're most welcome my dear...I- ummm... well I suppose you want in then?'

Harry smiled mirthfully and nodded, 'That was the general plan my Lady.'

Another few moments passed, 'Well, ummm, right then – nice seeing you again Harry, and , uhrm, good to hear you are well Bellatrix dear.'

Harry and Bella removed their hands from the gate, which creaked open a moment later, and somehow managed to get halfway to the castle before bursting out into laughter. Harry had tears running down his cheeks as he clutched at his ribs, and Bella was already on the ground heaving for air so that she could laugh harder. "Oh-oh Merlin! D-d-did you hear t-the shock," was all Harry managed before succumbing to the same fate as his wife, and it was nearly five minutes before they managed to get a hold of themselves and calm down – both of them clutching at sore ribs from the laughter. Harry took Bella's hand once more with a chuckle, before wincing when his ribs reminded him of his just-finished laughing fit, which caused Bella to chuckle, and that ended much the same way. By the time they reached the main entrance to the castle they had sunken once more into a contented, comfortable silence – but both could feel the waves of remembrance and warmth over their bond as they recalled their times as students walking the same halls.

Their calm, unattended and unnoticed journey however, couldn't go undiscovered forever – and the two found themselves looking down at a striped tabby which was glaring up at them with cold green eyes. Harry stopped, as did Bella, and they both looked down at the cat with matching smiles. Harry however, took the first jibe. "I would've

thought that you ceased being an animagus when students were no longer around, but since you want to play, I suppose we can too." He winked at Bella and she returned his grin before, with a flash of extremely potent magic, the small cat was faced with two extremely rare, and tremendously dangerous magical animals. The man had warped into perhaps the most feared creature in the world, changing into a black and white spotted Nundu; its pure green eyes smouldering mischievously at it; and the woman had changed into a creature which was arguably as feared as the man's animagus form: a Chimaera.

Immediately knowing that she was far, far out of her league against not only one, but two of the most feared magical creatures in the world, the cat quickly morphed back into its human form – leaving an extremely fearful Minerva McGonagall staring up at them and trying not to aggravate either of them in any way. She held her hands out in the universal sign of peace, and she could've sworn she saw disappointment in the Nundu's eyes before, with another blast of intense power, she was once again faced with the young man and woman. Minerva narrowed her eyes now that the threat was diverted, and held her wand by her side – clearly threatening. "Who are you, what are you doing here, and how did you get in?"

Harry smiled, not overly surprised that neither of them had been recognized, considering they both looked to be twenty five, and were supposed to be fifty four and thirty four respectively, along with looking like living corpses after ten years in Azkaban. "Well we'll skip the first question for the moment. As for what we're doing here, I wanted to speak to Professor Weasley. As for how we got in," Harry leant closer and put a hand beside his mouth as if it was a big secret, and whispered conspiratorially to the Scotswoman, "I asked Hogwarts nicely." He stood back once again, a teasing grin on his face, and mirth dancing in his pulsing eyes – which only served to make the Headmistress even more suspicious.

She fingered her wand irritably as she posed her next question; her tone clearly no-nonsense and serious. "And why do you wish to see Miss Weasley?"

Harry looked surprised, although he actually wasn't; the goblins had already provided him with the files on Ginny, "Miss? I thought she would've been married by now; when I knew her way back when she was a wonderful woman."

Minerva relaxed slightly at the familiar, genuinely surprised sounding tone of the man standing in front of her, but kept her wand arm tensed; ready at any moment to launch into a barrage of spells, or erect numerous shields. Unfortunately with the show of power only moments before she thought the latter was more likely. "Well she still is a wonderful woman, but she isn't married. I must know who you are; I'm afraid that unauthorised entry to Hogwarts is illegal and forbidden – even during the holidays."

Bella smirked good-naturedly and shrugged. "Then we shouldn't have a problem; Hogwarts herself let us in, so technically we're as authorised as can be."

Minerva's nervous fingering of her wand returned full-force. "Hogwarts doesn't just let people in," she replied tersely, and Harry grinned at the oh-so-familiar lecturing tone.

Bella also smiled, except remembering Minerva as a prefect, and took the lead in the argument. "Well then clearly we're not just people then if Hogwarts let us in. I'd say that we're VIPs in a respect."

The Scotswoman pursed her lips, "I'll be the judge of that."

Harry really did want to tell her that she wouldn't, and didn't have any right to make that particular assessment, but decided that it would bolster the shock if he led her on for a bit longer. He raised an eyebrow and shrugged. "So I suppose that you must be the headmistress now Minerva." The woman narrowed her eyes further, but nodded, and Harry smiled before holding out his hand. "From what I've heard from my great nephew Teddy you're doing a wonderful job, congratulations."

Minerva was shocked at the new development; she only knew one Teddy, and that was Teddy James Lupin, and this man was claiming to be the teen's great uncle – which meant that he had to be married to either one of Andromeda or Ted's siblings. She hesitantly sheathed her wand and took his hand, which he shook warmly, and then stepped back once more. "Whose side of the family are you from?"

Harry smiled, now things would start getting interesting. "Andy's side actually, although I'm sure that if Ted's siblings are anything like he is then we'd get on like a house on fire."

McGonagall narrowed her eyes once more, and her eyes flicked dangerously towards the woman. It only took a couple of seconds for it to finally register just who the woman was, as it clearly wasn't Narcissa, and the man clearly wasn't Lucius. It took a mere millisecond for the spells to begin flying, and Harry watched in amusement as a deep purple shield burst from the stone walls to separate them; protecting Harry and Bella. The spells stopped almost as soon as they had stated, and Minerva looked at the walls incredulously, before staring at the completely calm couple in astonishment, and no small amount of fear. "Who the bloody hell are you?"

Harry grumbled about detentions for swearing, making Bella giggle, but she answered the Scotswoman considering that her husband seemed to be having a mental crisis about hypocritical transfiguration teachers. "As I'm sure you've gathered by now I am Bellatrix, and used to be a Lestranger." Minerva gasped as he suspicions were confirmed, but after a couple more moments the gravity of the situation hit her as she truly took in the beautiful young woman in front of her...who looked and was acting completely sane... and... good. Bellatrix noticed her shock and realization and nodded with a sad smile.

"Remus Lupin acted much the same as you did when I turned up to meet Andromeda with my husband," she looked to the black-haired man who was still muttering and giving mocking impressions of his old Transfiguration teacher, and a humoured smile spread across her face before she turned her attention back to Minerva. "But now I have a family, and a husband that knows me and loves me completely. I have a home; a place to find peace; and a place to let myself go. I have a purpose and a role to play in changing this world for the better." She smiled warmly at the Scotswoman, who blanched at the unexpected expression, and turned slightly to Harry with a loving look in her eyes. "And it's all because of this man."

Harry stopped mumbling and locked eyes with Bella, a slow smile spreading across his lips before he took the few steps to her side and wrapped his arm around her waist and pressed a chaste, loving kiss to her forehead. Now McGonagall was more curious than ever,

and she sheathed her wand once more as a sign of peace in the hope that she would get her answers. Her hope was in vain. Harry smiled innocently. "Well how about a compromise. You take us to Gin, and you can stick around and listen to our conversation and what we have to talk about. I have a feeling that Ginny will give you the answer you are looking for in regards my identity the moment she sees me."

Minerva hated being manipulated, but in this instance her curiosity overcame her apprehension and normal sticking her to her guns. She nodded stiffly, and then said the line that took Harry back to the first time he had arrived at Hogwarts. "Follow me." A smile alighted both the immortals' faces as they followed behind the green-robed Headmistress, and several minutes later they arrived outside of the door to what used to be Snape's office.

Minerva knocked twice, and a familiar voice came from within, "Come in!"

When the door opened Harry smiled warmly at the sight. No longer was the office a dreary hell that made students steer well clear of it; instead it was one of the most welcoming and comfortable looking offices Harry had ever seen. He smirked when he saw the Slytherin colour scheme, and couldn't help but pass comment. "Bet Ron had his customary temper tantrum when you became head of house."

Ginny sighed angrily and looked up from the papers on her desk to see Minerva looking decidedly more terse than usual, a beautiful young woman that looked somewhat familiar, and a handsome, roguish looking man that- "OH MY GOD, HARRY!" Not even bothering with subtlety she launched herself over the desk, went into a combat roll to conserve momentum, and then powered right into Harry, who laughed as he flew out the door. Minerva stared at the spot Ginny had previously been sitting in shock; completely frozen and her mind whizzing at a million miles an hour.

Ginny however, wasn't frozen in the least, in fact she was kissing Harry all over his cheeks and hugging him every couple of seconds while somehow managing to say that she was so happy to see him again at the same time. Harry would wonder for years afterwards just how the hell she managed to do all that simultaneously. Finally after some amused throat clearing from Bella, Ginny broke away and rolled off him before pulling him to his feet...and then engulfing

him in a hug again. "Oh Merlin Harry, you have no idea just how good it is to see you looking this good and healthy." She pulled back and smiled. "Judging by the age you look, The Valley did a bit more work?"

Harry chuckled and nodded, "And then some."

Ginny grinned, genuinely happy, and then turned to the beautiful dark-haired woman she had seen standing next to Harry. She cocked her head to the side, looking her over, and then held out her hand with a smile. "It's a pleasure to meet you, if Ha-" and it was at that moment she caught sight of the pulsing red eyes that looked back at her.

The redhead's eyes boggled at the implications of that one, small feature, and Harry grinned lopsidedly. "Let's take this into your office so that Minerva isn't excluded, shall we?" Not waiting for an answer he wrapped his arm around Bella's waist and pushed Ginny forcefully into her own office before casting some very powerful privacy and locking charms on the door. He let out a deep sigh and sat down, smiling when Bella took up her favourite position on his lap before snuggling into his chest. He proceeded to run his hand through her silken, short black hair, and his smile widened when he heard the relaxed sigh escape his lover's lips.

After a moment Harry turned to the now-two frozen women and waved vaguely, sending a small electric shock jolting through their bodies. The two jumped slightly, and Ginny was once again the first to speak, and act. She plopped herself down on the sofa facing them, and looked wide eyed at Harry. "Ho- The Valley gave- really?" Harry nodded happily and Ginny sat back with awed eyes. "Wow."

Minerva finally managed to get some words out. "It truly is wonderful to see you again Harry, and healthy and happy too, but could somebody tell me what the hell is going on here?"

Harry was just about to go off on another rant about hypocritical Transfiguration professors, but Bella cut him off with the requested explanation. "The Valley is essentially where The Source of magic is. Harry was the first person in over one thousand years to gain the trust of The Source, and so it allowed him unlimited access to its pure power; not the severely restricted magic you use. When he was thrown in Azkaban, The Source's access to Harry was limited

slightly so he aged normally. When he got out again and returned to The Valley his youth was restored, hence the reason he looks twenty five rather than thirty five. Harry brought me to The Valley with him, and asked The Source to grant me what it had given him; the trust to receive its gifts and trust.

"Harry told me later that he felt it search him for his love for me, and when it experienced the depth and strength of his feelings it immediately consented to his suggestion. Within mere moments nearly ten years dropped off me, but I still looked considerably older than Harry." The two women's eyes widened at this titbit of information, as it finally hit Minerva just how large their age difference was, but Bella carried on before she lost her nerve. "After a couple of weeks something else happened, which had some rather...interesting effects on the two of us." She met Minerva's eyes when she next spoke, as if to convince her of her honesty.

"Before I continue, I want you," her eyes flicked to the shocked redhead, "and you Ginny, to know that Harry and I are soul bonded, life bonded, and married with the consent and power of The Source. I will never leave Harry, in life or death." The two professors gaped, and Ginny looked like she was about to have a heart attack. The next fact nearly did the deed. "Yesterday morning during breakfast Harry showed me that I had a tattoo on my shoulder." She pulled her ribbed sweater down to bare her shoulder to the two women, and both of them gasped in awe at the design – before jumping in shock when it moved and trilled at them. Harry quickly showed them his which did the same, with an added wink, before they both let their clothes cover their marks once more. "What it meant however was extraordinary. Harry told me that we were both soul bonded to our familiars, both of whom are phoenixes."

Ginny goggled, and Minerva looked at them like they were mad. "Two phoenixes, familiars of two lovers? I don't believe it; the chances are impossible."

Harry shrugged, as did Bella, and they both called to their familiars mentally. A moment later two whirlwinds of flame burst open onto their laps, and as soon as the fire appeared it was gone, and instead, sitting on their master and mistresses laps, were Ellen and Sephiria. Minerva actually fainted at the sight, and Ellen snorted in amusement. That sound alone was enough to make Ginny succumb to unconsciousness, which caused both phoenixes to cackle in

laughter. Harry clapped his hand to his forehead and let out a dramatic sigh. "Really, what am I supposed to do with you two? You're both just incorrigible little troublemakers!" This caused the two phoenixes to look at each other for a moment...and then cackle with renewed vigour.

The two lovers waited it out, not wanting to awaken their teachers to the laughing phoenixes, and after nearly ten minutes they got their wish. Harry enervated the two women, who snapped to, and then gaped at the phoenixes once more. Not wanting a repeat performance the couple sent their familiars back to The Valley, and Harry raised an eyebrow at them. "Satisfied that Bella was telling the truth now?"

Bellatrix didn't wait for confirmation, and instead continued with the story, wanting to get it all out of the way before revealing who she was to one of Harry's last close friends. "What the bonding meant was that Harry and I inherited some of their traits. We can flame anywhere we wish, even through the strongest of wards if we so desired; we can cry healing tears; we are physically stronger; our connection to The Source is even more intense than it was before; and for me it brought my appearance to Harry's age. Overall I lost twenty years of age, but although I could see that Harry appreciated the way I look now that I am younger, the love and want in his eyes was the same as it had been when I looked my original age." She looked at Minerva specifically, "That alone meant so, so much to me. Growing old destroys a lot of the confidence and self-esteem that we used to hold for ourselves – but Harry brought it back even before I regained my youth."

Ginny interrupted before Bella could move on to the whole 'we're immortal' phase of the explanation, and the redhead looked at Harry, surprise written all over her face. "If what your wife is saying is true then she would have been over fifty years old when you got out of Azkaban."

Harry nodded with a smile. "That's right."

Ginny nodded, her surprised expression still strong. "I just never thought that would appeal to you is all, no offense at all ma'am."

Bella smiled, and nodded in understanding. "None taken, I thought the exact same thing at first."

Ginny looked surprised at that and Harry hugged Bella tighter to him with a smile. "I actually had a crush on this beautiful woman in my arms at Hogwarts – although if anybody had known about it...well I would've been far, far more ostracised than I was already at the time."

Ginny did the math and looked at Harry in amazement. "So you liked thirty seven year old woman in your seventh year?"

Harry smiled, "and a thirty six year old woman in my sixth, and a thirty five year old one in my fifth, and a-

"How long did you like her?"

Harry grinned at the outburst, but answered genuinely. "I liked her since I first saw her, which was in third year."

Ginny sat back in her chair with even wider eyes than she had previously. "Wow...that's amazing...and so romantic! I mean, you've liked her for twenty one years and now you're married and soul bonded!"

Bella nodded happily, while Harry just settled for a loving grin down at his wife, and Minerva at long last decided to contribute something that wasn't an outburst, although it was disapproving...and slightly worried much to their amusement. "Harry, although...you love your wife, the fact that she looks younger doesn't change her true age. In thirty or forty years she will die, and since you are life-bonded to her that means that you will follow alongside her. You just cut twenty years off your life."

Harry laughed and shook his head, which made Minerva snarl in irritation at his apparent lack of care at his situation. His next words both shocked her and let her know precisely why he was calm about the whole matter. "Not at all, I don't think you quite comprehend just how powerful The Source is. When it turned back our ages it didn't just physically alter us; our entire beings, save our memories and such, were turned back to our mid-twenties. Technically my wife added twenty more years to her life, and I added ten – not that it matters, but my wonderful Lady will be getting to that momentarily."

Ginny narrowed her eyes at Harry's continued dodging of using his wife's name, but missed out on her chance to question him about it when she began explaining once more. "So we were bonded to our familiars, phoenixes. Now we also received one more...gift I suppose you could call it, from our bonding." She grinned slyly, "Care to take a shot in the dark?"

Ginny narrowed her eyes further. "Let me guess, you're immortal or something."

Bella's eyes widened, as did Harry's, and the latter spoke, actually genuinely surprised. "Even though you just threw out the most absurd thing you could think of for the hell of it, you actually managed to get it on your first guess. Well done."

Ginny looked at him mockingly. "Harry, even I'm not stupid enough to believe that."

Harry raised an eyebrow, and then walked over to the fireplace before throwing in a handful of floo powder, calling out "Tonks family residence," and sticking his head through the green flames. They could see him gesturing through the portal, and several moments later he pulled back, and Remus appeared with a small tumble.

He stood up and brushed some soot off his shoulder, missing Minerva and Ginny's astonished expressions, before turning to look around at the room. After a small inspection and smile he turned back to Harry and raised an eyebrow. "Why am I here?"

Harry pointed to the two seated witches. "They don't believe that my wife and I are immortal, and I promised my Love that I would never do anything to end my life intentionally again."

The women's eyes boggled at that statement, and froze at Remus's complete lack of surprise. "Ah. Veritaserum then?"

"That was the plan."

The werewolf shrugged, "Fire away then, I have no objections."

Harry smiled, and then walked around to Ginny's potions cabinet, unlocking the normally extremely powerful locking charms with a wave of his hand, and then rummaged around until he found the

vials he wanted. Remus took a seat and held out his tongue to receive the three drops of serum that Harry administered. After a moment the expected glazed look appeared in the man's eyes and Harry begun his questions. "Remus Lupin, what is the most embarrassing thing you have ever done with Minerva McGonagall?"

"I snogged her at the Hogwarts leavers' party. James and Sirius never let me live it down."

Minerva blushed a deep red, while Remus remained impassive, and she spluttered at Harry, "Wh- why did you ask that?"

Harry smirked, "To prove that he was actually under the influence of the serum, but let's continue shall we...unless you want to continue talking about that rather embarrassing escapade." Without waiting for an answer he turned back to Remus and posed his next question. "Yesterday afternoon while you were waiting to be picked up Fenrir Greyback apparated in, is this true."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it was you under a powerful glamour."

Harry nodded. "And what did you do when you saw me under the glamour?"

"I cast the most powerful cutting hex I knew at your neck; I wanted you to die once and for all; to repay you for all your crimes."

"Just to confirm, all of that was directed at Fenrir, who I was impersonating, not me, correct?"

"Yes."

Minerva and Ginny were frozen in shock to their seats as Harry continued, looking completely too calm under the circumstances. "Then what happened?"

"The cutting hex hit your neck unopposed."

"And then?"

"And then your head fell off." When Remus said it like that it was actually quite humorous in Harry's opinion, but he held back his amusement – it probably wouldn't go down well with either his wife or the other two women present.

"So I was dead?"

Remus nodded. "You were definitely dead."

"How can you be sure that it wasn't an illusion?"

"Because...your wife," Harry grinned in relief as Remus fought the potion for a moment to conceal Bella's identity, "apparated in a moment later, and she looked completely horrified and distraught at your death. If it was an illusion she would have been able to see through it as she is nearly equal in power to you."

Harry looked saddened by what the man had said, and Bella walked up behind him and hugged him, whispering into his ear. "It's alright Harry; I've forgiven you for that, and so has Remus. It was another step forwards in our journey together, no matter how terrible it was."

Harry nodded his thanks, and smiled when she didn't move away; continuing to hug him as he returned to his questioning. "Then what happened?"

"After a moment your body and blood all turned to ash, and...your wife apparated away."

Harry smiled at the astonished and still-disbelieving looks from Ginny and Minerva. "And then what happened about ten minutes later?"

Even under the serum Harry could see the man reliving the relief. "You burst into our lounge where we were all grieving."

"And I was definitely alive?"

"Definitely."

"So I died and came back to life?"

"Yes."

"So Remus, one last question. What would you call my wife and I?"

"Lovers; bonded; the most powerful and wonderful people, save Tonks, that I've ever met; immortal; the most weal-

"Stop." The man did exactly that, and Harry quickly administered the antidote.

After a moment of clearing his head Remus froze, turned bright red, glared up at Harry, and then walked right over to the fireplace before flooing away. Nobody missed the mumbled, "I can't believe you asked me that!"

Harry turned to McGonagall and Ginny with a smile. "So that proves my immortality; and I would ask now that you trust me on my wife's, because I have no intention of allowing anybody to kill her." Bella smiled lovingly up at him, and he pecked her on the lips before turning back to the professors and awaiting their answer.

Ginny's "Holy shit," seemed to sum up Minerva's thought's precisely, and Harry snickered before sitting down, once more enjoying Bella's initial squirming on his lap as she got comfortable. Ginny looked between the two of them several times, "You're actually immortal."

They both nodded and Bella chuckled. "Now do you see why Harry said it didn't really matter if it shortened our life-span or not?"

Before they could answer Harry cut them off. "So now that we have established just what my wife and I are, are there any more questions?"

Ginny answered straight away. "Who are you?"

The question was quite obviously directed at Bella, who smiled and looked up at Harry – whose expression was quite serious. "I'm not sure if I should tell you without erecting shields first. Admittedly none of Phoenix, and don't worry about that, we'll get to it later, cast curses at her, but that was because they were in the presence of The Source, and it being there, and the fact that none of them had any direct experience with the woman my wife used to be, sort of stemmed any arguments." He looked pointedly at Ginny. "You

however, have – which leads me to believe that you will react much the same as Remus, Neville, and Minerva when you find out."

"Which was?"

"A battery of curses most certainly not meant for maiming; rather designed for the 'wipe you off the face of the Earth' sort of job. Well Neville didn't, but that was because I had his wand. Instead he broke my Love's jaw the old fashioned way. Suffice to say that he learnt very quickly that hurting my wife is the easiest and most dangerous way to severely piss me off."

Ginny nodded. "Well whoever she is, I can see that you love her more than anything and that given the choice between me and her you would quite clearly chose her in any and every circumstance." Harry nodded, and Ginny smiled warmly, "If you love her with all that you are, that's all I need to know."

Harry winced. "That is precisely what Neville said before breaking her jaw." Ginny looked shocked and Harry nodded, "Although he admittedly held, and possibly still holds, a far bigger vendetta against her – for a crime she did not in fact commit I must add – he still did it, even though he said what you did."

Ginny looked at Harry, unsure and slightly astounded by what he was saying, before handing him her wand. He gratefully took it, and then erected a kinetic shield. Ginny was shocked at the precautions he was taking, and Harry sent her an apologetic but saddened look. "Had I known what Neville was going to do then I would have done the same, but should you feel the need to mirror his actions then I want to prevent you from hitting my lover. Not just because I hate seeing her hurt, but also so I am not tempted to kill you."

The redhead's eyes widened. "You love her that much?"

Harry nodded. "With my eternal soul." Ginny stared at him for several moments before nodding, a small smile at the corners of her lips. Harry took a deep breath before locking gazes with the determined brown eyes that faced him. "With much regret, because I'm having to do it from behind a kinetic barrier, may I introduce my lover; my soul mate; my immortal partner Bellatrix Potter-Black."

Ginny's jaw dropped immediately as she finally placed the woman in front of her, and her eyes flicked wildly between the married couple. "B- Lestrage?"

"No, Potter-Black," Harry calmly corrected her.

Both Bella and Harry watched the internal battle warring inside the redhead's conflicted brown eyes, until they settled on a cold indifference. "So you chose her then."

Harry nodded. "I did."

"I can see why Neville broke her jaw."

"Doesn't mean I have to like it," he replied, "besides, it wasn't Bella that tortured his parents; in fact she was out of the country on a diplomatic envoy to the Romanian Vampires. It was her husband that tortured Frank and Alice."

The coldness cracked a fraction, but still remained in place. "And what of her murder of Sirius?"

Harry stared at her, making sure she knew he was serious before replying. "The woman beside me did not kill my godfather."

Ginny rolled her eyes, "Don't delude yours-"

"I'm not deluding myself," he snapped angrily, his eyes now smouldering in irritation, "you know precisely just how much I loved Sirius; I saw him as the father I never had. When he fell through the veil I spent the entire summer holidays mourning and blaming myself for what happened!" Ginny was beginning to regret saying anything when she witnessed the passion in her friend's eyes, but Harry continued on undeterred. "I told you that I had a crush on Bella since third year. I had a crush on her for two reasons; in both cases I knew that she was actually a beautiful woman; because of who she was and what she looked like. Beneath the insanity there was a trapped woman who wanted free; a woman who was wonderful and kind and loving. Beneath the grime and wild hair was a woman who would put even the most beautiful models to shame, and I saw that."

"When Umbridge sentenced me to Azkaban I wasn't too worried; I knew that I would be more of an extended holiday in a common room really. I'd have good food, clean water, and arguably the most comfortable furniture in the world during my stay thanks to Hogwarts promising me a safe haven wherever I was, but when she told me with much glee that I would be sharing the cell with my Godfather's murderer I actually had to hide my elation. The moment I truly understood who Bellatrix was, which was in my seventh year as I stunned her and saw the delight of the true her underneath the insanity, I forgave her. I let go my resentment and instead turned it into a mission; to free the woman underneath and to bring her back."

He ran a hand through his hair, "What Umbridge didn't know wouldn't hurt her, and she didn't know that I had been secretly lobbying for Bella's release into my care for over two years." Ginny looked shocked at that, and Harry nodded. "Yes, I was petitioning for her release even before I got sentenced. What Umbridge did was almost a dream come true; she was sticking me in a cell with the one woman who I was truly attracted to and who I wanted to heal, and she was doing it for ten years. Giving away the game was the only thing that stopped me from dancing a jig in the middle of the court room, although I still thought that perhaps it was just a cruel joke on her part, and that she had discovered my back channel inquiries."

"When I stepped into that cell and saw Bella getting attacked by Dementors I was furious. I sent them away, and it was at that moment I saw her eyes." A smile tugged at his lips as he kissed his smiling wife on the head, "Bellatrix Lestrange, the Death Eater, was gone. In her place was the woman I had loved for years; the woman whom I had yearned to meet and heal." He looked Ginny dead in the eyes, pleased to see the shock, and now-non-existent coldness. "I got more than I had ever expected; not only did I fall further in love with her, but she found it in herself to love me back with just the same depth, and you know very well just what that means to me." Ginny nodded mutely, not quite knowing what to say. Harry took a deep breath to calm himself, and then pecked Bella tenderly on the lips before lowering the kinetic barrier.

A tense silence impregnated the room, but finally Ginny broke it with an apologetic, but still unsure nod. "I'm sorry, I was ignorant to just what the circumstances were Bella – if I may call you that."

Bellatrix's eyes lit up and she nodded happily. "If I can call you Gin."

Ginny smiled, although everybody could see it was slightly strained. "Sure, but it might take me a while to see you for who you really are; I know you as the terrifying Death Eater, not the Bellatrix that Harry knows."

Bella nodded sadly, but her smile was hopeful. "That's all I can ask for. I hope that one day in the future we can be friends."

Ginny smiled back, this time more genuinely. "So do I." She turned to Harry, "So have you told Neville that it wasn't Bella that tortured his parents?"

Harry shook his head darkly. "I didn't have time; I needed to get out of there before I snapped and did something to him that I would regret."

Ginny nodded in understanding, although still looked a little bit taken aback that Harry could even get that worked up. "Who else knows about you two?"

Bella took that one. "The first people we went to see was my sister and her husband. The night we visited Remus, Tonks and Teddy were there for a barbeque as well, and Moony kind of reacted the same as Minerva; with a wave of rather offensive spells." The Scotswoman looked slightly sheepish and Bella smiled, "But he didn't have the good sense to stop casting like you. Harry eventually had to put him in a bodybind. They all accepted me after Andromeda saw that I was back to my normal self, and Harry showed Tonks some memories from Azkaban. After that we saw Neville, and you know what happened there, and then we paid a visit to the Department of Mysteries."

Ginny ahh'ed. "Luna."

Harry nodded with a smile. "She was almost as ecstatic as you were to see me again, and she reacted much the same as you to Bella when she found out. She didn't trust Bella because she only knew her as the Death Eater, but said that she might find it in herself to trust her one day. It was more than I thought I would get from both her and you."

Ginny smiled and nodded, but then frowned when she remembered something he had said earlier. "You spoke about Phoenix...what is that?"

Harry smiled at Minerva and Ginny, but turned to the latter first. "Ginny, just out of interest...are you seeing anybody at the moment?"

Said redhead narrowed her eyes suspiciously. "And just why do you need to know that?"

"Because if and when you join I don't want to have an angry boyfriend coming at me if he can't."

"And just why wouldn't my boyfriend be able to join?"

"Ah, so you do have a boyfriend then?" Ginny scowled and Harry couldn't help but chuckle before explaining. "Phoenix is a group which is supported by The Source, and if you aren't worthy and honest to our ideals then you simply can't get into The Sanctuary; which is pretty much the heart of the organization. I didn't say that he wouldn't be able to join; I just said that if he wasn't honest to our cause then he wouldn't."

"And just what's your cause?" questioned Minerva, and both Harry and Bella smiled.

"To abolish prejudice against race, species, class, families and houses; to unify the wizarding world. Phoenix accepted me for who I am, disregarding my horrific past immediately when they saw the way Harry looked at me. If you are a part of Phoenix, then you are a part of a family."

Minerva looked shocked at Harry, and then asked the question both her and Ginny were wondering. "How many people are there in Phoenix?"

Harry gave the two a sly grin and leant forward in his chair. "How would you two and your partners like to come to a party tonight?"

A/N: Wow...quite a few reviews stating the good ol' "ORGY!" kinda thing... I suppose I can't blame you, especially after what's going to happen in this chapter. Anyways, I hope you enjoy this new chappy, and R&R if you have a moment!

Harry paced irritably in front of the bed where Bella was reading a letter she had just received from her sister saying that Ted and her would definitely be coming to the party that night, and that Remus, Tonks and Teddy were just as enthusiastic. It wasn't this that was causing Harry all the worry, it was the fact that Luna had also accepted his invitation...and her date was one Neville Longbottom. Bellatrix looked up at her pacing husband and raised an amused eyebrow. "Harry, he's going to show up, we're going to have to face it – deal with it; I know I am."

Harry huffed, and then fell into a chair facing her. "What if he goes for you again?"

"Then Phoenix will respond to protect me." Harry grudgingly had to admit that they would, and she answered his next protest before he could even voice it. "And if he goes for my throat before then, I'll be ready this time. I'll be in a mini skirt and tank top, and he's probably going to show up in formal wizards robes anyways – so I'll have the advantage of more mobile clothing on my side as well." He sighed in protest and she padded barefoot across the carpet before pressing a small kiss to his lips and smiling. "I'll be fine, we'll be fine."

He took another deep breath before letting it out with a defeated smile. "You're right, we'll be fine." He looked at her and then raised an eyebrow, "Did I hear you say mini skirt?"

She smiled seductively at him, and ran her finger over his chest. "Do I ever wear anything else there?" She leant down to his ear at his hungry expression, and delighted in the shiver that ran through him at her whisper. "I'll wear your favourite black one," she nibbled at his ear and then grinned to herself, her whisper even softer, "with no knickers."

He dropped his jaw, and she danced away; a huge grin on her lips. "You sexy little minx..."

"Only your sexy little minx though," she chirped back, and Harry grinned before standing up and stretching when he saw the time.

"Best get changed then my Love, and please don't forget the impenetrable shadow charm."

She walked slowly over to him, and then loped her arms around his neck. "Always Harry; only you get to see past that."

With one last wink she turned around and begun getting changed, and Harry walked out of the room and downstairs into the lounge before collapsing onto a couch, a dreamy smile on his lips. "She'll be the death of me, but oh what a way to go."

After several minutes Bella appeared in the doorway, her scantily clad body concealed by a witches robe, and Harry smiled before moving to go and change himself. He returned several minutes later a pair of black cargo pants and white singlet Bella had requested he wear earlier, and she looked him over while licking her lips. "You look hot."

Harry grinned devilishly and came up behind her before slipping his hand underneath the robes and running his fingers over the bare skin underneath, making her shiver. "I'm sure you do too Bella, but although I can't see I can quite easily say that you feel hot."

After a few more moments enjoying their contact Harry pulled back and flared away, followed closely after by Bella. They reappeared a moment later outside the Tonks household where Remus, Nymph-Tonks and Teddy were also waiting, and smiled at them. Remus grinned back at Harry, "Right there Claws?"

Harry nodded happily, "Pretty good Moony. Ready to go?"

Tonks nodded furiously, the excitement showing quite clearly in her eyes. "I've never felt so alive before! Who else are we picking up along the way?"

"Griphook and Dekyla are making their own way there, so we're picking up Ginny and Blaise, and Luna and Neville...which is why Harry is looking slightly nervous."

Remus ahh'ed, and Harry's expression darkened slightly. "Yeah, I can only hope that tonight we can tell him that Bella didn't torture his parents before he attacks."

Ted slapped him on the back and smiled. "We'll make him listen if he won't do it willingly; we all have your back."

Harry nodded thankfully at the younger looking Ted, and then turned to Teddy when he remembered something that he had forgotten to mention. "Anything...interesting happen today Teddy?"

The teen's eyes widened in surprise, but he nodded eagerly. "Yeah! I picked up my wand this morning and it shot golden sparks everywhere! Mum and Dad were scared witless, and we all sat around waiting for the letter, but it never came!"

Harry grinned and winked, "Your magic, as well as every other Phoenix member, changed the night you gained The Source's trust and power; any tracking or warning charms on your magic won't be triggered anymore; your signature has changed too drastically." Teddy looked shell-shocked, as did his parents, and Harry grinned, "Pretty neat, huh?"

He looked back at the watch on his wrist and nodded before holding out his arms. Everybody took a hold of him like a portkey, and a moment later the seven disappeared in a bright whirl of flame. Ginny and Blaise were standing in the back yard of their small flat waiting, and both fell over each other when the seven reappeared in a flash of white flame. Harry looked at the couple with barely restrained laughter. "Alright there Gin, Blaise?"

"What the bloody hell was that?"

Harry polished his fingernails on his robes, ignoring the surprised expressions on most of his companions' faces as they realized they too were now wearing robes over their party clothes, and coughed importantly. "That? Just me Phoenix flaming..." He dropped the act and grinned with a shrug. "It's the easiest way to transport a large group without noise."

Ginny nodded, now looking slightly awed, and Blaise looked appreciatively at Harry before holding out his hand. "It's been a while Harry."

Harry took the offered hand and nodded. "Indeed it has. You hurt Ginny and I'll rip your tonsils out."

Ginny looked appalled at the threat, while Blaise took it in a stride. "I'll drop by if I do. You want pliers or hedge clippers?"

Harry grinned, and shook the man's hand more warmly. "You're alright Blaise." He took his hand back and then laughed at Ginny's exasperated expression. "You know the rules Gin; because your only brother in the country is a bloody idiot and doesn't do his job then I have to pick up the slack and do the whole brother thing."

He nodded at their smart, formal robes approvingly. "Good, next stop the Lovegoods."

He held out his hands again, as did Bella, and the group flashed away in two tiers – before appearing in front of the extremely odd house almost simultaneously. Blaise looked positively gleeful, "Flaming is amazing!"

Harry chuckled and nodded. "It is handy."

His laughter stopped quite abruptly however, when he noticed the two people standing a few meters in front of him. Neville looked like a rabid dog, and even the normally-dreamy Luna seemed worried about the tense atmosphere. Harry took a step back towards Bella, shielding her slightly, before speaking to the furious Auror in front of him. "Neville, before you do something you regret, you should know that Bellatrix never tortured your parents."

Unfortunately this just seemed to anger the Longbottom even further, and his next words were spat out venomously. "Oh really? And just how can you be so positively sure about that?"

"Because I performed an ancient blood ritual which damn near soul merged us, and essentially combined our memories." Neville looked taken aback at the ready and firm answer, and Harry carried on before the black-haired Auror could get angry once again, "In fact Bella hates the person that did torture your parents probably as much as you do, because she got much the same treatment by him during their marriage – except throw in frequent rape as well."

Now Neville hadn't a clue what to say and Bella spoke a moment later – deciding to make the best of his silence. "Rudolphus went on a raid with Voldemort and Lucius while I was in Romania playing diplomat with the Vampires. I could do nothing to stop what he did,

nor could I stop him doing what he did to me either; such were the terms in my marriage contract." She lowered her eyes, "Trust me when I say that if I could go back and stop him then I would."

Harry wrapped his arms around her shoulders supportively and looked seriously at Neville. "Are we okay now? No broken jaws forthcoming, because I swear to Merlin if there is then tell me now so that I don't have to kill you."

Neville backtracked quite quickly after seeing his friend's dangerous expression, and held his hands out placatingly in front of him. "No broken jaws forthcoming." Harry lightened his glare slightly and Neville actually seemed regretful as he looked at Bella. "Sorry about what I did, but at the time I did think you were the one that tortured my Mum and Dad."

Bella smiled sadly back. "I know, and I'm sorry for what happened, if it means anything to you." Neville nodded and gave a slight smile, clearly still not comfortable in her presence, and turned to Harry. "So where are we going?"

Harry gave a wily grin at that question. "To the Headquarters of Phoenix of course."

Neville narrowed his eyes. "Don't you mean the Order of the Phoenix? And just where is that?"

"No I don't mean the Order, and I can't tell you where it is sorry; if I did and you didn't make it in then we'd have a right wee problem."

"If I didn't make it in?"

"Yup," Harry replied cheekily, and held out his arms, as did Bella. Luna, Neville, Ted and Andromeda held on to Harry, and the others took hold of Bella's outstretched arms. Harry led the group through the flare, and Bella followed his distinctive signature with a small smile. When they reappeared even Bella looked surprised, as they had appeared in what appeared to be a hotel lobby which was most definitely not what she had been expecting.

Bella looked questioningly at Harry, who gave her a small wink before approaching the desk and laying his hand on the counter. The person standing behind it stared emotionlessly at Harry, but

then cracked a smile when the solid granite flared a deep green for a moment. "Welcome back sir."

Harry smiled back. "Good to be back. Did Minerva and her husband come by yet?" The mysterious man pointed over to a seating area, and Harry nodded thankfully before walking towards it. About half way there they all felt a wave of power wash over them for a second, and Harry spun around looking anxious. He did a quick head count and smiled in relief. "Wonderful."

Ginny looked around her in shock, "What just happened?"

Harry smirked and tapped his right shoulder before continuing walking. Bella along with the Tonks and the Lupins all chuckled as they figured out what had just happened, and left the four clueless witches and wizards to figure it out by themselves. The surprised squeal from Ginny confirmed that she had figured it out, and Harry looked over his shoulder with a cheeky smile before turning back to face Minerva and the man beside her that had risen from their seats. Harry immediately offered his hand to the man, who shook it warily, and then looked to Minerva, who already looked a couple of years younger. "Any problems getting here?"

She shook her head stiffly and replied in her familiar stiff tone. "None at all. Mind explaining to my husband and I just why we now have tattoos on our shoulders?"

Harry nodded and took a seat, as did everybody else. "Sure. The tattoo means that you can get into The Sanctuary, Phoenix's headquarters, from anywhere in the world. Perhaps more importantly however, is that it shows your morals and beliefs – just like Bella and I told you earlier today. I assume you have outlined Phoenix to your husband?"

"Briefly," the man replied, and Harry chuckled.

"No surprises there. We are an organization, a family if you will, whose aim is to abolish discrimination whether it be race, age, family name, blood status, affliction or social standing – to put it simply at least. We haven't done much to that end quite yet, but we are still gathering members," he turned to Bella and grinned, "hence the new place."

She gawped, as did the Tonks and Lupin families. "You- Sanctuary is here?"

Harry chuckled and nodded. "Yep. I purchased all the below-ground floors before I was sentenced – in case I needed them someday. I told The Source what I wanted before we left for Hogwarts this morning and it made quite good use of the space...and the fact that it could expand it from what it's told me so far."

All the older members and Bella couldn't even begin to imagine just what was lying beneath them, and the confusion of the newest members' faces just showed that they knew nothing of the power The Source held. Minerva cleared her throat, "Well since I can see that you're not going to ruin the surprise, may I introduce my husband Phillip McGonagall."

Everybody greeted the man with smiles, and a few handshakes later Harry cleared his throat. Everyone gave him their attention and he smiled. "This way." He walked them over to an elevator which immediately opened for them and they all walked in, once more feeling the wave of power wash over them before disappearing just as quickly as it came. "Second line of defence and protection; anybody who somehow managed to get past the first, which is extremely unlikely, would find it impossible to get past the second," he explained. Seeing Minerva's inevitable question he smirked, "And I mean impossible."

He placed his hand on the panel where the buttons would normally be, and a green pulse burst over every surface in the spacious cubicle. This, however, blew apart all the glamors that were in place, and left Ginny, Blaise, Minerva and her Husband, and Neville and Luna gaping at the now-revealed people around them. Minerva had never seen so much bare skin displayed in her entire life, and her headmistress side was screaming at her to pass comment...and loudly berate the lot of them. Her protests caught in her throat however, when she saw the toned, and young versions of Andromeda and Tonks, and leanly muscled and youthful forms of Ted and Remus. When she saw Bella and Harry however, her jaw dropped, as did all of the new Phoenix members.

Harry didn't look a day over twenty five, even younger than he had appeared earlier in the day; his hair jet black; his muscles lean and strong underneath his singlet, and his arms toned and powerful –

not a hint of fat in sight. His customary glasses had disappeared also, as had his dress robes – which had quickly morphed into his outfit for the night. Bella was the kicker however. She was supposed to be nearly fifty five years old, and yet she looked as if she was still in college. Beside Harry everybody could see just how perfect they looked together; her body shapely and toned, and her youthful, beautiful face beaming with complete happiness up at her lover.

"Oh my..."

Harry turned to Minerva, and then chuckled at the looks he was receiving from his newly initiated friends, now brothers and sisters. "Yeah...you might notice that Bella and I aren't the only ones to lose some years." They had noticed, and looked at the older, or rather now-younger Tonks' and Lupins in amazement, and the men proudly pulled their wives to their sides; wrapping their arms around their slim, bare waists. Teddy was once again very glad that the concealment charm Harry had placed on him was still in effect.

Before any questions could burst forth however, the doors dinged, and opened into amazingly plush and expensive looking entrance hall. A shimmering, opaque golden wall was present at the other end of the room – and Harry gave it a grin, knowing precisely what it was holding back from where they were standing. They approached the desk, and to everybody's, save Harry, amazement a female figure shimmered into being, before smiling warmly at Harry. "Welcome back sir. Do you like the adjustments?"

Harry leaned on the counter and laughed with a nod. "Like them? I love them so far, and if all this is anything to go by then what we're about to walk into is going to be incredible."

The petite Asian nodded, and smiled. "The protections here are much more adequate; the location not only makes any power signatures we produce untraceable, but by extending the depth of your property by nearly two hundred meters it allows me to transfer the entirety of my core into the room with a summoning ritual." Harry's eyes went as wide as saucers, and the woman smiled, misunderstanding his expression. "Rest assured that I my core will always be in The Valley, but as I said, the location and room available allows me to transfer here by using a double dimension. Technically I am in two places at once."

Harry was still gaping, and everybody was looking at the two in confusion, even Bella – who couldn't access his mind; finding it blocked off as if by an invisible wall. Harry finally managed to splutter out an answer. "But I told everybody The Sanctuary was at full noise the other night!"

The woman nodded. "At that point it was true; it was at full capacity, but only because of the spatial limitations. Here, where I can have my core present, I can almost quadruple that."

Harry buried his face in his hands and mocked sobbed. "Oh Merlin just how bloody insane can this place get?"

"Quadruple," came the blunt reply, and Harry looked up at the woman deadpanned, which made her giggle. "Enjoy yourself my friend."

Harry sighed, but then sent the woman a forgiving smile. "I will, after I figure out how to put what you just told me to everybody else. Are the shields still in place over the entrance, bar, and youth floor section?"

The woman nodded, but added a small fact. "When my core is here however, the shields will hold those sections at a one and a quarter percent of the main floor."

Bella looked to be understanding just what was going on, and her eyes were opening wider and wider. Harry nodded, and then blew out a large breath of air before staring at the woman with a lopsided grin. "Is it safe for us to be fully exposed?"

The woman nodded with an almost chiding smile, "Of course, I would never expose my trusted people to something dangerous. It will be like nothing you have ever felt before though, that I must warn you."

Harry laughed and moved away from the desk. "It always is when I come here. I'll catch you later..."

"Jen, I call myself Jen."

"Well then Jen, we'll talk again soon."

The woman nodded, and then shimmered away once more, prompting everybody to look at him. Harry's eyes widened at the looks all wanting an explanation, and spun on his heel before taking off at a quick walk towards the shimmer. Bella caught up a moment later, wide-eyes and shocked. "Was that really-"

"Yep."

"And its core is really-"

"Uhuh."

"And its-"

"Correctamondo."

"Holy mother of Merlin..."

He nodded, still wide eyed. "Tell me about it." They reached the shimmer after a few more moments, and Harry turned to the people behind him." From what I can feel, there's another protective passage beyond this, but after that you are going to see something...something even more incredible that you have ever seen before. Later tonight you will also feel something, something that I myself have only ever felt fully once before in my entire life; never have I seen it – so this will be a first for me as well." He wrapped his arm around Bella's shoulders and smiled nervously at the group. "Welcome to The Sanctuary."

He stepped through the wall, and raised an eyebrow at the passage facing him. He moved forward slightly to allow the others to come through, and then set off along its mirrored length. About half way he stopped, and looked to Minerva with a grin. "Look to your left Minerva." She did, and jolted in shock when she saw a different face looking back at her. It looked disturbingly familiar. When she opened her mouth to ask who it was, and the face did the same it hit her, and her mouth dropped in shock. She touched her face in bewilderment, and then turned to her husband, who was looking at both her, and himself in the mirror; his face also seeming to have lost nearly fifty years.

Harry grinned at the shocked couple, and then looked over at the rest of the newer members, who were looking at their own faces in

varying degrees of shock. "And this is the other gift from The Source of magic; your youth. You see, aside from Bella and I, who look twenty five, and will do so for the foreseeable eternity, not one Phoenix physically ages past thirty. You're not immortal, although both of you just got about fifty years added to your life span, and the rest of you minus the Tonks and the Lupins, just gained about five. You'll never 'grow old'; you'll retain your youth until you die." He smiled at she shocked and awed looks, and then clapped once – causing any robes remaining to turn into clothes more befitting of the situation. Now Minerva couldn't berate any of the others, because she was in much the same boat and Harry grinned at the struggle between complete elation and anger at her current predicament on her features. Before she could settle on one of the two however, he continued walking – and emerged onto a glass landing overlooking the most incredible sight.

The walls all around him, stretching for hundreds upon hundreds of meters, were made of the deepest black obsidian crystals he had ever seen, which reflected shards of light from the hundreds of thousands of floating, glowing orbs of magic that lit up the entire void above. Whereas before The Sanctuary had only been about fifty meters by fifty, the main floor by itself now spanned nearly one hundred in each direction; and behind a misty golden shield at the end of the main floor, much like the one protecting the passage to where they were standing at that moment, Harry could feel the youth floor.

He looked to the left with his jaw dropping progressively lower and lower, and saw that the bar was now nearly six times the size it had been, and covered two stories against the side wall. Harry had never seen the club when it was on one of the rest stages before; but in harsh contrast to the warm, energising electric blue that normally pulsed around the rooms in the club, everything was now gold – and the majority of people were at the bar talking and laughing...and being served by lots and lots of the lady they had seen at the front desk. The few people that were on the dance floor were clearly resting; dancing slowly holding one another with small, contented and loving smiles on their faces, and Harry felt overwhelmed. The Source, finally deciding that Harry had had enough time to adjust, announced his presence with a deep, powerful wave of power that shook everybody, and Harry groaned when he saw all the heads in the room turn his way.

He waved shyly. "Erm...hi. Like the new place?" A huge cheer from the few hundred people that were there was his answer, and he chuckled; feeling slightly more encouraged and energised. "Well that's good, because if you didn't then too bad; I didn't spend all the money for nothing." Laughter came from the bar and Harry smiled before leaning on the rail. He had the stray thought that this seemed to be becoming the norm: him giving the speech, introductions and explanations, and then blowing them away more than the last time. "So how many Phoenix do we have now?"

One of the Jens at the bar stepped forward, and her voice carried clearly to him over the space. "Two hundred and twenty two here, and three hundred and thirty six that do not come to The Sanctuary. That's Seventy nine families present, not including yourself, Bella and your new members. Additionally, half of the people here are not human or fully human, and many of those that are absent are of different species as well. "

Harry's eyes widened, but happily. "Wow, that's great. Now tonight I have a few more people that will be joining our family, in order from left to right we have Minerva McGonagall, yes, as in the Transfiguration professor – all of you older members know why she looks like she does. Next to her is Philip McGonagall, her husband, then we have Blaise Zabini, and my close friends Ginny Weasley, Luna Lovegood, and Neville Longbottom. Sorry all you single men out there; all the ladies are taken." Some laughs followed this, and Harry chuckled, "Oh that's right; there are no single people here. Funny that.

"As for tonight my brothers and sisters, even more than what you have already seen, The Source, whom you have all personally met in Miss Jen; your waitress tonight-" People turned back to the multiple Jens around in awe and shock, "has told me that due to the new and improved space availability she can bring her full core into The Sanctuary."

Dropped jaws met Harry's words, and Bella decided to put her two cents worth in. "That means quadruple what you felt last night."

The shock deepened, and Harry grinned. "So tonight should be one for the history books, don't you think?" Several seconds of silence followed his question, but then his answer was roared, cheered, yelled and screamed back at him.

The mood and enthusiasm was contagious, and Harry felt himself sinking into the role that he loved and had always wanted. Ever since he was young, since he had learnt his name was Harry Potter in primary school, he had wanted people to know that name and respect it. He wanted people to look up to him, to enjoy his company and see him for who he really was. He had never come anywhere close until he arrived at Hogwarts, but he quickly learned that his mass acceptance, respect and fame was for something he couldn't even remember. He was looked up to and respected because of his defeat of a dark wizard.

From that moment forth Harry's goal became more focused, and far deeper ingrained in him. He wanted to be respected and liked for what he had done, not something that he couldn't even remember. He wanted to make a difference to the world, to make it a better place to live in, and even after the defeat of Voldemort he still hadn't achieved that. The first person who knew him fully, and respected him for who he was, was Bella – and the feeling that alone brought him was inexpressible.

Before Azkaban however, he had started thinking outside the square. As an Auror he could only do so much; he had about as much authority as a dog in the eyes of the Ministry, and one step out of line would mean his crucifixion the next day in the Daily Prophet. He wasn't stupid by any means; in fact he was far smarter than anybody gave him credit for, which is why two years into being an Auror he begun making a number of very confidential purchases. By that point he had already commissioned the building of the town in The Valley, but soon after that he had used nearly half of his very substantial fortune on a series of properties that he had heavily warded for use as safe-houses; the underground floors of the building in which The Sanctuary now resided; several large properties in other countries just in case the shit really hit the fan; and numerous shares in numerous companies under aliases so as not to arouse undue suspicion. All in all it had set him back nearly forty million galleons, but it was gold he felt was well spent.

He had intended to begin an organization then, but now that he had it brought him feelings and relationships he never thought he would have. As he stood on the landing with over one hundred brothers and sisters yelling, and screaming, and cheering for him; happiness, respect, and kinship in their eyes, he couldn't help but swell in pride

– not just for himself, but for the people all around him. Together they would change the world, and they had accepted him as their leader alongside his wife. Harry grinned as everybody cheered when he walked down the stairs towards them, with his wife by his side and friends turned-brothers and sisters following – but froze when he was intercepted half way by a blur of red. He didn't even think of acting offensively, as all who were there were believers, and so he occupied himself by pushing away slightly from the hug and peering at the man who had initiated it.

His eyes widened when he saw Charlie Weasley grinning and yelling happily above him, having inherited the infamous Weasley 'tall genes'. "Oh Merlin Harry you have no idea just how happy I am to see you safe and healthy! I quit my job as soon as Daph told me what you'd done." Before Harry could even reply the man turned to Bella and smiled at her before pulling the stunned immortal into a quick hug. "It's truly wonderful to finally meet the real Bellatrix! I was a bit doubtful of your relationship when Collin told me after I showed up, but it'd take an idiot not to see that you are perfect for each other!" Before Bella could comment Charlie once again turned his attention elsewhere, erupting with a cry of "GINNY!" before wrapping said woman in a tight hug and spinning her around, making her squeal happily. He eventually put her down and looked her over in amazement. "By Merlin you've grown, what would mum say?"

Ginny's eyes turned suddenly frosty. "I wouldn't know; I haven't seen her in over ten years."

Charlie's next words however brightened her spirits considerably, and his smile never wavered. "Absolutely fantastic to hear, that makes two of us, Bill makes three, Gred and Forge make five and we're all go!" Harry left the siblings to talk in private for a moment, and was about to make his way to the bar when he caught sight of the 'Daph' that Charlie had made reference to. Harry smiled, his arm still lovingly around Bella's waist, and nodded to her. "Evening Daphne, are you enjoying yourself?"

The woman who was considered the 'Ice Queen' of Hogwarts in her day surprised Harry by breaking into a genuine smile and nodding furiously. "I was at the party last night, but I didn't want to go onto The Floor without Charlie, just the power here is making me giddy – and if what you said is true: that the power tonight will be quadruple

that of the experience people last night had on the dance floor, then I have no notion whatsoever of what tonight will bring."

Harry nodded and smiled. "Me neither. So you and Charlie?" Daphne nodded happily and looked over Harry's shoulder at her partner, and the green-eyed wizard smiled knowingly when he saw the look in her eyes. "I'm glad you've found your way here Daphne, and I'm even happier that you found your lover in Charlie. He's a good man for you."

Daphne nodded, finally breaking her gaze away from the redhead, and smiled at Harry. "I know. I'm glad you found love as well; you deserve it more than any of us."

Harry shook his head and smiled, as did Bella – who touched the pretty blonde on the shoulder. "Everybody deserves love, but thank you – it means a lot to hear people accepting our relationship."

Daphne nodded happily, and then grinned when Charlie returned and wrapped his arm around her waist, pressing a small kiss to her lips before turning to Harry with an expectant grin. "We can talk and catch up later – perhaps the lot of us could get together outside of The Sanctuary someday."

Harry nodded. "I'd like that a lot. Is Bill here?"

Charlie shook his head, "Him and Fleur are making plans though, they should be here illegally within the next day or two."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Illegally?"

Charlie nodded sadly, "Fleur's dad was a lot less friendly than we originally thought; when he found out that Bill had deflowered her he pushed an ancient law on him and threatened him with death unless he worked as a warder for his company...which Bill quickly discovered specialized in protecting dark witches and wizards."

Harry nodded, already mentally moving some of his plans ahead. "As soon as they arrive in the country call for Ellen, my familiar. She will take them to their new home in The Valley where they will be safe, and it will give them some time with each other to strengthen their love after their oppression."

Charlie looked surprised, but nodded; a look of deep gratitude in his eyes. "You have no idea what it means to me to hear you say that. I'll do as you say the moment they arrive; I don't want to take any chances with them being caught."

Harry patted Charlie on the back and smiled. "You, along with everybody else here will be moving to the same place in the near future. Only the people that would give their lives for our cause become a part of Phoenix, and it will be our haven – our place of peace; where we can live our lives free from threat. We have The Sanctuary for letting go, but as soon as we are ready to forge ahead with our plans we will all need a place that simply gives us peace. That is the place we will all call home."

Charlie smiled and provided Harry with the next bit of information even before the young man could ask. "The twins are coming back from America tomorrow with their girlfriends, you might remember them; Fred is with Padma Patil, and George is with Lavender Brown."

Harry smiled warmly, "Of course I remember them. I assume that they'll be coming into the country legally?" Charlie laughed and nodded, and Harry smiled. "Great. When they arrive contact me as well and we'll bring them here to welcome them into our family; I have no doubt that they will be accepted by The Source as well as Padma and Lavender."

Charlie nodded and moved aside, a joyous look on his face, and Harry continued down to the bar. He sat down on one of the stools, ordered an iced water for himself and his Love, and then faced the new Phoenixes with a smile; Bella sitting comfortably on his lap. "Remus, Tonks, Andromeda and Ted can all testify that stepping out onto The Floor will change your life. Teddy can attest to this as well, but only to a certain extent; his core is too young to be able to accept the full power – but he has experienced what I now know to be around three and a half percent." He frowned after a moment and then turned to one of the Jens before whispering quickly to her. She nodded, closed her eyes, and then a moment later opened them again before nodding once more and returning to her duties. Harry grinned at Teddy and winked. "Make that four percent, nearly a quarter as much as your parents felt on their first night."

Teddy started bouncing on his seat in excitement, and then caught sight of Alyssa sitting on a chair by the shield to the youth floor. Not even bothering to ask his parent's permission, knowing that they would give it, he slid off his chair and walked over to her. As Bella explained what would happen on The Floor to Ginny, Blaise, Neville, Luna, Minerva and Philip, Harry watched as Teddy stopped beside her. He channelled the latent magic around him and smiled when he heard their conversation.

Teddy shuffled nervously, but finally spoke up. "Hi Alyssa."

The pretty teen turned in surprise, and her eyes lit up when she saw who had spoken. "Hi Teddy, I thought that you wouldn't be here until tomorrow night."

Teddy took a seat beside her and smiled before ordering a ginger beer. "Well Harry got some new members, and I think he wanted to show off this place to Bella."

Alyssa smiled, but then a frown crossed her features. "I can see that Harry loves Bellatrix very much, enough to be soul-bonded to her, but I just can't seem to let it go that she was once a Death Eater. I sort of resent her for that, for the pain that she caused people."

Harry felt a little bit hurt that one of his sisters thought such a thing, but was both shocked and proud at Teddy's next words. "Bellatrix Lestrange did so many horrible things. She killed, tortured and murdered innocents; destroyed families and lives; and followed Voldemort. I used to believe that Bellatrix Lestrange should have been sentenced to death – but what happened was so much better. In Azkaban Bellatrix Lestrange died." Alyssa looked confused, but was clearly curious about where Teddy was going with the talk. "Bellatrix Lestrange withered up and died because of her weakness and insanity; she was already on the brink and Azkaban threw her off it." He smiled warmly and looked at Bella, which prompted Harry to quickly move to appear occupied in a conversation with Jen, which she gladly helped with.

Teddy looked back at the long haired brunette and smiled. "What was left, what then occupied the body that previously housed Bellatrix Lestrange, was a broken woman who had been trapped for years and years; twisted against her will into being the Death Eater that she was. The person that was left only wanted one thing in her

life, and that was true love. She didn't want something fake; she wanted to be loved for everything that she was; shortcomings, weaknesses and all, and she wanted to give her love to somebody worthy as well. Even though she felt that such a thing would be impossible to attain for herself she fought to hold onto that dream, and eventually Uncle Harry came into her life.

"He helped her heal, helped her see that she was a wonderful, beautiful woman, and that he saw only her; not the person that she was once twisted and manipulated into being. Harry helped her return to the woman she once was: not Bellatrix Lestrange the Death Eater, but Bellatrix Black, a woman who wanted nothing but love in her life. She found that in Uncle Harry and him with her. Harry was the same in some ways; he wanted love too, and when he discovered that she had feelings for him he clung to that. However badly he wanted it though, he only wanted it from her; he always had, and when she began to try and justify why they couldn't be together he shot down every single argument she put to him."

He looked back at his Uncle and his wife and a fond smile spread across his face. "You told me you couldn't let it go that Bellatrix Lestrange was a Death Eater. You don't have to; I know that I never did. What you need to do is see that Bellatrix Lestrange no longer exists – the woman sitting on Uncle Harry's lap is Bella, his lover, your leader, and a wonderful woman who has a beautiful personality once you get to know her." He looked back at Alyssa, who was looking at him in astonishment, and smiled warmly. "I love her, not as an aunt because I never grew to know her as that, but as a sister – a part of my family. She is in the family of Phoenix. That is how I see Bellatrix Potter-Black."

Harry let the magic go and looked at his glass in complete delight. It was all he could do to not get up and go and shake the young man's hand before telling him just how proud he had made him. He watched them talk for another few seconds, and then observed as Teddy stepped down from his seat, and bowed slightly while holding out his hand to the Slytherin. She placed her hand in his without a moment's hesitation, and Harry watched as both of them smiled radiantly at the other. The magic allowed him to see through the barrier that separated the youth floor from the main one, and Harry smiled warmly when he saw Teddy put his arms around her, and Alyssa snuggle into his chest as they slowly moved to the slight pulse.

He turned back to the conversation, having invaded his nephew's privacy enough, and smiled when he caught the last words that Bella had to say about The Floor. "Don't be afraid."

Harry nodded in agreement. "The Source would never place us in danger, and this is a gift to us. You can refuse it, but to do so is an insult to it. Besides, to not experience the power of The Floor is...unimaginable – especially with what it is going to be like tonight when I summon the core here." Minerva still looked uncomfortable, and Harry smiled reassuringly at her. "Bella and I will walk on at the same time as you if it makes you feel any safer Minerva; but I can assure you that you will never regret your decision to step into the power."

Bella hopped off his lap when she felt him move, and he motioned for her to follow him out onto The Floor. Everybody fell silent as the two moved to the centre, and the few that were left quickly moved to the protection of the bar. Harry knelt down before placing his hand on a palm sized circle etched into the glass-like floor, and Bellatrix did the same. There was a slight prick as their hands were sliced, and their blood filled the shallow engravings before, with a bright flash, the cuts healed immediately. Harry looked over at his lover and smiled. "We'll have about ten seconds before the Core's magic hits us, so as soon as it is summoned we will need to retreat to the bar so that we can keep our promise to Minerva."

Bella nodded, and then smiled as their eyes began pulsing more powerfully. She looked deep into her lover's orbs as they slowly turned a deep pulsing purple, and Harry watched as the same happened to her. After minutes of the power around them intensifying it finally blasted upwards, before hitting a point in the darkened ceiling hundreds of meters above them. From that point a lattice of white spread out, and a moment later a colossal ball of pure white power flickered into being, before pulsing out a massive wave of energy when it finally anchored itself in the dimension.

Bella stood up quickly and ran alongside her joyously laughing husband, and the two just slipped past the barrier as the wave crashed against the dance floor where they had been only seconds before. The beat intensified, and melodies, harmonies and undertones all merged together to form a music that, even sheltered behind the shields, tore into them all like an earthquake. Harry

looked over at the youth floor and smiled widely when he saw Teddy tenderly and lovingly kissing Alyssa, and the beautiful teen responding in kind, gently stroking his cheek with her thumb as they lost themselves in one another.

He turned to Tonks and Remus and pointed to their son, allowing them to see through the barrier, and they both gasped at the sight. It was clear to anybody that was watching the young couple that they were deeply in love, and both of his parents were shocked at the suddenness of it. Harry could see the conflict in Tonks's eyes as her maternal instincts kicked in, and he stopped her with a raised hand. "You can see that they are truly in love Tonks; nothing you do will change that, and if you do try to then Teddy will never forgive you. Alyssa is a wonderful young woman who fits with Teddy like they were made for one another. I wouldn't be surprised if they soul-bonded in the near future."

This time even Andromeda and Ted were gaping at what Harry had just said about their grandson, and Harry smiled knowingly at them. "A soul bond isn't quite what most people assume it is. Intercourse doesn't even really factor into it at all, in fact sex generally comes even slower when the lovers are soul bonded, and Bella and I are prime examples of that; we waited over ten years. It brings them closer on a mental and spiritual level; their souls will slowly start to connect and synchronise. Such a thing is not something to be feared; it is something to be celebrated, but don't tell Teddy – if I am wrong then it could hurt him. I will know if he has bonded, and when he does then I will move her and her family to the Valley and explain it to them; the bond needs close physical contact for around two weeks before it stabilizes."

Tonks's eyes were flicking between Harry and Teddy, conflicted and worried, but after a moment they settled on her son and she nodded stiffly. "You're right; they do look perfect for one another."

Harry smiled and nodded, raising an eyebrow when he saw Alyssa's tongue slowly enter Teddy's mouth. He returned the opacity to the shield once more, giving them their night in privacy, and smiled at his closest friends, now family. He looked at Minerva, who was looking the most worried, and then laid a hand on her shoulder. "Look at them Minerva." The Scotswoman did; she looked out over the dance floor where people had flooded as soon as the pulse had hit, and when she looked at the couples she saw the most intense

emotions she had ever seen in her life in their expressions and their eyes. Love, lust, happiness, excitement, inner peace, absolute abandon and complete freedom all melded into one shone in each and every Phoenixes' eyes, and she couldn't help but feel the want to experience the same.

If what Teddy and his lover were experiencing was only four percent of the power only a meter away from her, she wondered what she would feel like, how far she would lose herself. She wondered if she would do something she would regret. Bella saw the hesitation and placed her hand on her other shoulder, smiling at both her and her husband. "If you are worried about losing yourself so far that you would cheat on one another, don't be. Everything seems to disappear but the magic, the sound, and your lover when the power consumes you; you will only have eyes for each other – nobody else. Likewise nobody else will be watching you, as they will be busy themselves; so anything you do will stay between the two of you."

Minerva took one last look at the people dancing, and then closed her eyes. A moment later they snapped open, and Harry was pleased to see the familiar determination in her green orbs. "Okay, I'll do it."

Harry squeezed her shoulder and gave a reassuring smile. "You won't regret it Minerva, I promise you that." The Scotswoman nodded once more and Philip returned his arm to around her waist, which made the normally stoic witch smile slightly. Harry knew that the unemotional attitude would likely never make an appearance again after she felt the joy of freeing herself and letting emotion show, and looked forward to when she would feel comfortable doing so. He had a feeling that he would be seeing that in the morning.

Harry tenderly pulled Bella to his side, and she smiled lovingly up at him; placing an emotional kiss on his lips, and holding it for a moment before returning her head to his chest – smiling when she felt the rhythm around them pulsing in time to his heartbeat. The five couples stepped up to the barrier, and with one last smile at one another, or pursed lips in Minerva's case, they all stepped through and into the surge. It was as all the life of every being in the world was rushing through their veins at the same time, and all that mattered was the feeling and their lover.

The crowd around them seemed to black out, leaving just Bella in front of Harry; the currents of white alighting her pale skin like moonlight. Every single positive emotion Harry knew, and several that he had never felt before snapped free of their normal limited bonds and burst forth into his mind and body, and the two soul mates leant forward at the same time; pulling each other as close to one another as physically possible before bringing their lips together. As soon as their tongues touched Harry gasped into her mouth, and she moaned into his as they literally felt their very essences merging together. Never before had either of them ever experienced something so powerful and so beautiful, and both instinctively knew that what they were receiving was for them alone. The pulsing around them increased the; white currents sped faster, whirlpooling around them as they merged on the deepest level possible; and Harry fell into her and her into him.

They clutched to each other, trying to replicate their complete union on a physical level, and somehow Harry found himself buried deep inside of her. They both moaned into each other, and their kiss became even more fervent as they moved together; their love making merging with their complete union to overload their senses and souls. As they moved together time faded till it had no meaning; responsibilities no longer even registered; their location was forgotten; their company save each other obliterated. All that mattered, all that was important was that they were one; that they were together; that they were in love.

At that moment, all that mattered was them.

Harry smiled down at Bella who was lying across his lap reading a rather interesting tome on Necromancy that Harry had recommended, while Harry was using her back as a desk; a journal resting there as he drafted the initial sectors of Phoenix. Ever since being in the new club two days previously and hearing the number of members they had he had decided that it was time to start planning in earnest for what was to come in the Wizarding world. He had activated the Master Rune in The Valley the previous day which brought the various helpful wards in all the houses online, such as auto-cleaning, auto-stocking, auto-heating and the like. He was very proud of how everything worked, and made a mental note to give a...generous donation to the goblins sometime in the near future.

It was in this position and state that Ellen appeared in a violent flash of fire, and Harry immediately looked up – the adrenaline already coursing through his veins, and The Source's magic sharpening his senses and reactions to perfection. It took but a moment for the white phoenix to convey the message to Harry, and in an instant Bella found herself lying on top of a man wearing full dragonhide armour, and the next she thumped down onto the place where Harry had previously existed; only the hint of a flare even showing that he had ever been there. When she searched the location of the flare she paled, and ran to change herself.

Harry appeared into pandemonium; the living room of who he assumed to be Charlie and Daphne's living room decimated by what he could feel to be the remnants of a crudely constructed international portkey. He knew immediately that it would be easy to trace, and so looked around for the source of calling. He found it almost immediately. On the floor in the corner was a small huddle of people around a body; an older Fleur crying loudly, clearly not in a state to do anything, and Charlie and Daphne performing as much healing magic as they knew. In an instant a plan erupted in his consciousness, and he focussed on his tattoo. 'Jen, get everybody save the people I have already put in the Medical sect of Phoenix off the floor; reduce power on the floor to a level where it will not hinder them but rather help them; and call in any healers that aren't there.'

The next moment he had pushed in beside Charlie and everybody looked at him in shock. He lifted his hands and begun performing basic battlefield medical treatments while talking. "What happened?"

"We don't know; there was a loud crash, and then we came into the lounge to see this. Fleur has been too distressed to do or say anything." Replied Daphne; the worry and terror clearly in her voice.

Harry took a mere glance at Fleur before reading her undefended mind. "Her father found out about their plans and attacked them both with the intent to kill."

Charlie looked shocked, "How do you know that?"

"I read her father's mind through the memory, don't ask how. In a desperate last attempt Bill used his limited knowledge on portkeys to manufacture one capable of long-distance travel. He had only just gotten it finished when he was hit by several of Monsieur Delacour's attacks; all of them heavily into the black arts, and all of them ones that I know." He pulled his hands back and stared at the crackling magic around them with cold eyes. "This is all I can do here." He conjured a sheet of paper filled with in depth descriptions of a series of spells and handed them to Charlie, a very serious look in his eyes. "Ellen," the phoenix flamed into existence, "will take you all to The Sanctuary; you need to give this to the healers that will be on the main floor; and then restrain Fleur. They need to do their work to keep Bill alive, and they can't do that with an emotional wife on the loose." He clapped Bill on the shoulder. "I am trusting you with this brother; she cannot be let near them – the magic which The Source will channel through the healers is far too volatile to be interrupted."

Charlie nodded, and then Ellen landed on Bill and the four all disappeared in a white swirl of flame. A moment later Bella flared into the room; red fire licking at her for a moment before it was absorbed back into her core, and she looked at the devastation in shock. "What happened?"

Harry looked at the increasingly more frequent and powerful crackles of magic appearing in the room and stepped back into the hallway, pulling her beside him before erecting a shield and answering. "Short version: Bill is near death after Fleur's dad attacked, international portkey crudely made, hence the destruction, they're at The Sanctuary, healers are there, Fleur's dad and company will be arriving in a moment."

She tensed much as he had and nodded. "Right."

Harry nodded as well. "Killing is on the table; they attack to kill one of ours, we attack to kill them. If they survive then they do, if they don't, they don't."

The Source flared in agreement, and anger at its newest trusted being injured so gravely, and Harry smiled grimly at the support. The two watched as slowly bolts of magic arched across the room; the sign of a second portkey tagging along on the deteriorated ghost of a previous one; and with an almighty crack and a flash of white which would have blinded most, the living room was filled with people. Harry raised an eyebrow at the number, but his fingers twitched in agitation; barely holding back from letting loose with the most destructive and horrifying curses that he knew...which was truly terrifying in its own right.

The man at the front of the group looked around with a furious and calculating gaze, but froze when he saw the shield by the door, and the two people behind it. Harry dropped the wall of gold with a thought, and glared coldly at the man who was glaring right back at him. "Vere are zey?" he spat, and the two immortals suddenly found themselves looking down the lengths of exactly eighteen lengths of glowing-tipped wands. Harry could easily have blown them away in the time it took for them to be raised, but he fully intended on letting them know just how completely and utterly much trouble they were in before he obliterated them.

"You attack my brother, my sister, and then you come here demanding such things?" Harry spat at him, and the glob landed on the man's shoe with a clear smack in the quiet room. "You have no right, no place, and no chance of getting the answers which you seek."

The man looked set to kill Harry at that moment, but his pride wouldn't let him; for somebody to stand up to him was rare; for somebody to stand up against him while unarmed and faced with certain death had never happened before in the Frenchman's life. "You do not have ze Veasley hair, and yet you claim to be 'ez brother?"

Harry looked at the man with unveiled disgust. "Our brotherhood and my sistership with Fleur extends past blood; one does not need to be blood family to be family, in fact Fleur is now in the company of her new family; a family who would never even think of hurting her."

He grinned at the newly-returned fury on the man's face and smirked as he spoke. "They will be a better family than you could ever be you bastard. I could insult you further, but I think I'll just end by saying...va te faire metre."

The man's face turned puce at the completely unveiled insult to his superiority and respect, and his need to retain his honour at that point completely disappeared. The only thing Harry heard the man scream before the spells started flying was, "TUEZ-LEZI!" and from that point on he didn't pay attention to anything save his instincts, his fluidity, and his wife's communication in his mind as they coordinated themselves around one another. The room flashed yellow and red as Harry ran horizontally along a patch of wall to avoid several killing curses, and after three minutes of an all-out barrage on the two, and not one spell connecting, Monsieur Delacour was nearly soiling himself; they hadn't even begun retaliating yet.

Harry felt even more disgusted by the despicable man below him, as he was now sprinting full tilt across the roof, as he saw him try to dissapparate to save himself from what he now knew to be certain doom. Harry knew at that moment that one Loius Delacour would not be leaving the house without at least the ability to use magic erased or if he had his way, with his life.

It was at this point that he begun casting spells. He had considered sparing the others, as at the beginning he had thought that they were only following orders, but after seeing the memory where Louis had called out to all of his employees something along the lines of 'Right, who wants to go and kill the redhead little shit?', and these eighteen bastards had volunteered the thought of mercy had well and truly dissapeared. The first of Harry's victims fell to a dark, completely irreversible organ shredding curse which made the last moments of his life a living hell; his screams making the others seriously rethink their choice in attending the raid. Bella, intoxicated by the complete fury of her husband, did something that she had only read about once before, that morning in fact, and her husband had made her promise to never use it when there were any allies save him around.

She thought it was a safe bet that he wouldn't mind.

She ran up a wall as Harry had done to avoid a curse, and the room flashed a deep, powerful purple which remained pulsing even when she left it. Harry looked at her in shock and pride, and she grinned as she slammed both of her hands onto the floor before murmuring a quick phrase in a lost dialect and calling forth Eurynomus. Harry's eyes widened when she did that, and as the pentagram appeared and activated he simultaneously called on The Source for all of its power not being used in the healing of Bill which was using only around a fifth of a percent; the healing not needing power but rather purity; and bolstered the shields in the room with the entire source available to him.

As the shade begun appearing, flickering from the realm of Hell to the mortal plane Harry pushed Bellatrix behind him and placed her behind a shield erected from pure angelic magic that he called forth from the air around him. He was lucky he did it then, as a moment later not a single strand of pure magic was left in the room save the barrier around the room and Bella's shield. Every single person not protected was hit with the full force of the most potent black and necromantic power possible. Not one person in the room saves Harry and Bella lived through the overload to their systems, their eyes wide in horror and dread, and Harry was left to face the demon without a shred of protection whatsoever.

Sweating, and doing everything he could to guard, ward and protect his mind, he bowed deeply to the skinless, bloody humanoid figure in front of him – whose entire body emitted tendrils and waves of dark, inhuman power. "My Prince, I am the one who summoned you here."

Staying bowed he waited for the verdict, and nearly sighed in relief when the demon replied, but refrained – there was still a long way to go yet until he was out of danger. "And what do you have to your name mortal?"

Harry smirked even in his bow. "A mastery of Necromancy, Black magic, Dark magic, Neutral magic, Holy magic, and Angelic magic second to none on this plane of existence, a user of The Source and my Prince, I am no mortal."

"Raise your head." Harry did so, but avoided peering into the orbs of the demon, which would allow for unlimited access into his thoughts. The demon laughed; a cackle of the most evil and foul nature

possible that it sent shivers and disgust down even Harry's spine. "Finally a summoner who knows the Old Customs. I was not aware that it was ever recorded?"

"My Prince it never was, as I stated I am a user of The Source which in turn provided me with the knowledge of all facets of magic."

"I see, but you summon me from the depths of hell itself – a lesser demon may have been willing to let such a folly pass by with the sacrifices you have made for me, but I am no second-order demon, nor even a Grand Duke. I am Eurynomus; a Prince of Hell; Royalty among all demons and councillor to Lucifer himself."

Harry nodded, before finally completing the ancient holy ritual and then staring the demon in the eyes, a horrific, scarring experience which would likely leave him broken for weeks afterwards. The demon looked surprised at Harry's daring, and then aghast at what he found inside Harry's now pure-blue orbs which glowed powerfully. Calming blue met the fires of Hell, and the demon suddenly showed a flicker of respect across his eyes. "I cannot read your mind as I anticipated. You are blessed by the holy spirits."

Harry nodded, trying not to show the strain, fear and horror that was scarring itself into him every moment he held the gaze. To break it at that moment, after initiating it, was a sign of weakness, and more dangerously disrespect. "I am, Prince Eurynomus."

The demon nodded in acceptance. "You have earned the right to use my name now. I now need your name to return the respect due."

Harry forced a smile. "I haven't anything as grand or royal to my name as you, but you may know me as Genciano; my name given to me by The Source."

The demon smiled a cruel, but probably by demon standards a rather pleasant smile. "Genciano, perhaps fitting for a person of your character." After a moments more intense searching of Harry's eyes he nodded and broke eye contact to survey the bodies around them. Harry slumped for a moment, wincing and holding back tears at the mental turmoil he was in – but it was better than the alternative; being killed by the demon in a horrific way – bringing all that he was suffering mentally to life. "Nineteen..."

Harry forced a grin onto his features, masking the horror and pain. "Indeed, and all with some rather...tasty sins as a condiment perhaps."

The demon once again surveyed Harry, breaking him just a little more, before yanking one of the bodies to its feet and baring his razor sharp teeth before ripping a chunk out of the corpse's neck. Harry forced himself not to wince or throw up at the sound and sight, but from the sound behind him Bellatrix had not been able to restrain herself. Eurynomus smiled, blood trickling down his chin, before cackling evilly. "And who is this you shield with yourself and Angelic magic?"

"My bonded, Prince Eurynomus. As you can see, she is not as accustomed to your power or habits as I am."

The demon screeched in laughter again, and Harry suppressed the shiver that ran down his spine. "I can see that Genciano." He looked around again at the bodies, drawing in a deep breath through the slits that were his nostrils, and then nodded. "I assume you wish to trade these bodies for you and your mate's freedom."

Harry nodded, once again feeling his soul scarring deeply as he forced himself to look into the demons eyes. "That is my wish my Prince Eurynomus, and with the promise to send any more sinners to your private quarters – their physical bodies, not their souls as you so relish."

Eurynomus grinned, once again baring his bloodstained teeth – chunks of corpse flesh still hanging in places. "Such a thing is possible? If that is what you can do, and what you offer, then we have an accord."

Harry nodded, and replied as required. "That is what I so offer; we have an accord Prince Eurynomus."

The demon held out his hand, and Harry took a deep breath before moving to take it. To do such a thing was necessary, but the risk for him was that by having physical contact with a demon of a higher rank than second-order they would have the ability to take his soul during the time of link. When they touched, Harry's soul writhed in agony; as no matter how he portrayed himself he was always, and

always would be light – even if he used the darkest of magics. "You realize the position you find yourself in Genciano?"

Harry gritted his teeth against the scream that threatened to burst from his lips at the physical and eye contact, and ground out his response. "I do, but you are honourable."

The demon's eyes flared, and Harry whimpered in agony – but never broke the eye contact. The demon laughed and released his hand before averting his eyes – once again sweeping over the bodies. "You are an interesting human Genciano, even if immortal. Never once has a man survived more than a fiftieth of the eye contact you have maintained with me today – and I have been existent since this realm emerged." He turned back to Harry, but looked at his body so as to give the immortal reprieve from his gaze; he had already gained his respect. "But that is neither here nor there. I will now feast, and then depart as per our agreement."

Harry nodded, and once again kept his gaze on the spectacle in front of him as the Demon Prince of Hell mutilated and ate the corpses around the room; the disgusting, horrific sounds and smell of coppery blood overloading Harry's senses and making him come even closer to breaking completely. Finally, after nearly an hour of indulging in his most favourite rare craving, Eurynomus finished chewing, and then with an almost inaudible slurp all the blood that had splattered onto the walls and soaked into the carpet was sucked into the demon – who sighed in satisfaction. He turned back to Harry, making sure to avert his eyes in respect for the human, and smiled sinfully. "Genciano, I enjoyed our time together here today. I look forward to the continuation of our agreement in the future." And with a bone-chilling, soul-wrenching black cloud of power the demon disappeared back to whence it came, leaving Harry to fall to his knees and immediately throw up, shivering violently and clutching at his head as the holy magic left him and the full effects of his contact with the demon crashed down upon him.

He screamed; an unearthly, agonized scream that would have chilled people for blocks had it escaped the barrier – but it only fell on Bella's ears, who burst through her shield in fear and worry. She didn't get two steps towards him before a wave of dark energy burst from him, only just missing her, and obliterated the shields surrounding the room before literally vaporizing the house around them. His scarred soul had begun trying to purge the darkness from

him, and waves upon waves of the dark pulses blasted from him only getting more and more powerful. Bella could only watch in horror, guilt, and agonizing worry as her lover, the man that she loved, endured the most torturous and harrowing pain Hell had to offer.

All at once he was receiving the effects of nearly two years on each of the circles of hell, and his mental shields were buckling under the immense strain of protecting his sanity – already having failed to stop his consciousness and the majority of his psyche from being shredded into pieces by the onslaught of darkness. Finally his vocal chords snapped under the strain of his bloodcurdling screams, and the only sound that came from his mouth was a series of erratic rattles as his body tried to express its pain and suffering vocally.

Finally the pulses stopped, and Bella rushed to his side pulling his head into her lap and looking down at his bloodied face in terror. "SEPHIRIA!" she screamed, and a moment later the red and gold phoenix flashed into existence, before trilling and calling out to Ellen. A moment later Harry's phoenix appeared, and she cried out in a heart wrenching screech when she saw the state of her master. The two phoenixes immediately began crying; their tears dripping into Harry's mouth to his internal organs from the extreme damage they had sustained, and Bella quickly leaned over her lover to allow her tears to drop into him as well. After nearly thirty minutes Harry awoke, immediately screaming once more; the dreadful sound piercing Bella to her very soul. Both of the phoenixes began trilling in unison in an attempt to calm the man, but it had absolutely no effect on him; his screams still horrifyingly tortured.

His vocal chords tore under the strain for the second time, and Harry fell silent once more; only his harrowed rattling puncturing the silence of the neighbourhood alongside Bella's guilty, soul-wrenching sobs. Harry finally fell silent once more, and a white field sprang into existence around him – Bella recognizing it immediately as one of the only fields that even Harry could not create. Ellen immediately touched the whiteness and disappeared in a white flash, and Bella stared at the spot where her husband had been a mere millisecond before; her tears dripping unheeded to darkening the dirt beneath her. Sephiria rested a wing on Bella's hand, and a moment later flared away to the place where Ellen had taken Harry herself. Bella looked up at the change, and found herself kneeling on the floor of the bar in The Sanctuary. She looked out onto The Floor and

saw Harry floating a meter above the ground surrounded by a torrent of golden magical energy that was streaming directly from The Source's core directly above.

Everybody looked at her in shock, and then back at Harry in confusion – but none dared to ask what had happened when they saw the state of Bella, and the look of pain, guilt and self-hate in her eyes. She stood shakily, and stumbled over the slight step onto The Floor before moving past the shocked healers and collapsing by where Harry was suspended in the orb of intense power – using all the magic The Source could give. She saw Bill lying unmoving on a stretcher twenty meters away, with Fleur looking at her and Harry in shock, but Bella comprehended nothing but Harry; his immobile, still body mere meters away, close enough to touch, but so far away at the same time.

The tears hadn't stopped for a moment, but at that point she broke down into despaired sobs, sobs which wracked her frame and pierced into every person in the silent room. After several minutes Bellatrix felt somebody behind her, but her eyes were only for Harry. The person seemed to understand that and so simply lifted her into a chair where she could sit by her husband, and then placed a blanket over her lap and legs, followed by a hanky. Everybody else looked at Jen in shock, as she had never been seen doing anything outside waiting the bar or receiving them at the desk, nor had she shown much emotion – but the sadness and pain in her eyes when she turned back around to return to her duties was palpable: not only one, but both of her users; her trusted ones; her only true friends and family were hurting beyond the realms of comprehension, and there was nothing more she could do that what she was doing at that moment.

Never before in the entire existence of time had The Source felt so completely and utterly useless.

Va te faire metre – Go fuck yourself.

Tuez-lez – Kill them!

Nearly two weeks had passed since that night, and not one person ceased to visit at least twice daily to donate their magic to their leader – an act which Jen helped considerably with. Consequently Harry hadn't moved an inch, and neither had Bellatrix, who was still sitting on the chair by his side; her eyes dead, empty, and drawn. Jen had cast spells to keep the woman clean, fed and physically healthy, but the immortal's mental health seemed to be deteriorating at an almost exponential rate; wearing her down and slowly eroding her body even faster than The Source could repair the damage. Finally Jen decided to act, and walked across The Floor as many people watched silently from the bar. She conjured a seat beside the distraught woman, and placed her pale hand on her knee.

Bella didn't even acknowledge her presence.

"Bellatrix, perhaps if I told you what happened then you could be more informed about why Harry did what he did." At the mention of Harry, Bella slowly turned her head, and Jen flinched as she was exposed to the voids that used to be so full of life and love. She didn't even move to speak, but Jen assumed that she had her friend's attention. "You were researching Necromancy, yes?"

Bella nodded mutely, and Jen sighed. "Perhaps Harry had too much faith in you in that respect. He thinks the world of you, but you are not like him in so many ways. In his life he has always had an unusually strong connection to magic, whether because it was the only force that would near him during his abusive childhood I cannot be sure, but the fact remains that he does. It took Harry two days to master Necromancy; his brutal and cruel upbringing and life giving him the insight needed to perfect the art, but even then he spent over three months double and triple checking the laws, customs and safety measures that could be employed where such a dark art would be used.

"You made him so proud when he saw you cast the prothean protection charm around the room Bella; and he allowed you to continue your summon because he assumed that you would have made sure of everything before even attempting it – what he didn't know was that you never once studied the structure of hell, the customs of summoning, or any of the laws regarding the summon and the summoner once the ritual had been completed." Jen squeezed Bella's knee, and peered at her curiously. "Why did you summon Eurynomus?"

For the first time in nearly fourteen days Bellatrix made a sound that wasn't a sob, and her voice was rough and raw. "I- I summoned him because he was p-powerful."

"You clearly didn't understand how powerful." Bella sobbed and shook her head before burying her head in her hands, and Jen gingerly pulled her into an embrace; patting her hair softly. "You couldn't have known the consequences of summoning such a demon without conferring with me or Harry first."

"I- I shouldn't have d-done it," the woman sobbed, "I knew that I hadn't studied it fully, b-but I...I just wanted to make him proud..." she drifted off into a whisper before sobbing anew; crying into the embrace.

Jen was so busy comforting the broken woman in her arms that she didn't sense the silence in the room deepening; the muted whispers and barely audible murmuring disappearing in an instant as the man inside the pure white dome flipped himself the right way up and gently touched down onto the solid floor beneath him. People gasped as they saw a lattice of black and white, glowing tattoos seem to construct themselves over Harry's right arm – ending just below the shoulder – and the man himself looked down at the constantly moving network of interlinking, seemingly battling lines with a raised eyebrow, but Bella's sobbing snapped him back to attention of his surroundings. He looked down at her in shock; held in Jen's arms who was cooing softly to her, and his heart clenched at the sound.

He reached down with the fingers of his right hand and carefully touched a strand of Bella's hair and a flood of information and memories flickered before his eyes before integrating itself into his mind. He looked at her again, this time with just as much pain as she was feeling in his eyes – and didn't hesitate to rip her away from Jen's embrace and pull her into one of his own. Bella couldn't comprehend what had happened at first, but when she felt the skin, smelt the scent, and was wrapped in his arms she broke down; clinging to him as she cried.

Jen watched as Harry buried his head into his wife's hair; pain but complete love in his eyes, and smiled – before freezing once more when she saw his arm. Slowly she raised her eyes to meet his, and

she found him staring right back at her – his gaze solid, frightening, and calming all at the same time. He nodded once, and Jen nodded back after a moment before examining the moving lines once more. Harry could feel so much around him at that moment; sensitive to things he had never been aware of before; aware of The Paths for the first time in his life; drawn The Flux like the person he now was, but what was in his arms dwarfed everything; not a single one of his new senses even held a candle to the woman he had in his arms.

Slowly she stopped shaking, and pulled away slightly; puffy eyed but more alive than she had looked in weeks. Harry placed his lips over hers before she could speak, but broke away after a moment to smile lovingly down at her. "Never apologise for trying to make me happy."

Her eyes lightened, but then darkened almost immediately. "But what I did-"

"Tore my soul from my body, yes it did." Bella's eyes widened and Harry grinned before sitting down in a black leather chair that had flickered into existence. She hadn't even noticed it appearing, and Harry smiled knowingly before motioning to a space beside him, which she also hadn't noticed him create. She sat down; dying to snuggle into him, but forced herself to hold back. She quickly forgot about that when Harry pulled her to him and kissed her gently on the forehead. After holding it for a moment he sat back, and noticed the people gaping at him from the bar. He smiled at them all and waved. "I probably scared you out of your wits turning up like I did...and not coming to after ten minutes. Sorry about that; I wasn't really here until just now – my soul had things to do and places to be...not precisely because I wanted to, but it was a necessity." He smiled once more, "I'll explain it sometime, but for now can my wife and I have some privacy?"

Everybody nodded, and quickly disappeared, leaving Jen to conjure a seat for herself, and Bella looking up at him, slightly scared. "But your soul is supposed to return within seconds..."

Harry nodded, now serious, looked down at his arm as he spoke. She followed his eyes, and gaped at what she saw. "It normally would, but it was too damaged to do so – which is probably what you saw when I was blasting out the demonic magic." Her shock

was evident and he smiled, making her heart flip-flop. "I copied your memories since I passed out."

"You can do that?"

His eyes darkened. "I can now." He shook himself and returned to his happy mood. "So my soul was too damaged to even contemplate something as power hungry as transferring back into my body, and to combat that it went to the only place where it would recover sufficiently."

Jen leant forwards in her chair, all of this completely new even to her. "Where?"

Harry broke contact with the ruby eyes of his lover and peered at Jen. "Limbo. Unfortunately two people really wanted to meet me, even as ruined as I was at that moment. I chose the second option first, as the first really didn't appeal to me after what I had been through, and so I got to meet Uriel, one of the archangels."

Jen and Bella's eyes widened in shock and awe and Harry nodded with a chuckle. "Yes they do exist, just as demons do, and so I had a meeting with him. During the time I spent there he helped me reconstruct my soul to a point, and then purified it before infusing me with their Magus." Jen nearly fainted at that, and Harry grinned cheekily before pointing to one of the white lines warring against the black on his arm. "Hence this – I am only part of what they are." He then pointed to one of the black lines and it was at this point he darkened. "This side of me however, I am less happy with – but it was a necessity to return to my body; my soul was still heavily damaged." He sighed, and then shrugged. "Perhaps it would be easier to show you – it won't hurt you in any way because you won't be able to feel the power in the memory..."

He got a nod from Jen, and then Bella, and then closed his eyes – at the same time their entire world disappeared from around them.

The Palace Gardens

Shores of Cocytus

Hell

Harry appeared in a white flicker, before getting promptly slammed to the ground by a rather angry demon who Harry wouldn't in a million years call either humanoid or good looking. A moment later an angry snarling reached Harry's ears, and he rolled his eyes at the question.

"Of course I'm supposed to be here you runt, now get off me before I force the matter." The demon's response was to go for his neck with its two mouths and a moment later Harry's arm, pulsing a bright white, blasted the demon into oblivion; its few remains then flickering away in a flurry of snow. Harry looked at his arm in wonder, and the small ball of light that was swirling in the centre of his hand in amazement, and then back at where the now-melted snowflakes rested on the ground. "Uriel you cheeky little git, you didn't tell me about that!"

The knowledge popped into his mind and Harry rolled his eyes. "Now you explain it." He looked around him in disgust; surrounding him were trees, except they bore not fruit but human bodies and remains; still dripping blood like they were freshly obtained. Harry forced his emotions back and into check as he had been taught, and then quickly purified his body before moving forth to the monstrosity of a palace that loomed in front of him. He tripped over when one of the decapitated heads adorning one of the gates screamed at him and plunged his glowing fist through it by instinct alone. With blood splattered all up his bare torso and glowing right arm he approached the main doors – which were protected by two guards, and immediately broke into a run. The horrific looking abominations that defended his objective saw him approaching and immediately launched their spears and then sprinted at him as well, and only charged harder and faster when they saw the intruder literally obliterate them with a wave of magic. The first one leapt high above, intending to pulverise the human with its weight, while the other intended to simply rip him apart should his fellow demon fail. It stopped dead in its tracks when it watched said demon get ripped to shreds itself when Harry pulsed a concentrated burst of angelic magic through it – and then calmly stepped through the white flakes that were left in its wake to face the second one.

Mere guards they may have been, but unlike the guards on the other levels of hell they were guarding The Palace, which meant that they did know when to take things seriously and actually use their location to their advantage. Claws slammed down into the charred

earth and channelled the energy beneath to rip through the fabric of space and pull his summon forth. Harry looked at the one who now faced him and snarled angrily. "Ayperos."

The demon snarled right back; his pin-like teeth gnashing dangerously and the fire flowing through his veins searing to the surface at points. "Huumaaannn..."

Harry slowly lifted his still-glowing white arm into a ready position, and held his other in defensive to counter anything that might be thrown at him. The two circled, flaming footsteps left in the ground behind the demon Prince, and Harry's eyes pulsing with latent power as he analysed any and every movement made. With a swish the demon's leathery wings unfurled from behind him and thrust him towards Harry, who sunk down and twisted aside as the demon reached for him with his outstretched claws. At the last moment before he came out of his spin he tore his arm crossways and slashed across Ayperos's exposed torso with the ball of light in his palm.

With an inhuman, horrifying scream the demon crashed into wall of the palace – before picking himself up and looking down at the decayed, frozen gash that was carved deep into him. He looked back up, and met Harry's eyes with an aggression that could only be met by either Abaddon or Lucifer himself. Harry was eternally grateful to Urial for teaching him how to withstand the stare, protect his mind and soul, and indeed defy the evil, demonic power that radiated from everywhere around him, else he would be unconscious just like after confronting Eurynomus. The demon roared in anger at the lack of fear in his opponent's eyes, and rushed him once more, this time engaging in close-quarter combat. Harry's senses seemed to snap into focus as soon as the demon neared, and he gave himself over completely to his instincts – flowing like water around the brutal, deadly attacks that were aimed to maim and kill him.

Without seemingly any difficulty at all Harry slashed and carved away at the demon prince with the orb of power in his hand, and slowly the attacks against him became more clumsy, allowing him even more opportunities to attack himself. He took each and every opening he could get, and before long the demon prince was lying limbless on the ground before him. It looked upwards with barely concealed rage, but a hint of fear, "Who are you human?"

Harry leant down, careful to suppress the entire demonic source around Ayperos so that he couldn't regenerate, and then whispered two words before ploughing his hand right through its head. "Your executioner." He contained the immortal soul inside a packet of light magic and smiled grimly as it fought to break free and rebirth itself, only to find it being squeezed tighter and tighter until it nearly suffocated in the pure environment. The remaining guard watched in complete terror as one of the demon Princes was not only defeated, but killed in front of his very eyes, and ran as fast as he could away from the man – which was in the opposite direction to The Palace. Harry watched the cowardly being disappear and then levitated the dead and mutilated body of Ayperos behind him while suppressing his presence.

He walked the halls of the grand building; statues of torture and horrors unheard of following him throughout his journey, until he finally arrived at a huge set of doors which were engraved with disgusting portrayals of all the sins humanly possible. They stretched up for hundreds of meters – and Harry was quite relieved when the doors cracked open to allow him admittance; he hadn't been looking forward to trying to blast his way inside. The voice that echoed from inside chilled Harry to his very bones, and he didn't need to see the face to put a name to it. "Ayperos, you grace us with your presenc-"

Thump.

The nearly-headless body of the demon in question landed in the middle of the floor, and all the heads in the room turned to the person who had thrown it. What they saw was a blood-covered, shirtless human with pure white tendrils swirling around his arm, glowing green eyes, and a very, very unhappy look on his face. Lucifer mirrored his expression exactly, except with the added factor of the literal eyes of Hell. "Who are you to come in here unannounced, to throw the dead body of a Prince at my feet, to interrupt my dinner, and to have the gall to glare at me?"

Harry looked around before catching sight of the demon he wanted and yelled out to him. "Prince Eurynomus! How's about introducing me to your oh so mighty Lord whose Princes fall to my hand in mere seconds? Whose bodies are not the only things decimated, but their immortal souls as well?" He whipped forth his hand and a small

sphere of light appeared; a fine black mist inside. Every demons' eyes widened as it imploded upon the soul of whom they felt to be their Prince, and then dispersed in a flurry of white.

Eurynomus sat, mouth agape for several moments before getting to his feet and clearing his throat gutturally. "May I present to you Master, Harry James Potter of the Mortal Plane."

Harry glared dangerously at every demon looking at him, and a few even looked away after meeting his gaze. Harry smirked at the few who did, and then his eyes landed on Lucifer – the devil himself. He felt his protections strain against the pressure, but continued snarling in disgust. "So it was you, Lucifer, who called me here. I hope you understand my reluctance to come to the place which had damaged my soul first, so I met with Uriel first."

Gasps echoed out in the hall, and a few demons even whimpered. Lucifer looked furious, but intermingled with that was a slight glimmer of humour and respect. "We speak not his name."

Harry was dying to bow mockingly, but somehow refrained. The fact that he was in Hell, and could only leave on Lucifer's bidding was reasonable motivation. "I apologise then, I don't have a lot of knowledge on the customs of this realm."

Lucifer nodded stiffly, and then looked Harry over with flaming eyes; seeming to want with all of his being to forcefully pull every bit of knowledge and power from his frame with only his gaze. He sat back after a few moments, infuriated. "I haven't met one since Him that could withstand that."

"I had a good teacher."

Lucifer snarled. "Granted." He took a few more moments surveying Harry before motioning to an empty space at the table. "That was supposed to be for Ayperos, but since he won't be attending in the future I suppose you can take his place."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "I respectfully refuse; I don't wish to impose, and I would also rather be out of this place as soon as humanly possible."

Lucifer raised an eyebrow, but nodded. "I suppose that makes sense. Why are you here at all though?"

Harry snorted. "As a human I am obliged to do so, especially if invited by one of the two Powers, and I also require your assistance in reconstructing and healing the last of my soul. Uri- He can only do so much. It was by your race that it was damaged, and thus it must be by the same race that it is fully healed. Over time it would by itself, but I have a wife, a bonded, my lover waiting for me. I would rather not keep her waiting."

Lucifer laughed and then sneered at Harry. "Lust; I dear say that at this rate you might just be joining us down here once you have decided to pass."

Harry sneered back. "I highly doubt that. So can we get this over and done with?"

The Devil studied Harry once more, and then finally nodded after several minute's deliberation. He stood from his chair; black tendrils wafting from under his robes, and fire licking at his heels, and slowly walked over to Harry before studying him even closer. Harry felt his shield buckle, and forcefully held it steady; straining against it. He sagged slightly when he was released from the examination, and Lucifer snorted disgustingly. He snatched Harry's arm and looked at the white tendrils that seemed to fight off his black with interest, before without any warning digging his claws deep into his arm and pushing demonic energy into the wounds.

Harry ground his teeth in agony, quiet whimpers threatening to escape his lips, but endured the agonizing pain with a stoic expression on his face; the last thing he wanted to show the king of Hell was weakness of any sort. The devil looked at him as he fought through the pain without any emotion, and smiled a cruel smile, with a hint of respect, crossed over his face before he pushed his magic harder into the human. Harry couldn't stop the groan that escaped his lips, but noted vaguely that he could feel his soul piecing itself back together. At that moment he really wasn't focusing on anything but the demonic claws that were sunken deep into his arm and the demonic energy that it was channelling directly into him however, and so it was only a side thought before the pain washed over him once more.

Finally Lucifer pulled his claws away, and Harry clutched at his arm, breathing heavily. After several minutes of collecting himself he pulled his hand away from where the stabbing pain was, and flinched when he saw a series of black lines coming from the wounds and beginning to battle with the angelic markings. His head snapped upwards, and he glared at the now-grinning Satan. "I didn't ask for this."

A bark of laughter met his accusation. "You had no right to either, but you impressed me."

Harry glared at him once more before looking down again, and watched as the wounds sealed up and then the black lines seem to settle into a grudgingly respectful truce with the white when it couldn't overrun them. Harry grinned at that small victory and sneered up at Lucifer, who was looking at the now-unified lines with barely concealed disgust. "Pity that; I suppose you hoped to overrun the magic that Uriel uses, and Michael, and Raphael...well I'm sure you get my drift." Just as the demons, and especially Lucifer himself were about to release their fury, he interjected with one, last cheap shot. "Oh, and Gabriel."

"You dare blaspheme in my hall?" Lucifer's eyes burned with a new fury that would have had Harry quivering even with Uriel's teachings...would have being the operative word.

Now infused with the Demonic Magus immunity to such things was assured, and Harry cocked an eyebrow simply to punctuate that fact to The Devil. "Yes as a matter of fact, I do dare." He looked at his arm once more before turning to Lucifer and the other assembled Demons with a snarl. "And now I will leave you, since by infusing me with your magic Lucifer has granted me a pass in, and out of hell – and it cannot be revoked unless a rather lengthy ritual is performed – by such a time I will be long gone, and since I don't plan on making an appearance here ever again it'll hardly pose that big of a problem to me."

With those last, parting words, Harry James Potter-Black did one thing to Lucifer before departing Hell; one thing that had never been done before, and would never be done again...by anybody or anything. He lifted his fist, minus the middle finger, poked his tongue out, and then blew a raspberry at the most powerful demonic entity in the history of everything. The last sight of complete and utter rage

followed Harry as he allowed himself to be pulled back to the familiar feel of his mortal body, and just before everything went black he smiled.

That would be one hell of a story to tell the kids one day.

A/N: Hope you enjoyed reading! R&R if you did!

Harry was immediately greeted by a flurry of colours. When he finally managed to take count of just who had assaulted him he found himself in the middle of Bill, Ginny, Daphne, Charlie, Fred, Padma, George, Lavender, and a very emotional Fleur.

Harry chuckled at the group and patted them each on the head condescendingly. "Yes my minions; bow down and find your hearts filled with awe at my greatness." Bill looked up in shock and found Harry grinning cheekily at him with a wink. "Death doesn't affect me as much as most people Bill; as I'm sure you know by now. Meeting Lucifer however, does, but I got my jollies with him in the end." Everybody saves Bella's eyes boggled, and with a small repulsion charm by the woman herself she once again hugged herself to Harry's arm. Harry smiled sadly down at her; ever since he had fallen unconscious nearly four weeks ago she had been by his side, and his awakening and reclusiveness for the following two seemed to have only increased her need to be beside him always. He silently decided then that he would resolve the matter before Phoenix went on its first mission.

Harry's smile turned warmer as he looked at them all, and then walked into the restaurant that they were all outside of. The man standing by the check-in looked quite bored, and Harry raised an eyebrow before clearing his throat. The balding man looked up disinterestedly and stifled a yawn. "Help you?"

Harry nodded, agitated. "Yeah, tell your boss that you're such a useless slob that you just lost him thirty four customers who were going to be spending quite a considerable sum of money at his institution."

The man quickly tried to backpedal, "My apologi-"

"Not going to work; all your fault." And with that, the seven people disappeared in front of his very eyes.

They all reappeared in a small, but immaculately and beautifully furnished room, and Harry turned around to smile at them. "Sorry about that all; I wanted to go somewhere new, but apparently that just won't work." He walked over to the doors after sending a mental notice to all the other invited people, and then smiled before pushing them open. "Welcome to Aduro." The doors opened to reveal a huge room; hundreds of guests already seated and chatting avidly to one

another; clearly enjoying the atmosphere, food and drink, and Harry's guests' mouths dropped. Twenty one pops later and the rest of the invited guests joined in with the jaw-dropping, prompting Harry to laugh, and nearly all the people in the room to glance his way to see what the commotion was.

Shock rocketed through all the diners, and Harry waved at them with a merry grin on his face. "Evening all; don't mind us; we're just here to dine the same as you are."

"Except that you own the place."

Harry turned to face the voice and his grin widened when he saw who it was. "Hello Lisa, how are things?"

The pretty brunette shrugged with a grin, "Can't complain, can't complain. How're things with you?"

Harry grinned and wrapped an arm around Bella's waist. "Better than ever." Lisa's eyes widened at the display, and Harry grinned. "A little birdie told me that you dropped into The Sanctuary two nights ago."

The witch was immediately on the defensive; her eyes slitted and her stance stiff. "What do you know about The Sanctuary?"

Harry shrugged. "That apparently you showed up at a time where everybody was on The Floor, and didn't get anything explained to you, and that I run the place." He placed a hand on the woman's shoulder, which pulsed warmly in recognition of Harry's presence. Lisa gaped, and Harry smiled back at her. "Actually since, as you put it, I own the place, you are relieved of duty for tonight; join us for dinner, and if you have a partner then best invite him too."

The woman blushed, and Harry raised an eyebrow in confusion. The answer was most certainly not what he had been expecting, and it explained the very red face that Lisa was now sporting. "She's not a he."

Harry's mouth opened in an 'O' shape. "Oooooohhhh...right. Well invite her along then."

Lisa looked astonished. "You're not going to say anything about it?"

Harry looked her right in the eyes, and the woman found herself both afraid and comforted at the same time; there was something primal in his pulsing green orbs. "Do you love this woman?" Lisa nodded while blushing, ashamed, and Harry shook his head with a light growl – prompting her to look up in shock. After a moment he seemed to calm, and took a deep breath while the woman at his side looked lovingly up at him. Finally he returned his gaze to her, and when he spoke he was deadly serious. "You deserve to be happy; if you love her then she makes you just that. Never be ashamed of that, and if somebody looked down upon you in any way because of it then they're not worth your time."

Everybody behind him nodded their agreement, and the young ex-Ravenclaw was astonished to see that two of those people weren't even fifteen, and several weren't even human. She nodded in shock, and then apparated quickly away. Harry smiled apologetically at everybody. "For those that showed up late, we're here because the other place was...less than satisfactory." He began walking towards a set of doors on the other side of the room, ignoring the shocked, astonished, and gossiping expressions he was receiving. "The other restaurant is in direct competition with this one, my one, and I was planning on getting a read on how much of a threat he was to my business." He shrugged as he reached the door. "Suffice to say that I'm feeling pretty secure after what I saw tonight."

He pushed open the doors, and then led the large group inside to see an ornately decorated dining room; a large table sitting in the middle and three comfy, warming fireplaces; one on each side of the room save for the one which had the door. People sat down, their faces still holding awe and astonishment at their surroundings, and Harry grinned as he watched them. Finally a double pop of apparition echoed out in the room, and Harry smiled warmly at the woman he immediately recognized. Daphne however, dropped her jaw in complete surprise. "T-Tracey?"

Tracey Davis, seeing her oldest friend sitting in the room, immediately dropped her arm from around Lisa's waist and stepped away ashamed. Daphne turned from surprised to angry in an instant when she saw that, and stood up from her chair; her expression furious. "How could you do that?" Tracey looked positively contrite at having been caught in what she assumed to be an unaccepted relationship, but snapped her head up in shock when Daphne

carried on yelling. "Lisa clearly loves you more than life itself and you just step away from her like that? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU THINKING TRACY? EXPLAIN YOURSELF THIS INSTANT!"

"I-I, wh- I don't- why are you..." She looked completely confounded, and then looked desperately to Lisa for support. She found her lover looking sadly at the ground, and immediately regretted her reaction. Not even caring about anybody else in the room Tracey took the two steps back to her partner and kissed her tenderly, before pulling back and looking miserably at her. "I'm sorry."

Daphne sat back in her chair with a thump, her arms crossed and a triumphant grin on her face. "Now that's much better."

Harry rolled his eyes with a smile; Daphne was one woman he would never understand. To be quite honest he really didn't want to; he'd gladly leave that task to Charlie...and by the looks of it the man himself was thinking just the same thing. After several minutes of light conversation within the group to give the lovers some time to talk, the pair sat down beside each other looking slightly embarrassed. Harry smiled warmly and stood from his chair; waving his hand idly to close the doors to the still-gaping patrons, and erect the most powerful privacy, security, and locking charms he knew...several of which were based upon Demonic and Holy magic. "Welcome all of you; tonight we have many things to discuss, but please wait a moment while I make an addition to our family."

He walked over to Tracey, winked reassuringly, and then rested his hand on her shoulder. A warm pulse ran over her skin, and she quickly pulled down the fabric of her shirt when Harry removed his hand – her eyes widening when she saw the tattoo that now rested there. Any complaint however, was stemmed when Lisa showed her girlfriend her own tattoo, and smiled. Harry was secretly very thankful for that small act; he really wasn't looking forward to explaining Phoenix...again. "For the past month or so we've been recruiting members into our family and simply enjoying The Sanctuary, wouldn't you all agree?"

Everybody save the two newest additions agreed, and Harry nodded. "Well although I could quite happily continue with this existence, an existence my wife and I are certainly entitled to after what we've been through-

"OHMIGOD THAT'S BELLATRIX LESTRANGE!"

"Bellatrix Potter-Black actually," Neville corrected wryly, with a slight wink to the couple. After seeing Bella's devotion to Harry while he was unconscious he had finally accepted her – much to both the immortals' joy. "I learnt that the hard way..."

Tracey and Lisa looked positively scandalized. "Why aren't you killing her?" they yelled in unison, and Neville rolled his eyes like it was the simplest thing in the world. "Because she's pretty cool, Harry would torture me if I killed her, and then she'd come back after ten minutes or so and join in herself. I know when to quit, and that's by not starting at all."

Harry grinned at the deadpanned answer from his best friend...minus Bella, and continued with a mischievous wink towards the two lovebirds. "Too true. You should have realized by now that we hold no prejudice; Bellatrix Lestrange is no more, please remember that. The easiest way to hurt me is to hurt Bella, and I think Neville can testify to the fact that you really don't want to do that." The two looked to Neville for confirmation, and found him nodding frantically in agreement. The two women looked back at Harry in amazement, but nodded, and the immortal smiled happily. "Great! Anyways, we've been relaxing a bit, which is fine, but now we have to start moving forwards. You're all here tonight because you have a large part to play in Phoenix." He waved his hand and leather-covered folders appeared in front of everybody. He looked at Tracey and Lisa with a smile. "The first couple of pages in there should explain what we are to you; I suggest you read through them while I talk to the rest."

They nodded and begun avidly reading, and Harry turned to the rest while flipping open his own to a page with names on it. "If you turn to page seven you'll find out just what you're all here for." Everybody saves the still-reading women did so, and mouths dropped as they were faced with a rather unexpected sight. Harry grinned as his friends all found their names, and the titles beside them, and sat back with glittering eyes as they all turned to look at him. "So let's go through this shall we?" Not waiting for an answer Harry carried on, and Bella was immensely enjoying the shock on their faces. "Neville and Luna, you are in charge of tactics because quite frankly with Neville being the exceptional Auror that he is, and Luna, you having

the sharp mind of an Unspeakable, you are suited perfectly to the task."

Before they could even comment Bella spoke, a wide smile on her face much to the joy of Harry. "Minerva and Philip, you are the Heads of Investigation because we're going to need all the information we receive confirmed and organized for easy access. If you're worried that this could interrupt your duties as headmistress and Unspeakable respectively then don't; we have a potion that will help with that."

Harry turned to Daphne and Charlie with a grin. "Ah yes. You two are in charge of misinformation because together you can distribute information through Charlie's contact network, and knowing Daphne it will sound credible, and will get to the right people." He turned to Fleur and Bill, and his smile fell. "Afterwards I would quite like to speak to you both in private – we have things to discuss." The two nodded sombrely in understanding and Harry continued in a slightly lighter tone. "You two are in charge of security; Bill for your experience as a Cursebreaker, and Fleur for your finesse and skill in protective warding."

The two nodded, and Harry turned to the next people with a grin. "So...how are you two getting along?" Teddy flushed a deep red, and Alyssa buried her head in her hands in embarrassment – which caused Harry and a few of the others to chuckle. "Clearly very well. In any case, you two are going to be in charge of the Youth section. You'll be required to convey information, organize them, and take care of any problems that arise in that area." He saw their uncertain looks to one another and smiled. "You'll be fine; you already have the respect of the others, and you have the maturity and drive needed to take this position."

They nodded hesitantly, and Bella spoke to her sister next; smiling warmly. "You and Ted are in charge of education for the younger youths. I know that you always enjoyed being around Nym when she was young, and so Harry and I thought you might like to take charge of this part." Andromeda smiled tearily, and nodded quickly – trying to hide just how happy she was, while Ted looked equally as joyful, although had decided to express it with a wide grin. Over the next ten minutes they went over the other positions, and everybody was left both very happy and completely astonished at the responsibility that they were being given. Matt spoke up after a moment's silence,

and everybody nodded in agreement after he had finished. "You could do all of this better than any of us; why not just do that?"

Harry smiled at them all, and then spoke warmly to everybody there. "Because I trust you all, and by doing this if one of us is injured, or called away urgently, we know that Phoenix is in capable hands."

Harry sat down silently and poured two cups of tea for the people that faced him and Bella. Bill looked back at Harry silently, his eyes full of respect and thankfulness, but it was Fleur who Harry was paying the most attention to. He nearly sagged in relief when he saw no hostility or hate in her clear, blue eyes. He sighed after a moment, and decided to cut quickly to the chase. "What Bella and I did got your father killed; Bella and I are indirectly responsible for his death, and I need to know where we stand."

Fleur took a shaky sip of her tea, and then rested it back on the saucer in her lap. She didn't speak for several moments, but when she did her tone was completely emotionless. "He tried to murder Bill, all because we were going to escape. He tried to kill me because I defied him." She looked up and met Harry's gaze, her detached façade cracking. "I could never hate either of you for saving the man I love; you will always have my gratitude for doing that." She lowered her eyes. "I don't blame you for his death; he brought that on himself by attacking you, but..." her voice dampened to a whisper and Harry only just caught her last words, "he was still my father."

Harry nodded sadly, and stood from his chair; Bella standing a moment later. "I understand Fleur. If you need time then just tell me, and I can pull you from the missions until you're ready."

Fleur shook her head and hastily wiped her eyes. "No, I'm ready to fight for our cause. It will take some time for me to fully accept his death, but it won't help anybody, least of all me, to sit around wallowing in sorrow and anger." She looked at them both in turn, and then gave a watery smile. "Neither of you are to blame. You've given me more than I ever hoped: a place to truly call home; a family that will never betray me; and a purpose. For that I'll never be able to thank you enough."

Harry nodded with a small smile. "Well in that case Bella and I should be off; if you need anything at all we're just across the road."

The four shook hands, or hugged in Fleur and Bella's case, and then the two immortals departed. Bella moved to walk back to their house, but found herself pulled by Harry towards the end of The Valley. They reached the chair overlooking the forest far below, and Harry sat down silently – looking out over the world. Bella tentatively sat down herself, finding his silence unnerving, but it was his mental silence that frightened her. Gone was the comforting, busy buzz of his thoughts alongside her own, and that lack of intimacy scared her. "Harry..."

He remained silent for a few more seconds, but then sat back with a sigh a moment later. "I would have preferred dying to the pain Eurynomus caused me." Bella looked down guiltily, but Harry carried on undeterred. "But I would rather face him, Lucifer, and Ayperos at once, without the protection of Holy magic than to see you the way you are and to feel the way I do for one more day." Her head snapped up, her eyes showing her confusion, and Harry looked down at the green trees that seemed to go on forever. "Since I woke up you're always clinging to me like I'll leave you any moment, and that hurts." He turned his head slightly, and she gasped at the suffering in his eyes. "I feel as if you don't trust me anymore, even if that isn't what you intend by your actions. The look in your eyes always holds a hint of fear that one day you will be without me beside you, and that is worse than the scarring and torment I received from the demons."

She gaped at him. "I-I didn't know..."

He snapped back at her harshly, "How could you not."

She looked down once more, this time feeling a stab of pure anguish pierce her. "I- I don't..." she trailed off, tears gathering in her eyes, but a moment later felt the comforting, familiar whirlwind of thoughts rush back through her, and Harry's arms wrapped tightly around her.

Her eyes widened in shock when she felt him shaking, and she pulled back to try see for herself if her lover was actually crying, but found herself pulled back to his chest before she could glimpse his face. Her question was answered when he spoke however; his voice breaking every few words and the unmistakable pain underlying his words. "When I was down there; when Lucifer touched me, he had the power to take away my soul and send it to any place in his

domain that he wished. He tried to do it too, but I fought against his will – because of you." He buried his face deeper into her hair, and she felt his tears sinking down to her scalp. Her heart ached. "I wanted to see your beautiful face, hear your soft voice, feel you beside me again so much that Lucifer himself couldn't rip me away from my place in his own realm."

He took a shaky breath through his nostrils and closed his eyes as he smelt her scent. "I was so afraid that I wouldn't ever see you again Bella, and my heart was breaking at the thought of failing my promise to always be by your side. But then I came back, and I was so happy to see you once more." He pulled back, and quickly wiped his red, teary eyes – much to Bella's shock. She had never once seen Harry cry in the flesh; oh she had seen his memories when he cried in the cupboard beneath the stairs, but to actually see the love of her life so distressed felt like all the breath had been knocked out of her. He met her eyes, the pain still palpable. "I was so excited and happy to see you that I didn't recognize the emotion in your eyes until the next morning after we made love." The glow in his eyes dulled. "Do you know what I saw?"

She knew precisely what he had seen in her eyes that morning, and only just managed to whisper it out before the tears begun running down her smooth, unblemished cheeks. "Fear."

Harry nodded sadly. "It hurt so much to see that in your eyes; that you truly held the dread of me leaving you alone." He looked her deep in the eyes, and then said five words; each one punctuated by a flare of his smouldering green orbs. "I. Will. Never. Leave you." He placed his hands on her shoulders, and watched as the tears leaked even faster from her eyes – but he forced back his guilt for being the cause of them. "The thought of existing without you with me...it should terrify me, but it doesn't. Do you know why?" She had looked hurt at first, but after hearing the last words she was now confused. His answer explained everything. "Because I will never exist without you by my side. I swore to you that wherever you went, I would be walking beside you; whatever path you took I would support you; that I would always chose you." Bella lowered her head, shameful, self-loathing tears running down her face. "Slap." She looked up at Harry in confusion, and found him staring disapprovingly at her – although his puffed up eyes detracted from the overall effect. "I would never raise a hand to hurt you, but I really feel like slapping

you right now – so I think that a figurative one would do us both some good."

"Y-you want to slap me?" Harry nodded once more and she lowered her eyes before speaking bitterly. "I understand; I deserve it for what I did to you."

"Did you not hear a single word of what I just spent the last three minutes talking about? I just said that I would never intentionally hurt you, and that I would always choose you no matter what! What I was figuratively slapping you for was because of what you're doing right this bloody instant!"

Puzzlement was all over her face as she met her lover's eyes. She looked down at herself to see if she was picking at her fingers; a habit that he unceasingly hated, and which made him heal the wounds the moment he saw them...before erecting highly powerful kinetic shields that took even her days to get through. Not seeing any wounds at all – which surprised her – she looked back up at him with mystification in her eyes and he sighed before resting his forehead on hers and pushing across his memories of her moments before...and his thoughts on what he saw.

Her eyes widened when she realized what he was talking about and Harry pulled away. "I said to you in La Hotel Azkaban that your self-loathing and uncertainty would be gone by the time we left. It was, until now." He peered deep into her eyes, his own deadly serious. "Are you going to make me break my promise to you?"

The answer to his question didn't even require a moment of consideration of her part; he had never once broken a promise to her; never once looked at another woman; never hurt her physically or mentally, in a bad way at least – as she considered losing her virginity to him the best thing she had ever done; and he had loved her with all that he was – even resisting The Devil to come back to her. To Bellatrix he was the only certain thing in her existence, and to hurt him in such a way, to scar his honour, was unthinkable. In an instant the hatred for herself, the uncertainty, and the fear all fell away, and Harry smiled before speaking the three words that brought the life back to her eyes, and returned her to the woman she was. "I forgive you."

The guilt fell from her shoulders, and she could only cry in happiness as she clutched herself to him, and Harry willingly wrapped her arms back around her; delighting in having his wife back beside him. After quite some time she finally stilled, and simply relished Harry's hands running lovingly through her hair. "Thank you Harry. I'll never do that to you again." Harry smiled and rested his chin on the top of her head.

"I know."

Thanks for all the great reviews! Wow, this is the biggest chapter to date, AND it brings this story to over 100,000 words! Well Tonks may be construed as being rather OOC in this chappy, damn near controlling! Molly levels, but my fic - my rules. Hope you all enjoy it, and keep up the reviews!

"Is surveillance in position?"

A moment's silence followed and Harry rolled his eyes with a grin when the voice finally replied. "You can actually talk to me through this?"

"Yes Bryan, I can – and I wouldn't get too excited over just this; we'll be using far more muggle technology in the future if I have any say."

He could almost see the Asian's broad smile. "Awesome. Um, we're in position by the way."

Harry nodded his approval. "Excellent. I hope you four are all comfortable; you won't be moving until we're finished here."

"We have some scones and tea...and coffee and sandwiches and cake and sweets and ice cre-"

Harry cut off Luna's tirade with wide eyes, "Colin, just how much food did Luna bring?"

The reply was a groan. "I feel so full already and I've only been here for like...five minutes."

Harry smirked at the clear discomfort in the man's voice, and Peyton instead answered Harry's question with a sigh. "It doesn't look like much, but she just keeps pulling more and more and more food out of that tiny backpack...so so tiny..."

Harry stifled a laugh at the woman's antics, but then sunk into a warm, friendly smile which made Bella lean up and press a tender kiss to his lips; the fact that his thoughts and hers were always merging with each other letting her understand and feel his happiness. For years Harry had worked and trained with people that were so hard-ass that the most he would get out of them would be a tactical report, or in Ron's case so immature and stupid that he would boast about cheating on Hermione in disgustingly intricate

detail, and yet here, today, he was working with people that laughed genuinely; were having fun; who trusted him with their lives; and who actually knew him. He felt more and more privileged ever passing day with his new family, and the thing that was so great about it was that the feeling was mutual to all in Phoenix.

"Teddy, Alyssa, how about you?"

Alyssa's excited voice replied a moment later. "We're in the lobby pretending to be drawing the statue...this is soooo cool! I can't believe that we're going to prank the Ministry, and with our parents' permission as well-"

Harry grinned as she was cut short by a wet smacking sound, and he wisely left two of youngsters alone for the time being. The occasional groan over the line wasn't really helping, and Harry cut Tonks off before she could complain. Harry felt a little bit disappointed that Remus was away talking to the Werewolves; he would've burst right into the Ministry atrium and hugged his son before congratulating him on finally taking the step into manhood. He had settled for the certain look of pride that would spread over his face when the ex-DADA teacher heard that his son and his girlfriend had pranked the Ministry...and that the son of Prongs helped them do it. "Support, all ready to provide assistance?"

"We're ready Harry...just out of concern; do you know where Bill is?"

Harry knew precisely where the red-haired man was, and the thought brought a huge smile to his face, but he spoke innocently into his earpiece. "No idea sorry Fleur, but he is safe; both you and I would be alerted through our tattoos if he were in danger, or hurt."

A small sigh of relief reached his ears, "You're right, sorry for interrupting the mission."

Harry shook his head even though the pretty Frenchwoman couldn't see him. "No problem Fleur, I wish I could say that I know how you feel but my bond with Bellatrix kind of shares everything."

"That's a little...invasive, isn't it?"

"It's where I belong; beside her wherever she is."

A chorus of female 'awwww's and 'that is so cute!'s entered his earpiece, and he cringed – but quickly forgot about his embarrassment when a pair of warm, supple lips pressed themselves against his. Several minutes later the constant, badgering, "Oi, Harry, you there?"s became rather insistent, and Harry regretfully broke away from the blonde-haired woman at his side.

"Yeah, I'm here...you really know how to destroy a moment, don't you?"

"A mome- DAMN IT HARRY, ON A MISSION?"

Harry shrugged and grinned cheekily. "What can I say Minerva; I simply cannot resist the love my wife gives me at times." That shut her up, and Harry smirked in triumph. Playing the love card always won him the battle against Minerva, who he knew secretly thought he deserved every drop he could get after what he had been through, and the great thing was that he didn't even need to lie. He was tempted to show her what he did when him and Bella couldn't resist the love that flowed constantly between them, but decided against it; he wasn't sharing that experience with anybody. "Amelia, Tonks, you ready?"

"In position Artemis," replied Amelia happily, emphasizing his callsign – which anybody in public would use over the communication network in case they were heard, "although Tonks is dying to break away and throttle poor little Teddy."

"Muuuuuuuuuummmm!"

"You shouldn't be doing those kinds of things at your age sweeti-"

"I'm in love with her mum, I would do anything for her – now tell me that I shouldn't express that to the young woman I want to marry one day."

Harry heard the wet smack of lips once more, and a passionate feminine whimper followed Teddy's deep moan a moment later. Bella looked up at Harry cheekily, "He's channelling you."

Harry laughed loudly, turning some heads in the alley, but they quickly went back about their business when all they saw was a

blonde-haired, blue-eyed couple sitting on the bench beside the park. He pecked her lips fondly and smiled lovingly down at her before tightening his hold around her waist. A sweet, drawn out whimper escaped her lips, and Andromeda, who was listening into the mission for curiosity's sake, jumped at the sound. "Bella, are you okay?"

Bellatrix let out a breathy sigh, and smiled dreamily up at Harry as she snuggled closer to his chest. "I'm feeling perfect Andy."

"Oh..." After a moment it hit. "Oooooooooohhhhhh..."

Harry shook his head with a roll of his eyes, but couldn't stop the affectionate smile down at Bella before he forced himself back to the mission. "Okay, let's get this show on the road. Surveillance, are we clear for approach?"

"Hold one." After several moments Luna's voice came back over the communications, her voice completely devoid of her customary dreaminess; a side of her that not many ever got to hear. "You are clear." As Harry and Bella begun their approach to the Ministry Luna continued speaking, "Two Aurors guarding the post box – I swear they must be using muggle repelling charms because they stick out like a sore thumb; multiple glamour-stripping wards and several rune-stones in the shape of a pentagram around the entrance probably to prevent any-"

"They are to prevent any people who wish to go against the Ministry from entering," interrupted Fleur. "Bill worked on them for my father; we didn't know that was what it was for, but the pentagram with a blue gem in the centre is Bill's mark."

Harry smiled to himself, and tightened his grip warmly around his wife's hand. She squeezed back. "Excellent. Any overrides? I would prefer to cause as little damage as possible."

"Of course; as it uses a subtle form of Legilimency Bill incorporated a frontal thought override. Simply bring a memory of true friendship with me or Bill to the front of your mind and it will allow you through."

Harry's eyes widened at the design measures and whispered with no small hint of respect in his voice. "Ingenious – I will definitely have to speak to Bill later about ideas he has for the safe houses."

He brought up the memory of nearly two weeks ago when Bill and Fleur had come to their house, and it had ended with a hilarious game of magical paintball, and Harry felt the wards positively pulse in happiness as they passed into the elevator unchecked. His eyes were wide on the ride down and he spoke almost to himself, but Bella nodded her agreement. "That was truly amazing – similar, not in power, but in effect to The Sanctuary's welcome."

The elevator dinged lightly, and Harry morphed it with his magic for a moment to emit the classical 'DUN-DUN-DUN...' horror sound, and the guard at the post was faced with a hysterically laughing couple when the doors opened. That certainly hadn't happened in a while. They stumbled out; all the tension releasing itself at once – and the laughter from over the comms only spurring them on further as they tried to calm down. It took nearly several minutes, but after that not one ounce of worry, anxiety or stress was left in anybody involved in the operation. Harry approached the security checkpoint, and moved to walk through the sensor with his hand still holding Bella's when he was interrupted by a hand on his chest.

Harry looked up in confusion, and the guard looked disapprovingly at him. "One at a time."

The immortal suddenly remembered the new directive about affection in the Ministry, and the recently imposed 'security' regulations – but forced a shocked look on his face. Quite frankly he wanted to look annoyed; because he was positively revelling in the feel of his lover's cool, smooth, subtle hand in his, but decided that he could forego being angry at the current time; the mission was important. "I believe that there is an amendment which allows for people completing a soul-merge to pass through in contact."

The guard looked positively irritated at Harry's statement, and replied in his nasally voice. "Soul-bonds occur once every two hundred years, and the last one was only fifty years ago," Bella leaned up to Harry and whispered that she remembered her mother telling her about it when it happened, ignoring the guard's irritated look at the interruption, "and a soul-merge occurs once every two thousand years. The last one happened four hundred years ago."

"I assume that this is British statistics?" The guard sighed, annoyed, but nodded. "Well I come from New Zealand, and we get multiple soul-bonds every year; and soul-merges every ten or so." The

guard's jaw dropped, and Harry slapped his hand on the desk – which flared a bright orange, signalling a still-completing soul-merge and soul bond. "Both however, occur together only once in...well never, we're the first – but suffice to say that we can now go through together?" The guard nodded dumbly, and Harry walked through with Bella's hand still in his own, not having broken contact for a moment.

"Uh...uhrm- could I have your wands please...ummm, you know for the weighing?"

Harry rolled his eyes, as did Bella, but they handed over their wands to the man; wands which hadn't been used in...well never; The Source's power couldn't be channelled through a wand, and besides, spellcasting wandlessly, wordlessly, and gesturelessly with The Source's power was easier than casting spells with a wand normally. The only reason they still carried them was the significance to them both; it felt to Bella like she had the approval of Harry's mother with her always, and to Harry it was like making a piece of his father proud all the time. The guard quickly noted down the results, and then comically stuttered, "Have a nice day," before turning back to watch the entrance while hyperventilating.

Bella and Harry began walking again, and the blonde woman looked up at Harry with a raised eyebrow. "Odd man."

"Artemis... did you just pull that out because you didn't want to let go of Jennifer's hand?"

"If have the opportunity to hold her then I take it; no matter where, no matter the circumstance, no matter the seriousness."

"AWWWWWWWW!" came the squeals once more, and Harry gritted his teeth, but couldn't prevent the depressed groan when the "CUUUUUUUUUUTTTEEE!" followed several moments later.

Bella muted her microphone by wrapping a packet of magic around the earpiece and leant up to him before nibbling on his ear for but a second. "Thank you my love."

Harry's annoyance disappeared immediately; Bella's thank you doing more for him than anything else could. He could hear, and feel the sincerity; the deep gratitude; the love; and the ever-present

amazement that she could love him, and he could love her so much. They had never thought that such a love existed, and yet for them it was always growing. Harry cleared his throat, now back into his serious tone, "Amelia, Tonks, coming up on point one."

"Got it Arty."

"Don't call me Arty."

"Yes sir."

"Great, now you remind me of Dobby."

Tonks laughed happily, "Okay Artemis."

Harry smirked in triumph. "Better. Okay, Teddy and Alyssa; stop playing tonsil hockey and get ready."

"Oi, we stopped kissing ages ago!"

Harry heard Tonks's huff of disapproval, but couldn't say anything against it after the passion and sincerity in her son's voice when he spoke earlier about what he felt for the pretty young Slytherin. "Sure you did Ted. Anyways, make sure that you have that spell ready – and for the love of Merlin please trust The Source to shape your magic to the right power when you cast it." Not waiting for an answer he was just about to continue when Alyssa interrupted. "Harry, men are coming towards us."

Harry frowned, and tensed at the same time. "I can access your eyes if you trust me."

"Of course I do."

Harry smiled at the genuine certainty in her voice, and nodded to himself once before turning to Bella. "Guide me, I'll be blind while I'm viewing." A slight nod was his reply, and a moment later he focussed on Alyssa's link to him and honed in on it – meeting no resistance from her when he politely knocked on her solid mental defences. A moment later his vision flickered, changed, and Harry peered at the men Alyssa was looking at. He watched their body language and hummed to himself, voicing his thoughts to everybody. "Body

language isn't hostile; no indication of a concealed weapon; no combat training – visible through the way they move; strong, built..."

He shrugged in confusion. "I have no idea-" He frowned when they changed direction and headed directly for the statue. "Alyssa, Ted, make yourselves scarce; just sit on a chair or something and pretend to have a conversation. The vision shifted, and a moment later Teddy was looking at Harry through Alyssa's eyes – which flicked back to the men and the statue every few seconds both for her own curiosity, and for Harry's observation. He felt himself step into an elevator, led by Bella, and marshalled an unconcerned expression onto his face when he felt the magical signatures of others there with them.

He watched the men carefully, but clenched his jaw in anger when he saw the movements they were making with their wands. The elevator dinged, and everybody saves them exited the elevator, which left Harry more than free to yell furiously when the spell was finally completed. "THOSE FUCKING BASTARDS!" He looked upon the changed statue, now of Umbridge standing threateningly in front of a small silver rendition of Britain. The message was clearly supposed to show that she would protect the people from everything, but all Harry saw was red. The statue of the lightest wizard, the kindest – although at times making bad decisions – man Harry had ever known and the man he had seen as a grandfather, after his defeat of Grindewald had been destroyed to make way for the...monstrosity that now stood there.

"What Artemis? What happened?" Amelia sounded distressed, worried that something had gone horribly wrong, and Harry spoke emotionlessly – a very, very chilling experience for everybody listening.

He pulled out of Alyssa's vision, giving her a mental thank you. Nobody involved in the mission envied the people that had gotten Harry to this state. "They went way to far this time, and they are going to pay for their actions." The doors dinged once more, this time on the floor of the Department of Mysteries, and Harry and Bella stepped out; both of them fuming at the actions of the Ministry. Bella hadn't seen it, but she had heard the thoughts of her Love and it was enough to get her blood boiling.

As they walked briskly Harry fired off a new improvised plan, only stopping for small moments when waiting for an answer. Nobody questioned him. "Teddy, Alyssa, there's going to be a change of plan where you're involved. I have instructed The Source to teach you some very dark magic – magic that you must swear to me you will never use without checking with me first. I don't make you swear this because I don't trust you, but dark magic, borderline black magic, can corrupt you if you're not used to it and have built up a resistance. We will do that in the future, but for now I am only giving you permission to do this once. Am I understood?"

"Yes Artemis," came the dual answer and Harry nodded.

"Good. Amelia, Tonks, is the way clear?"

"Yes Artemis."

"Good. Depart the building at your earliest convenience." The fact that Harry had used such formal language was a clear sign to everybody that things were about to take a turn for the interesting. Harry truly mad was something that nobody had ever seen before. The thing that nobody save Bella knew was that he wasn't only angry for what they had just done. The anger itself had been building as soon as he had become an Auror. He had been treated worse than crap; had been abused, accused, assaulted and nearly assassinated nearly every day; they had accused him of a crime he wasn't capable of doing; they had found him guilty of that crime; and they had done one thing that Harry couldn't ever forgive, and had cried about for days in his Ministry holding cell; Hermione had led a raid on his house and had destroyed his parents' photo album.

The statue was the last straw, and Bella had no intention of stopping her husband's rage in the least; in fact she was planning on dealing out a large amount of her own anger at the same time as her Love. She squeezed his fingers supportively while he continued speaking, and a flicker of love flashed across his eyes before it was suppressed once more. "Peyton, you've been great but you and the rest of your team need to depart now; in a few minutes this place is going to be swarming."

Harry could hear the happiness at his praise in her voice, but her words were clipped and professional, making Harry nearly crack a smile. "Copy Artemis, packing up now."

"Teddy, Alyssa, have you nearly got it down?"

"Affirmed," Alyssa replied, and Harry felt a surge of pride rush through him before forcing it down; he would speak to the couple later. "Jen herself is here assisting us with the spell."

Harry nodded, not really surprised. "Wonderful. Once the spell has been cast Jen will apparate you both back to the meeting room at The Sanctuary."

"As you wish Artemis."

"Everybody else please end this call; the sounds that will be coming over the line in a few minutes are not for human ears. Tonks, please be assured that your son and Alyssa will be completely safe; Jen will take good care of them, and you will see them in less than ten minutes in the meeting room. They will however, be struggling with the urge to use dark magic – so I beg you to overlook their actions during their recovery from it; love is the best way to fight it."

"...yes Artemis." He frowned at the hesitation in the reply, but discarded it as simple motherly concern.

"Thank you Tonks." He disconnected her from the call, and the only people that were left on the network were the people Harry wanted to talk to. "Teddy, Alyssa, take comfort in each other. Your love is absolutely nothing to be ashamed about, although it is something that you both will be having a talk to Bella and I about – not for the reasons you think. You may have to go further than you have ever gone before with one another to combat the sudden use of the darkest of magics, but not the entire way; that I assure you. Are you comfortable with this situation – I don't want to strain your relationship in any way at all."

There was a moment's silence, and then a slight wet sound – the breaking of a kiss, and then Teddy spoke. "We have grown very close since we met. Neither of us knows how it happened so fast, but we truly love one another. We are ready to take the next couple of steps as lovers; it will not strain us: it will strengthen us."

Harry smiled warmly as him and Bella walked into the records room and begun the complex incantations. It was the first emotion he had

shown in some minutes. "We need to talk very soon if the love in both of your voices is any indication – tonight at seven suits me and Bella; is this agreeable to you both?"

"But I don't live-"

"I was going to keep it a surprise sis, but I think that another lift to your spirits would be beneficial. This mission is to remove a number of charms on Phoenix members' records – one of which is the illegal, automated address tracking charm. The reason for this is because in precisely two hours you and your family, along with every other family in Phoenix, will be moving to a recently expanded Valley. You're family are neighbours with the Lupins."

There was a moment's silence, but then Harry caught a hint of sniffing, before full-blown, feminine sobs came over his earpiece. Teddy sounded equally emotional; his voice cracking and filled with happiness, but managed not to cry. Channelling Harry again Bella supposed. "Thank you so much my...Brother."

A moment later Alyssa's voice reached Harry's ears, and he nearly sniffed at the emotion that was in it as she spoke to Teddy. "Teddy, my Love." And with that the line went silent, save for the tell-tale sounds of kissing.

Harry muted their channels to give the two lovers privacy, and looked over at Bella – who was slightly wet-eyed just like him. "Are they..."

Harry nodded. "I could feel it wanting to develop the moment they met, but this...this will join them. They cannot be separated for more than an hour from this point on, and I suppose it is lucky that they still have two more weeks of summer holidays; if they didn't then it wouldn't be complete by the time they returned to Hogwarts."

She shook her head in amazement, but her dazzling smile lit up her face. "My great nephew, finding his soul-mate this early in his life. He's lucky."

Harry smiled as he grappled with a particularly difficult protective ward, and shook his head – causing her to frown in confusion. "What happened to us makes us who we are today my Love; our love would never have reached its potential if we didn't have the

lives we led. We would have fallen in love, yes, we would have soul-bonded – we were always meant to be with each other, but the soul-merge...it requires such complete trust, love, depth of emotion, and a want and need to share all that you are with your partner that it does only happen once every two thousand years."

"But...but the guard said that the last soul merge was only four hundred years ago."

Harry smiled lovingly at her, not even acknowledging that he had disarmed all the defences in the room. "Because we didn't soul merge." She frowned and he held out his hands, which she took, and then he sat her down on his lap in black leather chair he had flickered stealthily into existence using his demonic magic. "I find it odd that we only have these conversations when time is of the essence, and we are in perhaps one of the most dangerous places you and I can be." She cracked a smile, but soon turned curious once more when Harry spoke lovingly to her. "What is a soul-merge Bella?"

She thought for a moment, and then quoted from a book she had read a few years previously while with Harry in Azkaban. "A soul-merge is when two souls converge for a time to share with each other."

Harry nodded, and then prompted her. "And what do you feel everywhere?"

She smiled, "You."

He returned the expression. "And I, you. Can you remember what they defined 'for a time' as being?" She shook her head after a moment's thinking and he supplied the answer. "A soul-merge occurs for mere seconds; practicing soul-mergers, none of which exist at the moment and none of which will exist for the next 1600 years, can merge souls with their partners about twice per week."

She gaped, "But I feel complete with you all the time!"

He smiled back at her once more, and replied in much the same manner. "And I, you, but that is because we are not soul-mergers."

"Wh- what are we?"

He smiled lovingly at her, a smile so deep with emotion that the strength left her and she couldn't help but draw herself as close to him as humanly possible without becoming intimate. "We are something that has never existed."

"Why? Why us?"

"Because never before has The Source blessed a couple, and never before has a couple been so unified. It will never happen again, according to The Source; it was given The Gift by the Creator to pass to a couple when it felt they were the right ones. We were given The Gift, and The Gift accepted us; became us; united us. It cannot be taken away; not by death; not by demons or angels, nor by Lucifer or the Creator himself – it is us, and we are one." She looked up at him with bated breath, barely daring to believe that what he was hinting at was true – but his next words confirmed it. "Our souls are not our souls any more. Instead we have each other's souls; fused together as one. It is unbreakable, cannot be pulled apart in any way – but it can be scarred."

"We- we are one?"

He nodded and lowered his head to hers– his breath whispering lightly across her beautifully parted lips – eliciting a mew of pleasure and happiness from her. "We are one, my Love." He pulled her back into a deep, all-consuming kiss; and the union was finally completed. Harry had been planning to save the perfection of the process for their eleventh anniversary, but now he wondered why he had waited so long to do it – or why he had even considered waiting at all. The union required both lovers to acknowledge and accept it consciously, and now that Bella had, everything crashed through them both. Not one secret was left unknown or unexperienced, not one memory was left untouched, not one emotion failed to flow through them from the other, and they tightened their embrace to the point of pain – but it was the most loving, comforting, completing pain either had ever felt in their entire lives.

After several minutes the glow surrounding them dissipated, and Bella moved to pull away from him to relieve him of her weight, but she found herself engulfed in his embrace before she could even move a muscle. "You and I are going to be much the same as

Teddy and Alyssa for the next two weeks, except we'll need to be in constant physical contact – not just vicinity. To cease that for only a moment would cause us both unimaginable pain."

She looked shocked for a moment, but Harry could now feel the delight and deep love even before it showed on her expression. A devoted, tender smile spread across her soft features and her eyes pulsed a loving red back at him. "I would love to hold you for the next two weeks."

Harry smiled and hugged her tighter, his repeated phrase once again making an appearance. "And I, you."

After several more moments the pair stood in silent agreement and spent a mere minute placing the necessary charms to ensure that any new children that came from Phoenix members would have the necessary security on their profiles, and then replaced the wards as they had been before they arrived. The two lovers walked hand-in-hand into the elevator, catching sight of a winking Ted who walked past them without a word on the way to his office, and then headed for the atrium. He unmuted the communications, and found Teddy and Alyssa positively freaking out on the other side. "ARTEMIS, OH MERLIN PLEASE ANSWER! ARE YOU OKAY, ARE YOU HURT!"

"I feel better than I ever have Ted, Alyssa."

Their dual sighs of relief were palpable. "Oh hell Harry you had Teddy positively crying in worry!"

Harry winced. "I apologise then."

"Apology accepted. What took you so long?" questioned Teddy, and Harry smiled lovingly down at his wife.

"That is a conversation for tonight. Are you both ready for the new plan?"

"Of course."

"Do it now; hold hands the entire time, and start losing yourself in each other the second it is done. When I say losing yourself, I am not kidding. There has been a screen set up in the meeting room which will give you complete privacy from everybody. Do not

hesitate to do anything you are comfortable with – nobody will think any less of you." After receiving firm affirmations that they would do just that, Harry wished them luck and then disconnected the call. He pulled the earpiece from its hiding place and watched Bella do the same before slipping it into her pocket. Ten seconds later, when they reached the atrium, they saw Alyssa and Teddy finish the spell, kiss each other, and then disappear silently when Jen touched them on their shoulders.

A rift opened up where the statue stood, and people began screaming when the evil magic washed over them. Harry turned to Bella for a moment, and kissed her. She knew why he was apologising even before he said it, and smiled with a nod. "I know it will hurt, but you need to do this. I want you to do this."

Harry smiled lovingly at her and nodded. "Thank you my Love." And with one last kiss he stepped forward, and released his contact with Bella. He cried out in agony, and felt his heart clench when Bella mirrored his shout, but he forced himself onwards, his green eyes ablaze, and fell deep into The Flux – allowing the magic to fully guide his movements to make the perfect decisions and actions. Bella watched through the pain in awe as Harry moved like fluid around the demon that had stepped through the rift; dodging any and every attack with complete and utter ease. The demon screamed horrifically, and everybody in the room who wasn't protected by The Source, namely everybody saves Harry and Bella, yelled and cried out in agony as their eardrums burst. Harry worked methodically; bringing the demon's temper to breaking point before he made his move.

It took nearly three minutes, but finally the demon let out a nightmarish roar which made Harry grin, and flew towards him. Harry dodged the huge claws, which sliced right through the middle of the statue of Umbridge, who he had animated at the last moment, and then jumped high upwards before stabbing the sword of Godric Gryffindor right through the demon's head.

It was in this position that Harry cast the new statue; Umbridge dead on the ground – her eyes terrified and filled with a disgustingly realistic cowardice; the lowest breed and rank of demon standing over her corpse with its claws covered in the most lifelike blood many had ever seen; and a unrecognizable warrior holding the sword of Gryffindor which was plunged through its head. As Harry

dropped to the ground and sprinted to Bella before engulfing her in a needing embrace; filled with apologies and love. She reached up with her slightly shaking hand from the pain, and then ran it down his cheekbone – and Harry nuzzled into her soft, cool touch with a child-like delight on his face. After a moment he pulled away, wrapping his arm around his Lover's waist, and looked at his creation. As an afterthought he waved his hand to add a happy smirk on his figure's face that was aimed towards the dead figure of Umbridge; he wouldn't put it past the hag to try and spin it so it seemed like she had been avenged.

Harry then muttered several complex and lost lines of demonic spellcraft – creating a black shimmer over all the surfaces of the statue for a moment, and then reinforced it with some angelic protection which extended vertically, both up through the ceiling and down through the floor, from the statue to protect it from any kinds of physical removal. The demonic shields and wards would more than take care of the magical threats. Just as he turned to leave he saw Umbridge run into the atrium, followed by a certain red-haired Auror and bushy-haired Unspeakable.

Hermione and Umbridge had matching expressions of complete and utter fury at the modified statue, and Harry quickly reviewed his memory of the 'original', chuckling when he picked up the small detail of Hermione's name engraved onto the golden floor of Umbridge's statue. It certainly explained why she looked like somebody had just shoved a jackhammer somewhere rather unpleasant. All three heard his laugh and joined the rest of the room in looking at him – or at least the few that had managed to regain coherence after their unfortunate accident with hearing a demon's scream. Harry changed his voice with a thought, and a low baritone came from his mouth as he smirked at the glaring threesome. "Good afternoon. I was here on a visit when I saw the warlocks come in and...ruin the statue of a great, respectable and wonderful man – so I decided that since you had a crack at ruining it, and lying in the process, I'd try and put it back to something more realistic, and stuff some truth back into the scene as well."

He saw Hermione waving her wand in complex motions towards him and laughed uproariously. "You truly think I would allow you to find out who I am?" She scowled angrily, but continued onwards – her old habit of believing everything she read emerging full force. Harry had read the exact same book in fact, and laughed at the section

which said that all identities could be discovered by scanning the soul with the spell she was muttering. The thing which the witch wasn't considering, not that she knew of course, was that there were no records of Harry and Bella in The Ministry for the spell to refer to anymore – said witch and wizard had destroyed them, and even if there had been, their identifications would be null and void – as their souls were newly one. Hermione's mouth dropped when the of her wand flashed, and the word "Unidentified" was written in front of her, and Harry laughed as she did it to Bella as well – which yielded the exact same result.

"I told you so, but I am well aware of who you are Missus Weasley nee. Granger." Hermione paled, and Harry grinned ferally. "Oh yes, I know all about you. It seems that you enjoy stabbing friends in the back – and only for power too." Hermione opened her mouth to ask the obvious question and Harry rolled his eyes. "I know Mister Potter-Black quite well; we have coffee occasionally, and his wife is truly one of the most beautiful, wonderful, and loving women I've ever had the pleasure to-"

"YOU TELL ME WHERE HARRY POTTER IS THIS INSTANT YOU PIECE OF SHIT!" Screamed Umbridge, and Hermione followed with her own two cents worth, deciding rather stupidly to point her wand at the immortal.

It seemed that she thought nobody knew about her being damn near a squib. "You will tell me right now where Harry James Potter-Black is or I will subdue you and issue Sevita Serum before questioning you."

Harry smirked. "What are you going to do? Cast a pitiful Lumos at me?" Her face paled at the number of witnesses to that statement, and she turned completely white when Harry continued. "I will allow you to take me into custody and question me under serum...if you can restrain me in one spell."

Ron stepped forwards, and both Harry and Bella rolled their eyes. The latter threw precisely what Harry was thinking at the stupid dolt. "Are you deaf or just completely and utterly stupid Mister Weasley? My lover was addressing your wife, not you, not the Minister, not the Aurors that are positioned in strategic positions under invisibility cloaks around the room, but your wife."

A string of curses came from various empty spaces around the room and Harry grinned. "So what is it to be Missus Weasley nee. Granger?"

"Fine," she spat angrily.

Harry raised a hand before she could cast the spell however, and grinned even wider. "To give you a fighting chance, I will use no shields, not wards; no protection whatsoever. I will only use my physical strength to break free or recover from whatever you cast."

That alone was like a kick in the ego to Hermione; he had just insulted her power, and in front of the whole Ministry too! With a primal scream of "CRUCIO!" a jet of red erupted from the end of her wand, and Harry watched it travel slowly to him.

He nearly laughed at the power it held, but made no move to stop it hitting him as it slowed to walking pace. Five seconds later it reached him, and connected with his chest – giving him a wave of pins and needles. He shivered, and squeezed Bella's hand to show her that he wanted nothing more than to apparate out of there and make passionate love to her, but had to finish this first; it was all part of the plan to detract attention from Phoenix along with Harry and Bella. She squeezed back, and a flood of warmth engulfed him. He shook in pleasure from the feeling, and Hermione smirked in triumph as she mistook it from him struggling to hold in his agonized screams.

Harry could see where Bella was going with the newer, all-consuming unity they possessed, and so moulded his feeling into one of completion and fullness before pushing it lovingly into her. Her legs went weak at the sensation, and Harry had to force himself to support them both as her warmth pulsed tightly around his groin. He was amazed that such a thing was possible; the feeling and emotions of making love without even physically initiating it...it was incredible. He wondered what truly coming together would now feel like, and could feel Bella's curiosity on the same matter as well – and it only served to make him hurry along the plan so they could return back to their house as quickly as possible and rediscover every aspect of each other.

"That tickled." The Unspeakable's face turned red, and Harry turned to Umbridge. He was already forcing down his complete disgust and

anger at Ron and Hermione; resisting the urge to torture them to the point of madness and past it...over months, but seeing the toad's disgusting expression and clothes truly tested his restraint in not killing them all right at that very moment. "You head Unspeakable has a level of magic just above a squib, congratulations."

Harry looked to Ron, who looked disinterested at the entire situation, apart from leering at Bella. The woman in question sent a high-speed cutting hex at the man's groin, and he collapsed to the ground with a scream of agony; clutching desperately at his privates that were now separated from his body in his hand. Bella spoke coldly to the redhead; her voice scaring him even through the overwhelming pain. "Never look at me again; only my Love gets to look at me like that. If you're quick you might be able to get that pitiful organ reattached." The recently-'man'-turned-eunuch rushed from the room, dripping copious amounts of blood from his crotch, and Harry grinned widely. If he had his way, the bastard would consider what his wife just did as five star luxury treatment, but now wasn't the time, the place, or the situation to do it. His revenge could wait, for years if necessary, but he would get it eventually – that much he knew.

"But for now my wife and I must sadly depart. As much as I would enjoy standing here for another few hours humiliating you further, I need to do something beautiful."

Hermione, even after being shamed, insulted and embarrassed in front of hundreds of witnesses, she still glared and demanded the information as if she had a right to it. "And what's that?" she spat accusingly, and Harry raised an eyebrow.

Bella bet him to the punch however. "You have no right to know, but I want to tell you; to make you jealous. My Love feels the need to leave this place and make love with me – to pleasure me and to make me feel the full extent of his feelings for me. I feel the exact same way about him, and I know for a fact that he will have no trouble pleasuring me, either physically or emotionally." Harry smiled passionately down at her, and she returned the emotion in her eyes before turning back to Hermione and sneering insultingly. "You've never even made love before in your entire life; never been satisfied emotionally, or physically if your son-of-a-bitch-husband's miniscule equipment was any indication."

Hermione went red in anger, "HE PLEASURES ME!"

Harry widened his eyes comically, smirking and laughing internally upon the fact that he had repaired everybody's eardrums as soon as Bella and him had begun ripping into her. "Merlin, well we know that you certainly don't pleasure yourself! If he can still satisfy you with that poor excuse for a penis then I'd say nothing bigger than your pinky finger has ever been in there! He, however, has certainly been putting his little pin into some dark places that are a few grades above his size-grade. When I went to Azkaban his cheating count was sixty four." Harry grinned at the complete disgust, mirth, hate, anger, and, in a couple of places, cruel looks all directed towards the bushy-haired witch from around the room. "But I have my beautiful, Love of my existence to make love to, so I bid you a terrible, humiliating, and horrific day."

Before any of the hidden, but detected Aurors could react, the mysterious man and woman disappeared with a slight crackle of flame and a flash of white. Hermione looked at the empty space for a moment before screaming violently and storming off to her office. Umbridge turned angrily to everybody who was watching, and yelled condescendingly at them all, "YOU STUPID, USELESS DRONES! WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP HIM YOU FOOLS!" All the men winced and covered their privates, but she carried on, "DO SOMETHING USEFUL AND GET THE FUCKING STATUE DESTROYED AND MINE BACK IN PLACE!"

She stormed off; her pink outfit fading away into the distance, and everybody slowly started moving again. After a joint attack of over one thousand Defodio and Diffindo spells organized by a secretly smirking Ted Tonks everybody gave up and went back about their daily business...and to gossip wildly about what had happened.

Harry and Bella crackled into the meeting room with matching looks of want on their faces, which everybody saw and wondered about, but it lessened after a moment as they saw the screen giving the two teens at the back of the room privacy. Jen was standing outside; her hand on the shield; objectively observing the happenings inside, and Harry walked up to her, his fingers lovingly intertwined with Bella's. "How are they?"

"You were gone for a while Harry."

He smiled warmly at Jen and nodded. "Yes I was." He leant down closer to her, "I completed The Gift with my Love."

Jen's eyes widened in shock. "Y-you hadn't fin- it wasn't even finished until today?"

Harry nodded with a mile-wide grin, leaving everybody else in the room wondering just what was going on. Harry winked at Jen, and then nodded back to the wall before voicing his question once more. "How are they?"

Jen put her hand back on the pane and smiled warmly. "They are finishing up now."

Tonks took that the entire wrong way, and leapt from her seat before storming towards the barrier. Harry blocked her path, a slightly angry look on his face. Nymphadora was shocked to be on the receiving end of it. "Don't. You. Dare." He pointed behind him to the barrier, "The two teenagers in there are lovers, and now, more than likely, bond-mates. Today in The Ministry I felt their souls change slightly, and those changes will become more significant over the next two weeks. They will need to be kept in constant contact or proximity; preferably within five meters until the bond is completely stable and formed."

"Bu-but what about sleeping?"

Harry replied as if it was the easiest answer in the world. "They will do so together."

"THEY WILL DO NO SUCH THING!"

"We will."

Nymphadora's head snapped to look behind Harry, and the man himself turned before pulling both of the messy-haired teens into a firm, steady, brotherly and sisterly hug with Bella by his side; whispering to them both. "I am so, so proud of you both, and congratulations."

Teddy squeezed back after the initial shock, "You have no idea what that means to me Harry, Bella."

Alyssa, however, couldn't stop the tears from running happily down her cheeks. "I-I've never had a f-friend, o-or now a b-brother or a-a sister t-that makes me feel a-a-as good as y-you do." She squeezed them tighter. "Thank you so, so much."

Harry shook his head, and was about to smile and say 'it's what family does', but he was cut off, and proven wrong a moment later when Tonks's outburst finally arrived. "How dare you dictate what Teddy can and can't do? How dare you encourage such acts at their age! They're not even fifteen for merlin's sake! What you've just done, and the way that that little slag acted after getting it on with my son-"

Harry kept one ear open to hear her rant, so that he could rebuke it once she was finished, and turned to a now-depressed, saddened, hurt, and teary-eyed Alyssa, and a furious Teddy. He looked Teddy in the eyes, and then the quietly sobbing girl. "Go back behind the barrier. Jen will take you to the living room in our house. It is totally secure; there you will be safe. If you wish to share your love to recover, and do not wish to be disturbed then feel free to go upstairs and take the first bedroom on the left and close the door." Teddy's eyes lightened a fraction, and he nodded to Harry before passing a furious, disappointed glare to his still-screaming mother. They disappeared once again through the barrier, and Harry shared a short glance to Jen, who received his wishes clearly and nodded, before placing her hand on the barrier, concentrating for a moment, and then removing her hand.

Harry turned his full attention back to the furious woman in front of him and halted her speech with a powerful silencing spell. He closed his eyes and sent a mental message to be delivered once Remus's meeting was over, and then looked back at Tonks. "I am your Uncle, your brother, and your friend; I am your mother's friend, brother in all but blood, and family; I am the godfather to your son. I promised to protect him in all ways I could; I promised to treat him like he deserved, and to make his life the best it could be if you couldn't. At that time you meant death, but I promised to that wording – and I am following my oath to you.

"If they are separated more than five meters for any time period over five hours they get sick; eight and, they fall into a coma; ten and they both die because their souls are trying to form a bond with a soul that is not within reach to them. They don't reach heaven, paradise,

the good place, whatever you want to call it after they die because their souls no longer exist. What you are trying to do is akin to what a Dementor does." That seemed to strike a nerve, but Harry continued onwards, now not wanting to go home to make love to his wife, but to comfort and explain all to the young lovers waiting for them. "From now until the time the bond is completing they will be staying at the Potter-Black residence. Our section is large, completely warded, and has several beautiful spots which your son and his destined can share their love in. You will not be granted access during these weeks – for any reason."

An almost undetectable voice broke through the silencing charm Harry had placed, and he raised an eyebrow at the volume she must have been using to overpower it. "YOU CAN'T DO THA-"

"You have my permission Harry."

Harry looked over Tonks' shoulder and saw Remus looking at his wife, a disgusted look on his face – which morphed back into complete trust and pride when he met Harry's eyes once more. "But please don't block me out; I want to be a part of the beautiful thing that is happening between them."

Harry smiled warmly at the werewolf, and nodded. "Of course Remus, you are always welcome in our house." His smile faded, but his expression still remained friendly, and a slight apologetic. "But please don't visit tonight or tomorrow; they will be very emotional, and affectionate to the point of embarrassment in front of you. Every visit after that will have to be limited to around thirty minutes; they will only have the mental strength to steel themselves against their need to share their love for about that long."

Remus nodded once more, happiness and pride for Teddy in his eyes. "I am so proud and happy for him."

Harry smiled a genuinely warm smile at him. "I will pass that along."

"And please do tell them both that I approve completely; they have my blessing to do anything involving their love – even consummating it if they so wish."

Tonks screamed through the silencing charm, the exclamation only coming out as an almost silent squeak, and both men ignored it.

Harry nodded, his own look of pride spreading over his face at Remus's actions. "I will pass that along to them; it will make them the happiest people in the world to have your acceptance. I have yet to speak to Alyssa's parents, but I will be doing that tonight." He turned to Tonks with a warning glare. "I have already gotten The Source to ward their house against your entrance or meddling, so don't bother." He turned back to Remus. "Perhaps tomorrow you would like to visit Alyssa's parents; they can explain to you what I told them."

Remus nodded happily. "Great idea."

Harry smiled as he remembered that that his meeting time with the Berkleys was when he had planned to explain it all to Alyssa and Teddy initially, and he nodded. "Perfect."

Bella smiled up at him, and with a look of complete love in their eyes the two disappeared in a lick of flame. Remus smiled warmly at the space where they had been for a couple of seconds, but then turned to the rest of the group – ignoring his wife completely, and giving them congratulatory smiles. "Harry didn't get to say just how proud he was of you all today, and how trusted and privileged he felt when you worked with his completely off-the-wall plan with no questions. He told me in his message through my mark to pass that along to you if he didn't say it himself, so know that you all did a truly wonderful job, and you made our leader feel truly overjoyed to be a part of you families." They all nodded with matching smiles, and then left the room with heartfelt 'thank you's to Remus for passing on the message.

Finally Remus turned to his silenced and frozen wife, and kept her like that while he talked; he could release her any moment he wished, as Harry had transferred the magical matrix to the forefront of his mind before he left, but he was so furious he could only manage ten words before he apparated away. "Stay away from me, and think about what you've done."

As she stood there, alone in the middle of the meeting room, now free of her magical prison, she fumed for nearly ten minutes; yelling and ranting in anger about immature, irresponsible kids that...cast a black arts spell to help Harry, and who...looked at each other with so much love; a love that was truly incomparable to anything but

Harry and Bella... teens who were fighting a war...teens that she had treated horribly.

In the empty room, in the empty Sanctuary, Nymphadora Tonks broke into dismayed, self-loathing sobs and collapsed to the ground.

What had she done?

R&R!

Well today (or rather this morning) is opening day for duck shooting, and so I'll be sitting still...waiting...doing virtually nothing for the entire day. By posting this, at least somebody will get some joy from what I'm doing - and I'll be able to feel that I've done something worthwhile :-). I hope you enjoy this new chapter, and as a WARNING, there will be a little bit of what could be construed as irresponsible teaching from Bella and Harry. Please get over it; Alyssa and Teddy are 'old souls' and are more than ready for the information.

Harry saw the lovers immediately; Alyssa curled into the foetal position on the couch, sobbing; her head on Teddy's lap. Harry watched as the young man gently ran his hands through the blonde's hair and whispered lovingly to her that all that mattered was them, and that anybody that didn't accept them wasn't worth their time.

"Hey." Alyssa jolted, and moved to sit up, but Harry pushed her head back down onto Teddy's lap with a reassuring smile. "In this house you will see that Bella and I never hide our affection for one another. We always hold hands; we hug and kiss each other for no reason other than to share our love; we feed each other sometimes because we enjoy the feeling of caring for each other; we sleep on the couch holding one another for a small nap; we go for long walks around our property where we kiss, caress, and make love." The teens blushed heavily at this, but Harry and Bella's faces remained calm and caring.

Bella shook her head, with a smile. "Never be embarrassed about any aspect of your love. To you we are friends and advisors first, and family and authority figures second. What you have together is incredible – only happening once every two hundred years. The last recorded soul-mates were fifty years ago, but they are fakes; they used a lost marriage ritual to counterfeit the records."

Alyssa's eyes shot wide open in shock at what the black-haired woman was implying, and Teddy looked like he wanted to kiss the woman on his lap furiously if Harry confirmed what he thought they were saying. Harry saw the look and nodded. "Your soul-bonding has begun." Teddy took Harry's advice to not be afraid of affection in their company, and pressed his lips lovingly to his bonded's. Harry smiled down at Bella, and the need flared back into their eyes – before they closed and their lips met just like the couple on the

couch. The difference was experience, and as their tongues danced around each other, and as Bella's aroused moans reached the teens' ears Harry could feel them being watched. He didn't mind; he wanted to show the two young lovers just how special what they had was; and if that meant letting them get some physical ideas from watching him and Bella loving one another he was more than happy to allow that to happen.

A moment later he heard Alyssa's gasp, and then long, drawn out mew of pleasure – and Teddy's groan of delight as they finally entered each other's mouths. After nearly half an hour of kissing and what soon evolved into caressing as well, the couples broke apart; Harry and Bella now lying together, Harry's arm snaked under her shirt and cupping her breast softly as they all gained their breath back. "Tell me how that felt for you."

Alyssa looked at the two lovers in awe, amazed at the trust, comfort and love they held for one another; and astonished that she was feeling it as well – nowhere near the strength that Harry and Bella had, but so, so much more than any other couple alive. "I-I feel complete; it's...it's as if Ted is...everywhere around me, and..." she blushed, "inside of me, but not suffocating me; it's like he's..."

"Assuring you that I will always love you," finished Teddy, and Alyssa looked up in surprise.

"You- you feel that too?"

The teen smiled and nodded. "I can feel your presence around me and inside of me; like a warm blanket, but it is so clearly you that I feel. I can feel your...essence I suppose..."

Harry nodded and smiled widely. "Amazing, isn't it?" The two nodded, speechless, and Harry continued, slowly running his fingertips over his lover's soft, pert breasts – leaving her mewling softly every few moments; a sound that always made Harry want to hold her tighter to him, and so he did – causing a pleased moan from Bella as her entire body was aligned and pressed up against his. Teddy tentatively looked to Alyssa for permission, and she nodded shyly but without a moment's hesitation. The trust between the pair was palpable as Teddy mirrored Harry's actions towards his lover, and Alyssa positively moaned in pleasure as her bonded's

fingers brushed over her sensitive nipples, and gently kneaded the supple flesh.

Harry nodded with a smile. "Good. Now I'll give you the basic rundown of what this means. Firstly, you need to stay in physical contact or within 5 meters of each other for around one and a half weeks." They nodded in understanding, until Alyssa's eyes went blank as Teddy tweaked her nipple. A moment later coherence came back into her eyes, and Harry laughed. "For now Teddy, may I suggest just sticking to her breasts; this is pretty important stuff." The pair blushed beetroot red, and Harry couldn't help but smile softly when he saw Teddy's caresses continue under Alyssa's blue t-shirt. "Thank you. Secondly, you will be very emotional during the formation of the bond; many things will be blown out of proportion – like for instance, when Bella's and my bond was forming, there wasn't any mustard in the fridge and I threw a complete tantrum out of nowhere." He shrugged, "But you'll find that it won't matter to either of you; your love will just keep on growing."

The teens' eyes widened, "Forever?" they chorused hopefully, and Harry laughed with a nod.

"Forever my friends. It will always be the most wonderful feeling you will experience, and at times it can be overwhelming, but together you can enjoy it. If it gets too much then share your love, give it to each other and express it; it truly does help."

Bella made the third point, "Also, while bonding you will mature physically, and by the end will look to be more along the lines of seventeen." Teddy's eyes widened, and his mouth opened to ask a question, but Bella answered it before it was even voiced. "That happens because of two reasons; firstly it makes you more able and grown to take the physical pleasure you can give each other," blushes erupted on their faces once more, "and also so that your core has time to expand far past the normal size and power. This happens to bonded couples so that they can defend themselves and each other from the majority of witches and wizards if they are targeted."

They nodded once more in unison, and Harry pulled out the last point for the night. "In addition to Phoenix's gift of you not appearing to age after thirty, a soul bond increases your lives by around fifty

years depending on the strength of it." He smiled at the worried glances they gave one another, "I wouldn't worry; your soul bond is on the same level as Bella and mine was."

They looked relieved, but also confused. Alyssa peered carefully at them, as if trying to dissect a problem. "Why did you say was?"

"Because we no longer have a soul bond," replied Bella lovingly, before capturing Harry's lips in a passionate yet deep and heartfelt kiss.

"Wh- oh no!"

Harry smiled, and Bella grinned widely, "It isn't a bad thing at all; because our soul bond was replaced with something else; The Gift." Her eyes fixed onto Harry's as she spoke, and the young teens were astonished and completely awed at the love that they were exchanging in just their gazes. Both of them wondered what it felt like for them when they became intimate. Harry caught the tail end of that thought, but mentally shook his head; that act of intimacy truly was private; it was a precious treasure that they would never share with others. "The Gift is truly indescribable, and even if I could find the words to do so I would never share it with anybody saves the man that makes me complete."

Harry and Bella were surprised when not even a flicker of disappointment crossed the teens' faces and dropped their jaws slightly when Alyssa smiled, along with Teddy, and spoke for both of them – Harry's fingers even stopped their ministrations on his lover's breast. "We are so happy for you two; you are the only two people who love each other so much; who can give yourselves so completely to each other; who can be who you are." She smiled wider. "Congratulations, both of you. I saw that something had changed when you came back from record storage – was that when The Gift finished bonding you?"

Harry finally managed to get coherent thought back, and shook his head; complete amazement in his eyes. Bella however, jiggled her breasts to prompt Harry to return to his loving caresses. He gladly complied while replying, his voice choked up quite substantially as he spoke. "I- I really don't kno- I...thank you so much Alyssa, Teddy...you are the first people to ever say something that seriously to us...I- it means so much to hear it from such wonderful people."

The two couples beamed at each other with a deep friendship, and then Harry answered their question. "And no, the bond will complete over the next week for Bella and I; much like you, but the 'rules' during the creation of it are a bit different."

Teddy frowned, and tweaked his lover's nipple once more, delighting in the feel of her aroused shudder that rocked through her body, and the pretty moan that escaped her full lips. "How so?"

"If we break physical contact we fall into horrific pain; if we cease sharing our love either mentally or physically for more than ten minutes we receive the same pain – and if we are split up and pulled over fifty meters away...we die."

"By the mother of Merlin," whispered Alyssa in shock, while Teddy just gaped at them – this time his hands ceasing all movement.

Bella smiled back at the pair reassuringly. "Look at us at this moment; look at the love we hold for each other and the physical contact we crave." The teens did and nodded. "I would hold Harry, kiss Harry, make love with Harry, listen to Harry, give him love and receive his for all of time if I could, and perhaps someday for a few years that is what we'll do, but for now we've just finished a mission and are free for two weeks, as are you. Now is the best time for us to bond, and it's the best time for you too. By completing it here, with Harry and I you can have all your questions answered about anything; not just the soul-bond but physical intimacy, mental intimacy, and how to deal with the problems that will arise at Hogwarts."

Alyssa looked shocked, and Harry nodded seriously at her. "I know all about how they treat you Alyssa, and it will stop. I will not have one of my best friends forced to hide what a beautiful person she is; I will not have you defenceless and lonely; and I will not have you unprotected. I have solutions to all of the problems already worked out; the first being that your core – especially once the soul bond is finished which will be well before school starts, learns through The Source how to counteract all potions and poisons; defeat any charms – to an extent in regards power – that you don't wish on yourselves; and use your magic to its absolute potential. No longer will you be forced to hide your beauty Alyssa."

Bella nodded in complete agreement and continued. "As for being lonely, that will never happen again Alyssa; you have you bonded in Teddy. It isn't like a marriage bond in that it can be broken – it simply would never happen even if it could. A soul-bond is so rare because the couple are perfect for each other. You are in harmony, and will be for the rest of you lives." She smiled warmly at the two, "Also, Harry and I wish to congratulate you Mister Teddy and Missus Alyssa Lupin."

The just-informed-newly-weds gaped at the immortals in overwhelming bewilderment, and only managed two words said in unison in barely a whisper. "Alyssa Lupin?" After several minutes of silence where Harry and Bella waited for the beautiful scene that would occur when it sunk into the two lovers, a tear finally rolled down Alyssa's cheek. It was soon followed by another, and another, until they streamed euphorically down her face, and she pushed herself right up against Teddy before crashing her lips against his in complete abandon. Between the quick, almost non-existent moments to breath in more air, Bella and Harry could clearly hear Alyssa whispering, "My husband, my beautiful husband, my Love," and Teddy's, "My perfect, radiant wife, my Lover, my Life."

The care and love in the young adults' voices brought tears to the immortals' eyes, and Bella looked up at him with a small but completely devoted expression. She slowly leant towards him and slipped her tongue into his mouth, and they both moaned in unison.

After nearly another half an hour of caresses and kissing the couples returned to their previous activities; the two males caressing their lover's breasts under their shirts, and the women stroking their lover's free hand with their own. "Teddy, Alyssa," Harry started uncertainly, "I- I would like to share this with you – the bonding experience." They looked at him and Bella in shock and he continued before he lost his nerve, such a request was huge; nearly unthinkable according The Source. "I mean, the lovemaking we wouldn't, anything sexual we wouldn't, but I want to share the bushwalks, the clearings, the waterfalls, the peace with you. I want to bond alongside you, because I consider both some of you my very best friends. I know it's sudden; jumping from acquaintances in your case Alyssa, and from family in your case Teddy, but both Bella and I feel a strong friendship; a connection to both of you. I- oh never mind, it was a silly id-"

"We would love to share this with you."

Harry's eyes bolted back up to meet Teddy's, and he found the young man smiling warmly back at him. "You are not the only people to feel this connection; both me and Alyssa feel it as well. I know that you are technically both nearly over twenty years older than us – or in your case Bella, forty, but it doesn't feel like it...it feels like we're so in sync with each other as couples that it's almost like another bond – a friendship bond."

Harry smiled the biggest smile he had that entire day, and Bella matched him. "Then we will cement out relationships together." Teddy and Alyssa nodded happily, and Harry calmed slightly, instead a warm smile settling over his face. "Your father wanted me to give you a message Teddy; he is so proud and happy for you, and he gives you both his blessing for your relationship, and the consummation of it if you so wish."

Teddy's eyes teared up, and he whispered an emotional "Dad..." and Harry nodded to him with a knowing smile.

"See, extremely emotional. "

Teddy nodded with a watery laugh, and Harry grinned. "We're going to be changed by the end of our bondings; but it's for the better – now let's go for a walk to the waterfall before I leave to talk to your parent's tonight Alyssa."

Her eyes widened slightly, and Harry smiled. "Are they coming here?"

Harry shook his head, "No, for the first couple of days you need to get used to the bond; restrain your requirement to share love physically for up to thirty minutes; and grow into control of your core before your parents can see you and visit here."

"Not mum."

Harry nodded at Teddy's interjection. "No, but your father is looking forward to seeing you and meeting your lover." Teddy smiled a soft, gentle smile, and Alyssa looked up at him in awe; to her he looked beautiful.

"I look forward to seeing him again too."

Harry groaned as he stood on the doorstep, and Bella looked up at him humorously. "I feel like a bloody teenager introducing myself to his girlfriend's parents, and they're not even related to you!"

"This was your idea," she teased, and Harry looked down at her taunting smile with a sigh.

"Well I had to do it; they do have the right to know what is happening, and where their daughter is." He sighed, but then pulled himself together and knocked the door before he chickened out.

Only a couple of seconds later it opened and a woman appeared with her hair tied back in a pony-tail and wearing ripped clothes covered in paint. Her eyes brightened when she saw who it was and she immediately pulled the two into an embrace, before squeaking and jumping back – fussing when she saw the paint all over their smart robes. Harry laughed and cleaned it off with a wave before nodding to the woman's attire. "Painting?"

She nodded bashfully, and her husband then appeared from the kitchen, a smile spreading over his face when he saw them. "Yeah, Maria and I enjoy doing things the muggle way. The Valley told us that we could just touch the walls, but we love doing stuff like this together, and it told us that it would ward it against age when we were done." Hayden wrapped an arm around his wife as he was talking, and Harry smiled warmly at seeing their love so strong even after so many years. The man frowned after a moment, and then peered behind Harry and Bella. "Where's Alyssa?"

Harry gulped. "Ummm, that's why Bella and I are here actually..."

"Are they hurt?" Maria demanded, and Harry shook his head quickly.

"No, both her and Teddy are perfectly safe...probably better than they've been in a long time, if ever." He paused for a moment and then looked around.

Even though they were over five hundred meters away from the nearest neighbour's house he still felt it was a conversation best held in private. Hayden saw Harry's concern and motioned them

inside before leading them to the lounge; a mess of paint, and sitting down opposite them on the covered furniture. "So what's happened?"

Hayden was straight to the point, and Harry didn't blame him. He decided to get it over and done with in one single go so that their worries were abated...hopefully. "Alyssa and Teddy have committed to a soul-bond. The reason for this is that they are perfect for one another, love each other, trust each other completely, and wish to be together for the rest of their lives. They cannot be separated for the next week and a half, or thereabouts, or else they will die. They are staying at mine and Bella's property to complete it, as both of us have been through it ourselves and can provide guidance where the bond and its...certain issues are concerned." Harry paused, winced, and then said the last part, "And it also means that they're married."

Both Hayden and Maria gaped at the pair, but the latter finally managed an, "Oh," while the former just let out a surprised gurgle. Bella decided to do her part, as she wholly supported what had happened, and turned to Maria specifically. "This is what they want; they want to be together this way and be beside one another for the rest of their lives. This bond will allow them to share a lot more with each other than normally possible, and simply cannot form with people that are less than in the deepest of love with each other."

The parents sat quiet and still for several minutes before Hayden spoke and he looked seriously at Harry. "You said that there are certain issues that this could bring forth."

Harry nodded with a wince, the next part was generally the hardest part for parents, at least in his experience, and he wasn't particularly looking forward to speaking with them about it. "Well the bond immediately elevates the feeling of love in the couple, which can lead to certain physical advancements in their relationship." He stopped the complaint before it even begun, "Generally not intercourse; in fact the bond actively discourages it, but as for other physical intimacies, yes. Exploring each other's bodies completely is pretty much guaranteed, and anything sexual from that point on is generally confined to mutual masturbation." Harry blushed at this, as did Bella – more because of the fact that they had emphasized the fact that they had done this at some point, and he took a deep, calming sigh before continuing. "Do you have any more questions or objections? Because Bella and I are completing a more advanced

bond right now and my patience and reason is quickly disappearing."

Both of the adults blushed and stammered for a few moments before Maria asked the first. "When can we see them?"

"In about two days," Harry replied, "they need to learn to control their...actions towards one another first, and even then the meetings will only be around half an hour in length. Even Bella and I are running on fumes to come here and not touch each other more than we are now."

Hayden looked ready to run for the hills at that, far be it from the fact that he didn't like Harry or Bella's company, but he really only liked his wife in that way. "Right then, well I'll keep this short."

"Please do," replied Bella tersely, and Hayden gulped at the tone.

"Are they safe?"

Harry smiled warmly as he stood up. "Of course they are." The man looked relieved, as did Maria, and they both nodded at the immortals. Harry nodded back, and then popped away with a minute crack. Both Hayden and Maria looked at each other and then begun painting again to try and distract themselves from all the information they had just been given.

The two popped back into existence in the living room of their house, and Harry tore Bella's top and robes right off her body while she melted the buckle of his belt before ripping it free of his jeans. Harry caught sight of the astonished looks on the clearly ruffled teens as their friends stripped in front of them, and called out to them as Bella dragged him towards the stairs and he fumbled at her bra clasp. "Our room's the first one on the right; yours is the first one the left. Silencing spells are active, as are anti-pregnancy wards." Just as the clasp freed itself he stopped, and stared at them, his eyes completely serious.

"And don't, for the love of Merlin, interrupt us."

R&R!

Harry looked at his watch as the second hand ticked by one millimetre at a time, and looked at Bella lovingly. "Trust me when I say that I'm not like this because I want to let you go."

She returned his expression and nodded. "I know."

Teddy and Alyssa were looking at their friends standing on the hill from the lounge window wondering just what they were doing. They didn't need to ask when a visible shockwave of pure energy blasted from them; spreading through The Valley and bending every tree with its power. At the epicentre of the explosion Harry looked at Bella in shock when a ghosted image appeared around her, and transparent arm lifted out to him. He watched in fascination as his own soul reached out to the arm with its own, and smiled warmly when he saw their very essences intertwine their fingers. Not worrying about doing anything wrong he reached out to his lover and pulled her softly to him; and she smiled beautifully up at him – so full of life – before kissing him.

Had his eyes been open he would have seen both of their souls smiling at them as they started to meld together; he would have seen the shockwaves increasing in power and frequency; he would have seen the ground around them flourish with life; but all Harry felt was Bella, and all Bella felt was Harry. They didn't need to see it to feel it; the completeness they craved settling deep within them; their love breaking all barriers of reason and flourishing – completely unchained and freed from the confines of their previously-limited bodies. They could literally feel the magical pathways in their systems evolving; their cores merging and burning brighter, and knowledge pouring into their minds.

And then as soon as the light and power had come it disappeared; the beam of light from the heavens flickering and dying before raining down and absorbing itself into the two lovers wrapped in their embrace. Harry breathed out in complete disbelief. "So this is what it feels like to be complete with you...I never imagined..."

Bella nodded into his chest and pushed him with a joyous and carefree laugh as she danced away. Harry's eyes lit up and a huge grin spread over his face as he chased after her; casting harmless tickling and slipping spells to bring her back within his reach. He could feel her joy, her confidence, her love for him, and laughed as he was caught unawares by an ice charm beneath his feet. An idea

struck him and he continued sliding across the ground using a spell of his own; gaining speed as he sped down the hill. Bella screeched in surprise when she was tackled gently off her feet and flew down towards the hard ground, but her smile returned in full force when suddenly they were engulfed in a whirlwind of flower petals.

They landed with a dull thud and Harry looked through the rain of colour at his lover, and he smiled at her stunningly red eyes and smiling lips. They leant forward at the same time to kiss, and Harry gently massaged the base of her neck while she entangled her fingers in his messy hair. It was minutes later that they finally parted for more than a moment, and Harry looked across at her; her cheeks flushed beautifully; her smile beaming back at him; and her eyes saying to him what she always felt. "I love you."

He smiled and pecked her before replying in kind. "I love you to Bella."

Her smile widened and she raised her hand to his cheek; gently caressing it, and loving the way he moved into her touch. After nearly an hour of nuzzling each other gently, Harry mumbled into her hair, "We need to get Remus, Maria and Hayden over."

Bella nodded happily, breathing in the scent of the bed of petals they were lying on with a smile on her face. "Yeah, but you know why we couldn't before now."

Harry snorted humorously. "Yeah: because those two haven't been practicing and have been spending all their time snogging." Bella rolled her eyes, but couldn't disagree. "I like this."

She nodded happily and brought his hand up to kiss the back of it. "Me too. I didn't even know it was possible to be this in love with another person."

"It isn't." She jerked in his embrace and he smiled into her hair. "Why do you think we're the only people to be like this? The Creator didn't create humans to love like you and I do."

"We...we're not human?"

He shrugged. "I'm not really sure. Our bodies are I suppose, but our souls...that's a different matter altogether."

Bella thought for a moment, but then relaxed and pulled his arms tighter around her with a smile. "I don't care; as long as I am like this with you then I don't care."

Harry pulled her closer to him and grinned. "My sentiments exactly."

Harry sat in the lounge and watched the two youngsters go at it with reckless abandon, his eyebrows up in his hairline. "This is... this is some serious preparation for meet the parents."

Bella smacked his arm with a grin, "We were just like that in Azkaban, just without the parents part which meant that we were doing that almost every waking minute."

"Point."

Bella smirked, and then the doorbell rang. Harry saw the two teens freeze, then quickly straighten their clothes, and made his way out into the hallway. He opened the door to find three people waiting, and smiled at each of them in turn. "Come on in." They all did, and as he took their jackets he warned them. "Both Teddy and Alyssa look different, older, so there's that...and they haven't had much practice in restraint – not that they'll need to after the bond completes, but for now I would ask that you overlook kisses that go for a moment too long."

Remus smirked while the other two looked a little shocked, and Harry rolled his eyes. "Down Moony."

He led them all through to the lounge, and then stepped back before clearing his throat when he saw the situation. The two teens parted, breathless, but then leapt from the couch when they saw the company. "MUM, DAD!" screamed Alyssa as she careered into them, while Teddy literally blasted Remus through to the next room with his pent up energy. The boy winced, and then ran through the doorway to heal his groaning father. Harry chuckled, and sat down as he watched the reunions.

Today was a good day.

Harry stood guard outside the door with a grim look on his face, and Bella looked just as stern. It had been over two weeks since Teddy

and Alyssa's bond had stabilized, but today was the first time that the two lovers had seen or met Nymphadora in over four.

Teddy had been reluctant to see his mother after her last reaction to his relationship with Alyssa, but eventually came to the same conclusion Harry had reached in regards Bella; if he had to choose between someone, or something and her, then she would be his answer every time. They could only hear quiet muttering inside, and hoped that that was a good sign; the two teens could more than take care of themselves even with Nymphadora being an ex-Auror, but Harry didn't take lightly to any threat against his friends lightly, let alone his closest ones.

Finally the door opened and Teddy and Alyssa appeared. Harry looked at the pair questioningly as they closed the door behind them and the young woman sighed, while Teddy had a strained look on his face. "It's so hard to forgive her, I mean in a way she denied that the love I have for 'Liss wasn't real – but I'm trying. It'll take time."

Harry nodded with a small smile on his face. "Time, Teddy, is something that we have. She really is sorry."

Alyssa nodded. "Teddy knows that, but I also know how he feels and agree that it will take time. She hurt us both emotionally and it will be a while before we're back to the way we were."

Harry nodded once more. "I know that; emotional wounds take longer to heal than the physical." He thought for a moment and then smiled at the pair, changing the topic once he heard the pop of apparition inside the room. "So are you two going to be attending the meeting in..." he checked his watch, "ten minutes?"

Teddy shook his head with a regretful smile. "Sorry but we can't make it; we have a meeting of our own to hold with the other youths. Apologise for our absence though."

Harry nodded with a grin. "Will do."

Bella smiled at the pair. "Are we still on for dinner tomorrow night?"

Alyssa's eyes lit up and both Teddy and Harry shared a subtle rolling of the eyes – but there was no missing the affection they had

towards their lovers as they did so. "Yes! I'm so looking forward to it...so it's the Ministry's annual..."

"Fundraising ball."

"So we're paying The Ministry?"

Bella laughed and shook her head. "No; The Ministry accountant in charge of the event is Tracey."

All four of them had a chuckle, before Harry leant down with a grin. "Just on a wee sidenote...I've been told by that particular woman herself that she is going to propose tonight."

Alyssa clapped her hands together excitedly. "Oh wow! Oh that is just wonderful! Can you please send me a message when everybody is congratulating them so that we can come and wish them well too?"

Harry nodded with a smile, "Of course I can. I'll pull you to me so that you can avoid everyone," nobody missed the connotations of that, "and congratulate them quickly before being on your way again."

Teddy grinned. "Much appreciated Harry."

Bella smiled with a wink, "Well off with you; you're the leaders and you have to be there at least ten minutes beforehand so that you can act all important."

The wedded couple snorted with laughter and then popped away with dual smiles, leaving Harry and Bella to do just the same. They arrived in a very private, and very upscale dining room overlooking a huge city and Harry smiled alongside Bella as they stood at the window. The restaurant itself was situated on the top of a huge pillar that was shrouded by an armoury of the most powerful not-notice-me and muggle-repelling charms invented, and it was by invitation only that people got a place there. The private dining room itself was so exclusive that the only people in history since its founding over fifty years ago to have used it were the Manager, Dumbledore, Amelia Bones, and himself.

The reason for the venue was because Tracey had once blushing told Harry before Azkaban that she had, ever since being a little girl, wanted to propose to the woman of her dreams in that very restaurant; to kneel by the window and ask for that woman to be her lover for eternity. Harry had been so touched, and felt so privileged at hearing such a thing that the moment after she had told him that she was proposing he had cracked through the wards that even The Ministry couldn't detect, and asked the owner right that minute if he could book the famed and illusive Room.

As Harry looked out over the beautiful city lighting up the darkness with light; the small dots of vehicles moving far, far beneath them as people went about their lives oblivious of the huge tower above them; and standing beside the woman he loved, he couldn't help but smile. He would never change the fact that he had proposed to her in Azkaban; as it was a part of them, but the fact that he would soon be seeing two lovers come together in that very room was more than enough to make him smile. The small squeak came from behind him, and the two spun around in confusion; their eyes widening when they saw Jen standing there in smart clothes and a smile on her face. "I am here to bless the two here tonight."

Harry raised an eyebrow, but Bella voiced their question. "Bless them? How?"

Jen laughed a joyous laugh, and then looked back at them with The Source glowing pure blue in her eyes. "Just as I blessed you when you came to The Valley."

Harry frowned. "But you strengthened our Soul Bond..."

Jen nodded, still grinning, and the two immortals widened their eyes with a unified, "No way..."

Jen's grin widened. "Of course. In fact such a thing will be happening to every couple in The Valley. Everybody now in Phoenix is one of The Founders. Not one more person save's the offspring of The Founders will live in The Valley unless a marriage occurs outside of it, and only then if I accept them."

Harry's eyes boggled. "You...you can really do this for us?"

She laughed again and leant her head to the side, "Well not you two; what you share is far, far more than a soul bond, or a soul merge, but yes; I can do this for The Founders."

Bella clapped happily. "This is great! But are you sure that everybody is perfect for each other, as the bond stipulates? If they are then why didn't they bond naturally?"

Jen's eyes darkened at that, and she sat down beside where Harry and Bella would be sitting. "All of them were born when The Ministry had more say where medical procedures were concerned."

Harry's eyes turned furious, and he gritted his teeth. "Please tell me you're not about to say what I think you're about to say."

"I would, but I would be lying si- Harry."

Harry growled and turned around, feeling his wife grip his hand almost painfully in her own rage at what Jen had just told them. "What about Bella and me?"

"Your love was too strong for the blocks they put on you."

Harry nodded once, but stared angrily out over the horizon where Britain was. "We will fix that."

Jen nodded. "I have already begun syphoning off reserves to a separate dimension to solve the problem. I will have enough power in approximately one month."

"And if The Sanctuary wasn't running?"

"Two days."

Harry nodded. "This is far more important than our dancing and losing ourselves. We can still dance and relax, but all of us would be more than happy to give up such a pleasure completely to do such a service for the people out there that are perfect for each other, let alone just a simple two days. Please begin that directive now Jen."

"It is done."

Harry rubbed the bridge of his nose. "Is there anything else like that I need to know?"

"There are other blocks put on new-borns, but I included that and preventative measures from any blocks at all being put on anybody in the power requirements. Two days and The Sanctuary can return to normal for the foreseeable future."

Harry nodded, and then kissed Bella once before holding out her chair for her. She smiled at the gesture and then sat down, before taking his hand in hers when he did the same. After some casual conversation between the threesome a multitude of pops signalled the arrival of the, now labelled, Inner Founders, and Harry smiled as they all walked in from the entrance room with curious looks on their faces. Mouths dropped as they saw what faced them, but it was when Tracey entered that Harry's smile was truly brought to fruition. Her eyes immediately went wide, her jaw dropped, and then she looked to Harry with shock, wonder, and complete indebtedness. She sprinted over to him and tackled him to the floor with a sob; hugging him with all her might. Harry's smile warmed completely as he rubbed the crying woman's back, and Bella beamed at him.

After several minutes Tracey pulled back, and looked up at Bella. "May I please kiss your husband?"

Bella nodded without hesitation, and Tracey then turned to her lover. "Lisa, would you mind if I kissed Harry?"

She shook her head still confused, and Tracey pecked Harry quickly on the lips before pulling back and staring into his merrily pulsing orbs. "Thank you so much Harry, this...this has always been my dream."

Harry nodded with a smile. "I know."

Tracey froze in standing up, and looked at him, for the second time that night, with shock and surprise in her eyes. "You remem- but I only muttered it under my breath as I was passing you!"

Harry shrugged and pulled himself back to his feet before straightening his clothes with a grin. "Anything to do with my friends...I never forget things like that." He sat down before the woman could assault him again, and motioned to the seats around

the table. "Don't ask what that was about, it will become clear later on. As for now, please take a seat; we have much to discuss and some of the best food to eat." The meeting and dinner went just as well as Harry planned, and it was just after desert was served that Tracey stood from her chair and offered her hand to Lisa.

Conversation quietened as the ex-Ravenclaw confusedly followed her lover to the huge window overlooking the city, and Harry swivelled in his chair to watch the scene with Bella already snuggled into his lap. He dimmed the lights slightly, and then watched as Tracey explained to the woman by her side; the woman whom she loved. "I heard about this place when I was five. Nobody really knew much about it except that it was the most exclusive restaurant in the world, and that the clientele were actually invited to dine there. My mother told me that there was even a place in the restaurant in which only three people had ever been offered to dine; the Manager himself, Albus Dumbledore and Amelia Bones." That particular woman nodded slightly at the curious looks that were sent her way, and then turned her attention back to the mysterious scene in front of her. "Ever since then I knew that I wanted to go there one day and do something beside the window in that private room."

She turned to Lisa and knelt down on one knee, and the shy girl put a hand cutely over her mouth with a gasp as she realized what was happening. Tracey reached into her pocket and pulled out a small, velvet box. "I wanted to propose to the person that I would spend the rest of eternity with here, to show them that even with such a view I would only be looking at them." She cracked open the box and Lisa's legs finally gave out on her. She collapsed to her knees and looked at the engagement ring in shock, and then at Tracey with love that positively shone from her. "Lisa Caroline Turpin, will you be my wife?"

The redhead looked at her lover with tears in her eyes, and then nodded. "I've course I'll marry you!" Tracey's nervousness melted away immediately, and her smile was radiating love and happiness towards Lisa. She carefully slipped the ring onto the delicate finger of her lover, and then found herself engulfed in a hug by her happily sobbing fiancé. She wrapped her arms around the woman and buried her head into her shoulder with the most contented and happy smile she had ever had on her face.

It took a few moments for people to get over their shock, but when they did a roar of approval and a deafening round of applause burst out in the room. The newly-engaged couple broke away for a moment, looking deep into each other's eyes, and then leant forward into a deeply loving kiss which only drove the people there wilder. Had it been any other group of people Harry would have been certain that at least a few of the men would have been whistling for the woman-on-woman action, but with this group he knew that every single one of them was applauding, yelling, and whistling for the love the couple had just announced, and so he smiled happily and applauded with everybody else.

After several minutes the passionate kiss ended, and the pair blushed as reality hit them once more and they acknowledged the congratulations they were getting. Tracey helped her lover to her feet, not releasing her hand once she had done so, and Harry stood up with Bella to be the first to congratulate them. He looked them over; their ruffled clothes, the messy hair, the ruined makeup, and then pulled them into a hug alongside Bella with a happy whoop. "You two are beautiful together, I can't even begin to describe just how happy I am for you."

Bella kissed them both on their foreheads and smiled warmly at them. "We do have a gift for you, but it will need to wait to the end."

The pair begun to protest that they had already done enough, but Harry stopped them with his hand. They noticed a slightly dark look in his eyes as he spoke, but it was clear that the anger wasn't directed at them. "No complaining, it should have happened already." They nodded, still confused, but then turned to the next couple that greeted them and congratulated their engagement to each other.

Harry smiled from a corner, his fingers slowly rubbing Bella's bare stomach under her blouse. "I can't believe what they did." Harry growled his agreement, and she leant back further into his body. "All the people that could have been together in such a way...all of the people that are dead now and never experienced it at all...it's horrible."

"It's criminal." She nodded, and he sighed. "Two more days and we can remedy that, but I have a plan for those that are dead – just to give them recognition for how beautiful they were together."

She picked the idea out of his memories and then smiled warmly before turning around and pulling him into a hug. "You are the most selfless and thoughtful man I have ever met."

Harry smiled but shook his head. "Naah, I love being around you so much that I actually spend time making love to you rather than freeing the Wizarding world."

She chuckled. "That doesn't count."

Harry grinned and then pecked her on the lips. "I know."

Finally the last couple came and Harry walked back over to the pair. "I have two last people that want to congratulate you, but they will need to leave very quickly after they arrive; there is a person here that...well her intentions aren't completely clear."

The two nodded, confused, and Harry gently sent feelers out through his mark. He felt a pulse of confirmation, and pulled the two sources towards him. A second later a double crack sounded in the room, and Alyssa and Teddy appeared beside Harry – grinning happily at the couple before tackling them to the ground. Harry observed Nymphadora, who was looking at them in shock, and kept an eye on any movement.

"We've been working on this for the past two hours; think of it as a gift from the Youth division." Teddy nodded to Alyssa, and with a complicated motion of their hands they cast as one. Tracey's robes morphed into a pretty, dark red dress, and Lisa's ruffled and transformed into a strapless black number that hugged her curves just like her lover's. In an instant their makeup repaired itself; their hair was beautifully done; and their arms were around each other. The two looked into each other's eyes, lost in the love and beauty of the other once more, and then kissed lovingly, unable to help themselves. Teddy opened his eyes wide for several moments, put his hand to his temple and pulled out a golden strand, and looked to Harry.

Harry's eyes widened, and he grinned in complete pride at what the young man was planning. He winked at Alyssa, who giggled, as he pulled his own strand from his temple and placed it in Teddy's palm, and the teen closed his hand over them before, with a crack,

apparating them away. Harry looked at Teddy in confusion, and found a cheeky grin facing him, and when he tried to get a sense for where this was going from Alyssa got much the same reaction. He was shocked when, moments later, two cracks interrupted the silence in the room, and both Teddy and Alyssa held a large, velvet covered square in each of their hands.

The newly-engaged couple broke the kiss at the loud apparition, and looked at the two mysterious squares in confusion. Alyssa stepped forward with a genuine smile on her face, and Teddy stood by her side. "Teddy and I, along with all the other Youths, want to congratulate you on your engagement." And with that they whipped off the coverings of the paintings. Both of the lovers broke into tears when they saw the two scenes; the first of Tracey's proposal to Lisa, and the second of their loving kiss in their beautiful dresses – both of which moved with the memories that were infused within them. The young married couple found themselves engulfed in a huge hug a moment later by two very emotional women, and they smiled into the embrace before patting them both on the back.

Eventually they parted, and it was then that Harry saw Tonks move. He tapped the two on the shoulders, and with one last congratulations they popped away – leaving Tonks to look at the space where they had been only moments before in defeat. Harry truly looked at the paintings then, and was awed by the quality and workmanship that had been put into them. "They're wonderful..." whispered Bella, and the two women nodded their agreement; tears still running down their cheeks unchecked.

"They are something that we will always treasure." Tracey turned to them with a wide smile. "I never thanked you for giving us our home together."

Harry shook his head. "There is no thanks needed; you belong there, together."

The two women, and Bella, sniffed suspiciously, and Lisa smiled wetly at them. "We'll put them on the wall in our bedroom."

Harry looked to Bella, wondering if she wanted to break the little...surprise that The Source had just popped into their heads, and she nodded before leaning forwards and whispering so that only

they could hear. "When you are ready The Valley can help you have a family."

She stepped back and watched the myriad of emotions flooding over their faces; disbelief, shock, then excitement, and finally complete and utter joy as they hugged each other. Harry and Bella were the only people who heard Tracey's comment of, "Our dreams are all coming true," and both smiled when they thought of the next gift they would be given.

They stepped back to make room for Jen, and the woman herself stood in front of the couple, who looked at her in shock. Jen cocked her head to the side, and then smiled when she saw the fear in their eyes appear. "What Harry and Bella said is true; I am not here to correct their statement." The joy once again returned to their eyes and Jen's smile turned genuine – a rare spectacle. "I was left till last for a reason. The reason is that after I return to you what you should have, you will want to be together physically for over two weeks – as it has been suppressed for so long."

Tracey frowned, "What has been suppressed."

"The ability to soul-bond," replied Jen frankly, and everybody in the room gasped. Lisa and Tracey looked astonished, but flickerings of hope had already begun to appear in their eyes. Before they could voice the obvious question Jen answered. "Yes, you are bond-mates; you were meant to be since you first met. Those years were taken from you, and will be given back to you also as a gift. As such my gift to you is this; your ability to soul-bond back, a blessing of that bond, and twenty three years added to your lives." Before the gaping could begin she placed her hands on their heads, and a bright golden pulse ripped through the room; making everybody shudder in happiness. When the two women opened their eyes again, the emotions had changed quite substantially. The love was truly palpable, but instead of excitement and joy being the strongest feelings, lust and need was now the most prevalent emotion.

Harry grinned and leaned forward. "Rules while the bond completes: one, stay in physical contact or within five meters; two, there is no two. Love each other, and make love to each other; do everything that feels right."

Tracey was clearly fighting the need as she forced out her last question. "How will we know when it's formed?"

Harry grinned. "Oh you'll know. You'll feel so complete you'll cry." And with that he placed his hands on their shoulders and apparated them right into the bedroom of their house. He lowered his arms from the now-empty spaces and smiled as he turned around to face the shocked people around him. "I was told by Jen that the people who are now in Phoenix are considered the Phoenix Founders. Only them, their offspring, or their husband or wife if they marry outside of The Valley, will be able to enter to where we live." His smile dropped, and instead anger worked its way into his gaze. "I was also told that for the last two thousand years or so, up until twenty years ago, blocks were placed on newborn babies to prevent soul-bonding among other things."

Everybody yelled in anger, and Harry raised his hands to quiet them. "I know; I'm just as angry as you all are. We have a solution however; as all of you, I have been told, as couples, are intended bond-mates for one another, over the coming weeks you will all receive the same gift that you just witnessed."

Looks of awe and joy appeared in everybody's eyes and Bella grinned. "Additionally every single block of everybody in the world will be obliterated in two days' time. The Source is putting all of its output into gathering the reserves needed, so The Sanctuary will be powerless for that time. I'm sure you all agree that doing so is a reason to joyfully give up our club for only two days." Nods and enthusiastic murmurs of agreement met her words and she nodded happily. "When Jen comes and visits you she will explain the rules while the soul-bond completes itself."

People nodded, and Harry smiled before beginning to fade into a shadow; taking Bella along with him. "Well, until we see you around!" They faded away completely in the silent room, and the moment they had completely disappeared Remus shivered.

"Merlin I hate it when he bloody does that!"

A/N: Reapers, this one's for you! I swear to Merlin that I've never written such a chapter in forty minutes before, but I somehow managed it. Enjoy!

Two days later Harry sat down for breakfast and grabbed the paper that flashed into existence with a burst of white flame in front of him. He laid it on the table and looked over at Bella with an excited expression. "Xeno's been working on this paper for over three weeks. I caught a glimpse of the headline. Want to know what I saw?"

She nodded, bouncing slightly on her seat. "Tell me!"

"Unbelievable."

Her grin widened, "Open it, open it now!" He grinned at her enthusiasm, and with a deep breath unrolled it and lay it down on the table.

Wizarding World Faced With Unbelievable Miracle!

Reported by Xenophilus Lovegood.

Today at precisely 12:01am I witnessed an amazing sight. On a tip from the mysterious Artemis who fixed the Ministry Statue, I was present at the Department of Ministries accompanied by an Unspeakable who shall remain unidentified. I was taken to the room of records, and from there walked to the end of the room to a dusty, ancient book which clearly hadn't been used for hundreds of years.

What was this book you may ask, the book that lay in front of me; the dusty quill hovering above its pages ready to write, was and is the book of soul-bonds, where the couples that are soul bonded are recorded. Every name that is written in its pages automatically receives a letter and a book detailing everything about the wonderful act, but as Mister Artemis warned me, this book had been charmed to not write any names in order to save money.

I find this disgusting, but what I found out a day before this event disgusted me even more. Not only were soul bonds not just recorded for the last two thousand years, but soul bonds were prevented at birth on every witch and wizard in Britain. Blocks were

also placed on several other things not excluding our magical cores, intelligence, and senses.

There are rare exclusions to these blocks, where love, power, or other such things are too strong and break free of the grip of their prisons; Artemis no-name and his lover, and Harry Potter-Black and Bellatrix Potter-Black being prime examples. Yes, Harry Potter-Black married the former Bellatrix Lestrange, who no longer exists – and before any of you readers get any ideas that Bellatrix is evil I can vouch personally that she is not. I am sure that Harry Potter-Black will make this very clear in the future himself so I will not write any more on this matter.

I performed the counter to the spell that was holding the quill in stasis, and it immediately wrote down twenty names – all of whom had the words deceased after them. These people likely never knew the full extent of their bond to one another, and were denied their love reaching its full potential. It was at one minute past midnight that the Miracle happened. I felt my magic unchain itself, my mind expand and flourish, and my perception increase to incredible proportions, and a wave of warmth and love rush through me.

The quill in front of my very eyes began scratching furiously against the book; the dust disappearing immediately. The quill didn't stop after one page, not even after two, nor even three. I watched three hundred and thirty one pages, each with forty names, twenty couples on it each, get written in front of me. I was witnessing over ten thousand people bonding with their lovers, and I cried when I saw my name alongside my deceased wife's. I had just completed a soul bond, through death, to the woman I love more than life itself. The feeling was incredible; I could feel Silphy's joy, and her love for me over the bond; I could feel her all around me and inside my heart; I could feel that she would wait for me till the end of time.

This Ministry, our Ministry, has gone too far. They have denied us, not just as witches and wizards, but as humans, our basic rights. They have stolen completion with our loved ones from us; they have ripped away chances; they have imprisoned our souls and bodies; they have hurt each and every one of us with their selfish, imbecilic ideals and previously-secret dealings. They will deny this, they will try and sway you, they will threaten you in some cases, but we must stand up. They work for us, and we are not below them. Without our support, they collapse, and we can change this world. If you are

sceptical about this, even after you try wandless magic and manage it easily, then this entire newspaper edition is filled with the evidence.

The evidence is from the Ministry archives themselves; from the Goblins, yes, the Goblins; from Vampires; from werewolves; from Artemis no-name; and from Harry James Potter-Black and Bellatrix Felicia Potter-Black. Everything, and I truly swear everything, is true. I swore a wizards oath this very morning which Harry Potter-Black and his wonderful wife helped me imbue the memory of into this very paper (just touch the silver circle at the bottom of the page), that all of this is correct, and not a word of untruth is within these pages. I am alive, I still have my magic, and I am very, very, very pissed off.

Heed this Minister, and all that knew of this and didn't move to stop it: your time is up. We will fight; magic will fight. This is a Magical Revolution against all of your manipulations, illegal regimes and horrific secrets. Bit by bit we will replace you, we will hurt you as you hurt us, we will tear every secret into the light and expose you for what you are, and at the helm; a man and woman who have fought against you from the shadows, will be Harry James Potter-Black and Bellatrix Felicia Potter-Black. Burn these names into your memories, burn these names into your fear, because you will be at their mercy in the future – and after what you have done...none is left.

Harry raised an eyebrow as he set it down with a whistle. "I've never heard so much emotion in Xeno's reporting before, let alone curse words. And man you and I sound dangerous!"

Bella laughed and gripped his hand across the table. "We are dangerous."

Harry grumbled a moment, but acquiesced. "I suppose. Anyways, are you ready for the press conference?"

"What press conference?"

He grinned and tapped the article twice with his finger. "The conference that they are going to hold in order to try and prove everything in this article wrong." He saw her feral grin and sat back in his chair with one of his own. "I thought so."

"Order! I call for order!" Yelled Umbridge, and even with the use of several very powerful noisemaker spells the crowd was still in a complete uproar. The crowd was gathered in the Ministry courtyard; a huge expanse of protected ground that had taken several generations of warlocks nearly four hundred years to create – all because the Minister of the time wanted to have a flipping courtyard that fit in with all of the Ministry's existing wards and protections.

Harry had scowled at the area every single day he walked past it when he worked as an Auror; it would take an idiot to ignore the feel of dark, blood magic that flowed through the place. Once such powerful wards had been implemented, to add a new set to them separate from the main ones was an undertaking best achieved by knocking down the original structure and rebuilding. The Ministry however, in all their infinite wisdom, had once more decided on the cheap way out...even if that involved sacrifices and outlawed magic. All in all, pretty much anybody with a decent, non-bigoted, open minded head on their shoulders could see The Ministry for exactly what they were: an out-dated, power-hungry, hypocritical bunch of lunatics.

All of Phoenix was grinning happily as they threw their own insults up at the toad-faced woman, and Harry and Bella were at the very front of it with mirthful eyes and dissolving into fits of laughter at seeing the complete fury, and fear that had appeared in her expression. Their laughter promptly stopped however, when a loud crack echoed out in the crowded courtyard and a moment later a pained scream came from one of the mob. Harry felt pain sear through his tattoo and immediately pushed through to the sound of the sobs. The crowd, quite a few being Phoenix themselves, parted for Harry, and he finally came across Ted Tonks lying on the ground; blood seeping out from beneath his fingers, and Andromeda by his side. By this point the entire crowd had quietened, and Harry took a mental snapshot of the area around him before tending to the man.

"Bella, come here." She knelt down beside him and immediately begun providing pain-numbing spells around the bullet wound. Harry nodded and then just as efficiently begun administering medical attention to his wounded friend. After less than ten seconds the bleeding had stopped, and after a further twenty only a mere scar was left. Andromeda breathed out a sigh of relief, and immediately pulled the two immortals into a hug before taking her husband into her arms. Harry sensed aurors moving towards their position and

instinctively touched his hand to both of their shoulders. With a slight gold flash the two disappeared, and Harry stood up once more with Bella by his side, and he was not, in any way, happy.

Harry pulled the mental scan he had done moments before treating Ted's wound, and his eyes snapped upwards when he found the source of the gunshot. Now hidden beneath the witch's robe was a pistol, but Harry knew precisely who had fired it without even looking for a face. She would be the only person he knew that would go so far as to use muggle weaponry when she could no longer resort to her magic, and he found himself looking into the familiar, smug brown eyes a moment later. The smugness was wiped quickly out of her when she found herself in excruciating amounts of pain, and she collapsed to the ground of the platform screaming in agony.

Harry had just given her the pain that Bella had pulled from Ted, and he smiled in grim satisfaction when he saw the very same wound open up underneath her shirt and blood begin to seep through. Bella was glaring at the screaming woman with just as much venom in her gaze, and none of the Ministry personnel knew what to do. The Minister herself just stood there; her mouth agape while looking at her writhing second in command; Ron was looking wildly around, his eyes afraid and suspicious; and several Unspeakables were trying in vain to trace where the source of the spell had originated.

Harry knew that The Source disliked torture, or inflicting pain in any manner really, but he could feel its satisfaction and glee at the revenge it was taking on the person who had hurt so many of its trusted friends. Hermione had ploughed through the werewolf, goblin and vampire populations with horrific laws that caused thousands of needless deaths; she had abused even the limited power she had been granted; and she had caused its first, most trusted, most loving – save for Bellatrix – friend horrendous pain. This was a person whom The Source thought deserved what she was going through, and it was looking forward to when Harry and Bella truly did snap and would exact their revenge on all the people that betrayed and hurt them.

Umbridge had finally caught sight of him and Bella glaring cruelly at the screaming witch, and shrieked out at them. "ARTEMIS YOU BASTARD!"

Heads turned to Harry; his messy blonde hair clearly identifying him, along with his ice-blue eyes, and he stepped forward before the toad of a woman could order the Aurors to swarm him. She couldn't help but shudder at the complete and utter hate in his eyes, and the dangerous pricking that ran along her spine as he spoke. "You attack innocent people; people who decide whether or not you stay in office Dolores." He waved his hand vaguely and the screaming stopped, leaving the entire courtyard bathed in a deafening silence which only he seemed to dare interrupt. He watched as two Unspeakables scuttled to the silenced woman's side and apparated away. He smirked when he wondered how long it would take them to realize that the wound could only be healed the muggle way.

Bellatrix intertwined her fingers with his then, and he smiled proudly down at her as she spoke to the harpy and her minions coldly. "My husband and I were the first people to break free of every single block you placed on us at birth; Harry Potter-Black and his wife Bellatrix Potter-Black were the second." Her eyes narrowed dangerously, and Umbridge paled at her next words. "And you really want to go up against the only four people in two thousand years who have managed that feat?"

Harry grinned at the expression on the hag's face, and quite enjoyed the puce that Ron had turned at her shoulder. He was quite looking forward to getting his revenge on him sometime soo- ah what the hell. "Mister Ronald Weasley, quite disgusted to see that you are in good health and doing well for yourself. I think I can speak for the majority of us here when I say that you'll never have your name written on the pages of the soul bond tome; you're too much of a coward." His facial hue changed to a shade of purple that Harry could only compare to Vernon Dursley, he filed away that thought for later consideration, and he spat disgustedly on the ground. "You simply stood by, frozen as your wife lay screaming in agony at your feet. Not once did you move to her aid; not once did you move a single muscle."

"Artemis would never do that to me," Bella scowled by his side, "even when I was in the weakest discomfort he shared that with me; took some of it unto himself to lessen it for me. You will never experience such devotion in your life, because you're a selfish, cowardly, stupid, immature, and thoughtless piece of scum."

There were nods and mutterings of agreement throughout the entire crowd, many of which weren't even in Phoenix, and Harry was more than pleased to see the looks of disgust that virtually every woman was shooting the furious redhead. Harry waved his hand just as the outburst was about to be voiced, and ignored the furiously moving mouth as he screamed and raged silently. He didn't however, get to Umbridge in time. "ARREST THEM!"

Harry shrugged lightly, and then vanished his robes; leaving him standing in a pair of comfortable black pants and a bright green t-shirt with the apt legend "Be careful; dumb people come in large numbers," while Bella's robes fell away to reveal Harry's favourite skirt – with black tights to boot, and a red t-shirt that stated in bold white lettering "Your town called... they want their idiot back." Harry let his eyes wander over her beautiful body for a moment, but he snapped back to attention when he felt The Paths strengthening around him as they sensed their user in danger. The Paths were a lost knowledge until Harry; a relic from when demons and angels walked the Earth and engaged in battles of epic proportions.

The Paths were the embodiment of perfection. They showed the ideal way to a goal that its user had in their mind, and if that person also had the gift of drawing The Flux then that perfect process could be achieved flawlessly. Harry was the first human in history, and the first thing in ten thousand years, to have possessed both – and to have walked the Earth with them. He called to The Flux to guide him, and felt it wrap warmly around him before taking him along The Path he had chosen. Spells were dodged with mere micrometres to spare, and at first people had the notion that he had a hell of a lot of luck. It soon became apparent however, that luck had absolutely nothing to do with it when he began delivering devastating physical blows to his attackers; moving in complete harmony with his wife that was fighting by his side.

Although she couldn't feel or use The Paths or The Flux, she could feel her husband, and she delighted in flowing with him; his magic gently guiding her and hugging her. Harry was her Path and Flux combined. The two dodged and weaved with a grace that put even the most talented dancers to shame; flowing like water around each and every attack while simultaneously inflicting single, completely crippling strikes to the threats that faced them. A Crucio brushed against one of the whiskers on Harry's chin, and he smiled gleefully as he crouched down and then burst upwards; his elbow shattering

the Auror's jaw and sending him upwards for nearly a meter before he crashed back to the ground unconscious. He watched out of the side of his eye as Bella slid down into a split to dodge a bone-crushing curse aimed at her head, and then winked proudly at her when she sent her fist powering directly into his crotch.

She grinned in return as the man's eyes rolled back in his head, and then slid back to her feet with the momentum she had retained in dodging. After nearly five minutes the Aurors finally decided to stop, and Harry and Bella returned to where they had originally been standing; serene expressions present, and their fingers once more intertwined. The only difference was that now they were surrounded by the groaning or unconscious bodies of nearly eighty Aurors. He saw another twenty at the very edges of the courtyard, but smirked when he noted their pale, terrified expressions. When he looked up to see Umbridge's and Ron's reactions however, he couldn't contain his fit of laughter. Umbridge looked as if somebody had simultaneously told her that she just been confirmed a werewolf-vampire hybrid, and shoved a broom handle somewhere extremely unpleasant. Ron however, was looking at the self-styled Artemis with jealousy. Harry really couldn't help but chuckle bitterly; even when he had just seen nearly half of his entire department defeated by two people, all he could think about was himself.

He was delighted that the git had married Hermione; they truly did deserve one another. Bella hugged herself to his arm, and he smiled warmly as her breasts pressed against him. It was because of this that he left the next little speech to his beautiful wife. "So you see, my husband and I aren't even sweating. We did not use one single spell to defeat your supposed protectors of the wizarding world; it took less than five minutes to defeat all those that came forward; and it seems that the rest have soaked up your cowardice like a sponge Mister Weasley, because they are standing at the edges of this area shaking in fear."

"They are NOT!" Everybody's heads turned to the outside of the crowd, looked at the cowering Aurors, and then back to Ron with quite a few amused looks and raised eyebrows. He spluttered for a few moments, and then stuck his foot in his mouth. "It's a powerful attack strategy!"

At first it was just a single snort, which sounded a lot like Remus's, but then a snigger escaped somebody else's mouth, and in a matter

of seconds virtually the entire crowd had dissolved into hysterical laughter. Harry and Bella were leaning on each other for support they were laughing so hard, and Bella looked up at him with tears of complete hilarity and amusement running down her cheeks. Harry actually had to perform a calming spell on himself...several times in fact, to stem the laughter, and even then his voice was cracking once in a while; threatening to dissolve back into hysterics. "Oh really Mister Weasley. I believe that one Harry James Potter-Black had, and still has a saying: those that break morals and trust are scum, but those who don't fight for what they believe in are even worse than scum."

Ron's face darkened once more; signalling an impending blow-up, but Harry silenced him to prevent him from being interrupted. No such luck on that front with Umbridge. "Artemis my friend," she tried in her sickly sweet voice, "you seem to be very good acquaintances with our hero Harry Potter. I too hold him in high regard, and in fact I know him quite well. Would you mind awfully just quickly popping away and bringing him here? Oh, and don't tell him where you're taking him or that I asked you to bring him here; I want to award his Order of Merlin as a surprise."

Harry was truly confused; genuinely, without a doubt, completely flummoxed. Was she kidding? Surely she couldn't seriously think that he would by such load of complete and utter bullshit...did she? He dipped into her mind for a moment, and then pulled hurriedly out before he actually scarred himself – but he had seen what he had needed to see, and right at that moment it finally hit him just how in trouble Wizarding Britain was in.

The woman standing on the terrace actually believed that he would believe her, what she perceived to be, very-genuine sounding speech, and deliver himself to the courtyard without any resistance whatsoever. His mouth had slowly been dropping lower and lower as he reached the conclusion that she had been dropped on her head as a baby...repeatedly...onto concrete, and Bella quickly shared her consciousness with his to understand what he had discovered. When she did, her mouth dropped in much the same manner. All of Phoenix received the telepathic memo a moment later, and in complete unison nearly two hundred heads all turned to the garishly pink-suited woman with dropped jaws. She was confused at first, then slowly begun to anger as neither 'Artemis' nor his wife moved to follow her request.

After another ten or so seconds Harry cleared his throat, and then stuttered his first few words. "I-wha- I mean... you can't really believe that I would buy that; even a bloody Blast-Ended Skrewt could tell that you were feeding it a load of bullshit." Her mouth dropped at the flippant dismissal, but Harry wasn't done. "Over the past ten years, and now another four months on top of that, you have been slandering the Harry Potter-Black name; forcing him down into the scum of social standing; declaring him as the next Dark Lord; declaring him as insane; declaring him as dangerous wizard and a liar...and you expect anybody here saves perhaps that red-haired idiot standing by your side – still yelling even though he has had a silencing spell on him for the last two minutes I feel the need to point out – to believe that you would forgive, and then reward him," he clicked his fingers, "just like that?"

This time her mouth had dropped open; nobody questioned the Ministry's intentions, and not only had this man and his wife just done that, but they had also disobeyed a direct request! "And you also order our arrest, not calling off any of the eighty Aurors that move to do so, and then expect we'll even consider a request from you?" Bella shook her head in disbelief, "The government now is even worse than before left this country."

"Oh," Delores piqued pleasantly, "how long ago was that?"

Bella glared at the woman; she wasn't even worthy of an answer. Far be it from the immortal feeling too important and puffed up to reply, but the toad-faced woman was truly lower than Voldemort and Rudolphus... well maybe not the latter, but definitely the first in her mind. Even though she really didn't feel like responding, she did anyway; if only to infuriate the woman further. "Thirty four years actually and even then I thought that the government couldn't get any more bigoted and idiotic." She saw Umbridge turn her head and whisper to one of the Unspeakables, no doubt to try and track down her identity. She grinned internally; they wouldn't get very far with that – she was going off the time that the real her had disappeared, and she didn't think that The Ministry kept records like that.

Harry rolled his eyes at the oh-so-subtle dig for information, and a sly grin at his wife's reply, before stepping in himself. "Miss Umbridge,"

"Minister actually."

"Miss, because you don't deserve that title," Harry replied just as quickly as her interruption, "you have repeatedly abused your power; you have killed innocents; you have ruined this world and everything that the founders of Hogwarts, Merlin, The Creator, and Magic herself stand for. And we are very, very pissed off." At that moment, with a unified thought, both Harry and Bella's phoenixes flared into existence onto their Master and Mistress's shoulders, and a gasp ran through those that hadn't seen them before...namely everybody not in Phoenix. "Phoenixes, through well documented fact and in every Ministry approved Magical Creatures textbook as well I should add, will not under any circumstances accept less than a pure and good wizard or witch as their bonded."

"Which means that we are pure," stated Bella, and Harry nodded.

"Exactly. What I find interesting is that there hasn't been a Minister whose familiar was a phoenix in over two thousand years...interesting how only after that time the blocks on us, and restrictions on the soul bonds came into existence." He saw some unsure faces, clearly none of which were from Phoenix, and shrugged his shoulders – ignoring the furious look on Umbridge's face. "Check if you'd like, but I'd suggest you hop to it – Miss Umbridge will no doubt order the...restructuring the records system for the next few days, and some of them will unquestionably go missing as an unfortunate result of this."

Harry saw Rita scuttle away and the back of the crowd and rolled his eyes; always the little glory-hound. As a parting farewell to irritate the bitch further, and to compliment his wife in front of the entire public eye, even if she didn't look entirely herself, he raised an eyebrow questioningly. "Miss Umbridge, perhaps if you answer my questions correctly I will consider your request to bring Harry Potter-Black, you seem to persistently forget the second part, to your audience." He saw the annoyance and fury wash right out of her gaze, and smirked to himself. "Okay, first question; Bellatrix Potter-Black is a wonderful woman. All the same, when Missus Lestrangle entered Azkaban she had killed hundreds of people, tortured even more, and ruined families."

Harry smiled lovingly and proudly down at Bella when he felt her relief that she wasn't that woman any longer, and squeezed her

hand. She looked up at him, life burning bright in her eyes that flickered red for a moment, and he kissed her lightly on the lips before looking back at the now-annoyed Umbridge. "I apologise, my beautiful wife captivates me no matter where I am – I needed to do that. As I was saying, she had done all of those things, and yet she only got fourteen years...why precisely is that?"

Umbridge's face turned white, and Harry smirked as she fumbled for an answer. He was surprised when it came as a vaguely convincing argument. "Just as you say, Missus Potter-Black is a wonderful woman. We saw that she had psychological problems, and thought that Azkaban could push the bad right out of her in that time. Apparently our method worked."

"That is actually a good answer, but at that instance, when she was put back in Azkaban for the last time, she did not have psychological problems. She was Bellatrix Lestrange, and she was insane and the worst scum of the Earth." He could see Umbridge looking at Harry like he was mad; he had just been praising the woman and now he was insulting her in the worst way possible! Bella however, could feel happy tears gathering at the corners of her eyes, and wiped them away before they could fall; that woman, that horrible, torturous woman Lestrange was never her, and to hear Harry insult that wench was making it have even less of a hold on her.

She squeezed his hand lovingly, and he smiled internally as he continued glaring at the woman on the balcony above. "She was dangerous, and she was in Azkaban within twenty minutes of her capture. That by no means is enough time to ensure an accurate physiological profile Miss Umbridge."

"Bu- but you just said-"

"I just said that Bellatrix Lestrange was a horrible person. Bellatrix Potter-Black is not."

"Semantics!" she spat angrily, but Harry shook his head seriously.

"No, it is not. Bellatrix Lestrange no longer exists...think of her as a Tyler Durden." Umbridge looked confused, and just as with many of the other confused witches and wizards, half-bloods and muggleborns leant over to their neighbours to explain what he meant. Harry let the whispers die down and then continued. "So

technically Azkaban did kill the 'badness' inside of the body that once more contains the wonderful woman that is Bellatrix, but that was not your intention – don't lie," he interrupted before she could claim it as her idea all along.

She sniffed irately.

"Second question then, not going so well so far, so let's try for something easier...hmmm..." He made a show of thinking for several seconds before slapping his fist into the palm of his hand with a look of triumph. "Got it! Can a witch and wizard be immortal?"

Umbridge snorted disdainfully at him, "Immortal? Are you mad?"

"No, but I asked a question. Can I get an answer? And no, you can't call a friend or go fifty fifty...or ask the audience, because then you'd get the right answer from about two hundred of them."

She frowned at the last part, not comprehending any of it, but answered all the same. "Of course it's impossible; immortality is unachievable – even Flamel could only achieve a mere cinder of what it means to truly accomplish such a thing," she replied knowledgeably, but much to her shock Harry shook his head with another sigh.

"Another lie, well I suppose I shouldn't be surprised. Number three-"

"What do you mean I'm lying?" she yelled, and Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Oh? That actually sounded like genuine surprise. Perhaps you don't know..."

The connotations were explicit; it would take Ron Weasley to miss them. Her reply was greedy, "What don't I know? Has somebody achieved it? Who are they? Where do they live? How did they do it?"

'Artemis' held up his hands and chuckled light-heartedly. "Slow down Delores; one question at a time." The Minister was so excited that she completely overlooked what she would normally consider a disrespectful use of her first name, and leant forward over the balcony to await the answer.

Harry heard Teddy beside him muttering, "Just a few inches more, come on Umbitch, you can do it," and concealed his amused snigger behind a forced cough.

"In order of asking then," Harry continued, and the woman's eyes looked like they were about to pop out of their sockets. It looked like Teddy could still get his wish. "Firstly, you don't know jack. Good computer game by the way, 'You Don't Know Jack' I mean. Second; yes, they have. Third, they are the only two, yes, stop gawping it's very unbecoming, there are two immortals walking this Earth. Fourth, they live in a wonderful litt- previously little Valley that looks amazing. It's out of this world really." Remus cracked up laughing a few meters back in the crowd, knowing just how true that last bit was. "And as for how they did it...they didn't."

"What do you mean they didn't do it?" she screeched, and Harry winced at the tone, even though she was meters above and away from him.

"I mean that they didn't do it you silly old bint. They achieved immortality, in a way, by who they were as people. They didn't create a method; the method was already there."

"What is that method?"

Harry cocked his head to the side. "None of your bloody business." He saw her face redden in fury, but smiled serenely back. "Okiedokie, last question. How old are you Miss Umbridge?"

"What does that have to do with anything?"

"Just answer the question."

She huffed in annoyance, "Fifty eight."

Harry clapped with a smile on his face. "Wonderful, a correct answer! Now could you please tell me how old Bellatrix Potter-Black is as of this moment?"

Delores Umbridge took a few seconds to do the math, failed, and resorted to the calculations of one of the Unspeakables standing behind her. "Fifty three."

"Can you see where I'm going with this?"

She snarled back at him, "Not at all."

Harry looked shocked. "Oh, well then, perhaps my next inquiry will enlighten you. How old is Harry Potter-Black?"

"Thirt..." she trailed off and her eyes widened, "SHE'S TWENTY YEARS OLDER THAN HIM!"

Harry grinned, clapped his hands together, regretfully having to let go of Bella's to do so, but quickly returned his hand to hers. "Correct! She is indeed, I am sure however, that you were informed that the time that she spent in Azkaban with Harry Potter-Black was more than comfortable?" She frowned, and Harry put a hand over his mouth. "Whoops, apparently one Mister Weasley and Malfoy decided not to tell you about that little escapade." Her jaw clenched and she glared at Ron, who shrivelled under her gaze, and Harry snickered. "Well, all the same, Bellatrix was well taken care of with Harry; living in luxury in fact. She did however, age just as you have. After Azkaban however..."

He hummed a moment with a grin on his face, and then winked at Bella before holding quite a loud conversation with her. "Holly sweetie, would you mind popping over to the Potter-Black's house and asking Bella to join me here? You can stay once you've told her; I'll be over for a cup of tea momentarily."

He could see Umbridge hurriedly giving orders and battleplans to Ron and same Unspeakable that had provided her with the answer as to Bella's age, and smirked as 'Holly' popped away with a wink of her own and a wide smile. He turned back around, conveniently just as Umbridge finished her scheming, and smiled. "She'll be here momentarily." He mentally sent a command to all of the Phoenix members that were there, and they covertly moved nearer to the aurors before casting powerful wandless and non-verbal paralysis spells on them.

A moment later, just as promised, Bellatrix popped into existence, and it took all of Harry's willpower not to kiss her on the lips at that moment. She was dressed in her favourite dress, and his for that matter; the dress that she had worn to the Ministry Ball. She looked

around, gazed lovingly into Harry's eyes for a moment, and then turned to Umbridge; barely restrained hate in her gaze. "Well this is a tidy little gathering – I'm guessing to try and appease all the severely pissed off people that don't like having their love, bodies and souls restrained," she spat, and then turned to 'Artemis' with a smile. "Holly says come back soon, and that she loves you very much."

Harry's sneer at Umbridge calmed, and then turned into a soft, meaningful smile to Bella. "I know. I feel the same way for her."

Bella took a step towards him, but then stopped herself with a muttered curse under her breath. Now she was even more pissed off at Umbridge. "Why the hell am I here anyway?"

"You're not Bellatrix Lestrange!"

The immortal turned to Umbridge, her short hair whipping for a moment over her sarcastic expression. "Gee...really? I hadn't noticed."

Harry palmed his forehead. "We've already been over this Umb-"

"SHE CAN'T BE! SHE'S TOO YOUNG!"

Harry clapped once more, with a mocking smile. "Well done, two hundred points to the Death Eater groupies." Umbridge reddened. "She is young, wouldn't you agree? This is what you missed out on because you're such a miserable old hag. Only the purest of souls can attain what Bella has, what I have, what Harry has, what Holly has, what nearly four hundred, and counting, others have. It is a testament to who they are. Oh, and stop glancing angrily at your Aurors...they won't be moving for quite some time." The red turned into a purple, and Harry was secretly impressed. "But suffice to say that Bella is beautiful, my wife is beautiful, and all of us that are pure will all stay looking around thirty until we die. That was the point in this exercise; that you're a manipulating, bigoted, stupid and dim-witted old bint; that you missed out on the most wonderful emotion that exists, love; and that this entire world needs to change."

Bella's grin at Harry turned cheery towards Umbridge. "We'll be pushing it along that road, rest assured – now come on Artemis; Holly really wants you back at our place for desert." She grabbed his

arm, and with a pop that left all of Phoenix snickering and Umbridge with her jaw hanging, the two disappeared.

In another dimension Harry James Potter-Black was looking at the naked lover on his bed with lustful but loving eyes as he banished his clothes and advanced towards her. "Desert indeed."

A/N: I LOVED writing this chapter. Anyways, that's my part done. Enjoy, and R&R if you can spare a moment.

The fundraising ball the week before had been beyond hilarious. Every single member of Phoenix had found themselves mysteriously invited by their assigned aliases, and had arrived at the destination only to find it deserted. A moment after their arrival, a white flame signified the coming of their leader and his lover, and he had said two words before they felt their navels tug. "Have fun."

Teddy and Alyssa had delighted in angrily berating the announcer at his comments about their young marriage, although had steered clear of Tonks and by extension Remus for the entire night; and everybody else had enjoyed the outing even if they were under glamours. Since blood-status had to be announced upon arrival, Harry had rolled his eyes at that little rule, Umbridge had fallen ungracefully off her chair when exactly one hundred and ninety couples were announced as muggleborn one after the other.

Harry found that hysterically funny.

After a night of wonderful food that was generously unpoisoned by Jen, who stalked all of the Phoenix tables to do so before sitting down herself with Harry, Bella, Teddy and Alyssa, Harry immensely enjoyed dancing closely, slowly and lovingly with his wife in full view of everybody in the room; more than a little proud to be the man with her. She felt much the same way about him.

But today was a new day, and as he had already copied the memories into his and Bella's pensieve it was time to get down to business. There would be time to relive the good times they had at a later date.

He looked down at his watch calmly, but inside his bloodstream was flooded with adrenaline and The Paths were pulsing forcefully around him, ready to offer him their services at a moment's notice. As the second hand clicked over to the new minute he started moving, whispering a quick "En-route," over the communications network. A series of "affirmative"s, "rodger"s and "got it"s were his reply as he passed through the Ministry security check and had his wand weighed. He could feel Bella following nearly fifty meters behind him as he made his way through the atrium, and smiled to himself. She was looking forward to her part of the job just as much

as he was looking forward to his. A loud, planned crash came from the other side of the room, distracting everybody, and Harry quickly pried the restricted elevator doors open and slid covertly into the shaft.

They closed once more behind him, and he looked at the huge, cavernous expanse that faced him with a silly grin on his face. Bella and him had watched Mission Impossible the previous night along with about half of the Valley's inhabitants by projecting a pensive memory into the night sky. Harry had a feeling that the copyright companies would have a field day. All the same, it had made for an exciting night, lying on the soft, green grass of the valley; hugging their lovers and watching Tom Cruise flip and acrobat his way all over the place, and it had a lot of the men, and quite a few of the women too, eager and intent on doing the mission the next day the right way: the Mission Impossible way.

Harry had made sure to clarify that any and all flipping and such should be kept to a minimum, but he had to be honest...the clarification had been rather lacking in enthusiasm. Elevators flashed past where he had lodged himself, and he swore that if somebody called the darn elevator whose doors he was standing outside of, they would be getting a one way trip down the shaft. With a deep, calming sigh he let The Paths and The Flux guide him, and then leapt out into the darkness.

Jumping into an empty tunnel that extends into darkness both downwards and upwards isn't as awesome as it sounds. It's even less awesome when there are no cables to grab a hold of because the elevators themselves are operated on magic which allows them to move not only vertically, but horizontally and diagonally as well. Harry however, thought it was the most bad-ass things he had ever done in his life.

Take that Ethan Hunt.

I'm falling to my death down a one kilometre long shaft in which elevators are moving at speeds in excess of three hundred kilometres per hour, which move unpredictably and could collide with me any second, and all your pansy arse could manage was crawling around in a sparkling clean air vent that looked like it had come right out of a Mr Muscle advertisement.

Suffice to say that Harry thought he should direct and star in the next Mission Impossible movie.

But we're not thinking about mission impossible, because Harry is falling, now at terminal velocity, down a vertical shaft with an undoubtedly hard surface awaiting him at the very bottom.

Harry kicked out his legs against the wall flying past him, and curled his magic around him to reduce the normally-tear-your-legs-clean-off-your-body force when his feet stuck and held. He looked down at the floor, quite literally a millimetre from his nose, and smirked. "Pfft, Ethan Hunt."

About fifty muffled sets of snickering came over his earpiece and he laughed as he stepped away from the wall and looked around. The bottom of the absurdly deep passage was cleaner than he thought it would be. He was standing on a few layers of parchment; probably ones that slipped down the almost imperceptible gap as people stepped into the elevators, and found himself drawn to a couple by The Paths. He picked them up, gave them a cursory glance, raised an eyebrow, and then pocketed them so that he could hand them off to Minerva and Philip to glance over later.

Onwards, as ever, to the objective. Harry's objective was rather deep inside the Ministry, which was why he had to do what he did; as soon as the elevator was ordered to that particular floor a group of heavily armed, highly trained and superiorly-positioned Unspeakables would be your welcoming committee...after you passed through a tunnel of wards and traps which only authorised personnel knew how to circumnavigate.

Harry knew this, because Ted knew this.

Harry walked beneath the gap that was between the bedstone and the foundation of the Ministry, weaving smoothly between the struts that occasionally interrupted his journey. After several minutes of walking he came to a piece of discoloured stone above him, and stopped. He only needed to press his hand to the surface to know what lay above; the dark power that had seeped through the stone and imbued it with the stench of evil was palpable, and he quickly drew his hand away – shivering slightly. "I'm underneath the ritual room."

"Copy that Artemis; I'm making my way there now."

Ted didn't have clearance to be where Harry wanted to be, but Victoria Rombouts did, because she worked there. She was ecstatic at the opportunity to help Phoenix achieve their goals, and had said as much to both Harry and Bella when they approached her. The two immortals realized then just how much each and every member of Phoenix wanted to help with the cause, and made mental note of that fact; to deny their friends, their family, the opportunity to follow their beliefs was almost a crime upon itself.

A moment later Harry felt the presence of Victoria above him; her purity penetrating even the deeply imbedded darkness, and then nodded to himself before linking to her. Above, in the ritual room, Victoria jolted, and then arched her back in complete and utter bliss and pleasure. Phasing directly to another person was the only truly undetectable way to travel, and even with Harry's power it could only be achieved over distances less than ten meters. The reason Victoria was in her constant-orgasmic state was because for the twenty seconds it took Harry to phase through to her position, she was exposed to the bond between him and Bella, and everything that entailed. Harry knew of the process, and had been a little reluctant to allow such a thing to happen, but Bellatrix had assured him with a warm, loving smile, that what she would feel would be only a fraction of what they felt.

It was true too; Victoria would feel the soul-bond, which was virtually non-existent now that their souls had merged to become one, but it was still more than enough to drive the young woman into a whirlpool of desire. Harry emerged, and immediately erected a kinetic barrier around him as Victoria jumped him. She bounced harmlessly off, and he watched as her eyes slowly eased down from their crazed state. Eventually they settled back to coherence, and she blushed a deep red before stammering wildly. Harry laughed and held up his hand. "There's no need to apologise; Bella and I are the only two people that can experience such deep emotion without going into a lust-fuelled frenzy. No harm was done, nothing happened, and we're here, okay?"

She nodded with a relieved sigh, and then smiled at him while sweeping her arm out in a wide arch. "Well here's the ritual room; imbued with the blood and sacrifices of thousands. Goblins, centaurs, giants, merpeople, unicorns; virtually every blood known to

us has been spilt in this room. It's the most secret and coveted location in the entire wizarding world."

Harry looked around in awe, even though he found the feel of the place disgusting. It was clear that its entire construction had been preserved from the time it was built. In a way it was like stepping back in the ages; back over four thousand years. He wondered how long it had taken to build. The magic residue from the stone suggested over seven hundred years, and he truly felt honoured to be there. He soaked in every single, minute detail of the place; every rune; every scratch; and committed it to memory. Victoria chuckled. "Every person who has seen this room does much the same as you have done their first time...and their second, and third."

"I'm not surprised," he breathed. After another moment he shook himself and turned to her with a smile. "It is nearly lunch time. I suggest that you retire to the cafeteria."

She looked at him teasingly. "What are you planning Harry?"

He shrugged innocently and his patented 'I'm-a-good-boy' look swept across his face. "Nothing sis."

She smirked. "Not buying it."

He dropped the act and grinned. "Worth a try all the same. See you at the restaurant for dinner?"

"Seven?"

"Six."

She smiled and nodded, "I'll be there. Have fun."

As she walked out of the doors he smirked. "Fun is one thing I intend to have." He turned to the room and spent over ten minutes casting privacy charms around the area, and a further twenty on the protections. What he was about to do was stupid by even his ideals, but he really had to outdo the train scene in the movie the previous night. He was under no illusions that he would steam-roll it repeatedly into the metaphorical dirt.

With a deep breath he stepped into the head disciple circle and knelt down; placing his hands on the reddened lines beneath him. "Everybody, there's going to be some crazy temporal distortion in a couple of minutes; be prepared to feel absolute horror and evil sweep over you. The Source will protect you from the brunt of it, but pretty much everybody else in The Ministry will be blowing chunks."

"Gee Harry"

"wait till we get out"

"the bloody elevator!"

"We don't want to be covered"

"from head to toe in vomit;"

"Lavender will kill me,"

"And Padma will kill me!"

The immortal sighed nearly a kilometre beneath the twins and slapped a palm to his forehead. "You two can still do that? I swear that must be creepy when you're...you know...with Padma and Lavender."

"Oh I wouldn't worry about"

"that old chap, we keep"

"well off the Weasley Twin network"

"when that's happening."

Harry sighed again and returned his hand to the lines. "Good to know."

"Harry my Love, what are you summoning? This wasn't part of the plan." He could hear, and feel the worry from his wife's voice and nodded to her, even though she couldn't see.

"I know, but I hadn't felt the power of this place before we designed it. There is so much dark energy here that it will make what I want to

do possible. They say that it takes a thousand souls...I think that far more than that have passed through this place and spilt their blood, and I intend to put the myth to a test."

"Harry, please-"

"Bella my Love, I'll be fine. It will take me nearly five minutes to even complete the beginning of the summons, so I expect that everybody would have done their part of the mission by that point. My job was to destroy this room and deny the Ministry the use of such power, and such a thing will not be hard with him here."

There was a silence over the line for several seconds, and then the awed voice of Teddy came over the line. Bella never sounded that worried, so what he was about to do must be unfathomable. "Artemis, what in God's name are you about to do?"

Harry chuckled humourlessly. "Appropriate words Teddy. What I am about to do... is summon Lucifer."

Complete silence over the line for several seconds, and then complete and utter chaos reigned. Voices yelled at him through his earpiece, and it took nearly three minutes for them to all calm down enough that he could be heard over the din. "Calm down, all of you." His firm tone struck each and every one of them, and the line fell blissfully quiet in a matter of seconds. He looked around at the bloodied stone, "I would never endanger you, or the lives of innocents. What you will feel will be horrible, but in the future it would not surprise me if we had to face down enemies with the same countenance. I have ridiculed, pissed off, and disrespected the entire demon race, and that's all it's going to take for them to pick sides. It's not going to be ours. I am getting the last help I will likely ever receive from them, and then I'm done. Nobody will be hurt, but hopefully it will scare the absolute wits out of Umbitch. I hope to see her on the way out. Any more questions or concerns?"

After several seconds Ted Tonks came over the line sounding slightly embarrassed. "Sorry about the outburst Artemis; it wasn't because we don't trust you...it's more the fact that you're actually going to call the king of Hell itself to our plane to more than likely piss him off some more." Murmurs of agreement and apology from everybody on the mission saves Bella reached his ears.

Harry smirked. "That's the plan, and apology accepted people. Now let's get on with it." After signing off Harry begun chanting in the ancient tongue. After the first minute every line in the circle lit up with an ethereal purple glow. Teddy and Alyssa finished bugging the Minister's office during a tour of the Ministry. The lines deepened into a bright, horrifying red the next minute. Peyton and Cho placed the last modifications on the master rune stone in the Department of Mysteries. Black tendrils started radiating from the floor and Hayden and Melissa concluded their illegitimate replacement of key files in the Archives. The light increased and the other forty seven Phoenix operatives reported success on their own objectives.

Harry wasn't listening any more.

The dark power flooded over and through him, threatening to tip him over the brink to darkness. He smiled harshly through the strain when he felt Bella's comforting, loving touch keeping him where he was. Finally, after nearly twenty minutes of complicated, evil, demonic chanting Harry finished, and called upon every single drop of blood in the room. It seeped from every crack, every pore in the ancient domain; flowing like a small flood until it rushed like a river to fill every single indent of the runes, pentagrams and ritualistic markings that were carved into the floor.

With a flash it all disappeared, and the room was its ancient, clean stone once more – but something tainted was coming. Harry could feel it in his bones; his magic; his heart, and he smirked to himself when the bloodlust and desire to turn to incorrigible darkness abated. Soon after that it disappeared completely, and his smirk widened; he was literally making a Hell on Earth, and where there was a Hell, there was an abundance of the Two Powers. His angelic pathways had received all the sustenance they needed to divert the negative effects from the darkness, and his demonic pathways were brimming with potential and immunity to the gaze and touch of demons – including The Evil One himself.

Around him the stone turned red with blood once more, and the air took on an even more evil taint than it had started with. Harry watched as a black rift crackled and established itself in the centre of the summoning circle. And then he was spat out.

As soon as his presence entered the room a blast of the most horrifying, disgusting, cruel, and nauseating power established itself

in every crevice; every single little space within a six kilometre range. Harry just smiled and rose from his crouch as Lucifer was sent careering into a nearby wall; getting smacked face-first into one of the columns and falling almost comically, but certainly ungracefully face down to the ground. "What the bloody FUCK!" came the angered, muffled shout, and Harry stifled his laugh.

The Devil; the King of Hell; Lucifer; Satan; Abaddon; the Great Antichrist; God's Fallen Angel; the Founder of Sin; the Son of Perdition, was swearing like a sailor because he had broken his nose. Harry found it uproariously funny; this was a memory to share with everybody in Phoenix, and one day his children. He could just see it now: -

"Hey Daddy, what is the coolest thing you've ever done?"

"Well Sirius I've done a lot of cool things. After marrying your beautiful mother of course...well I once saw the devil break his nose and curse about it. Here, I'll give you the memory."

Silence... "AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA."

The thought of the endless amusement he would forever draw from it brought an amused smirk to his face. "Nice trip Lucy?"

The demon snapped his head around to face him, and Harry looked calmly into the burning fires of the deepest circle of hell with a sneer on his lips. Lucifer didn't take kindly to the treatment. "You DARE ridicule ME!"

He moved to attack Harry, which in Hell would have ended badly...very badly for Harry, but this wasn't Hell. Lucifer froze when he felt his power source weaken considerably. This was Earth. Harry grinned. "My realm, my rules. You were banished from this plane millennia ago, and since you're here, and since I summoned you, you have a double obligation to me, even as the King of Hell." Lucifer snarled; his thousands of needle-like teeth glinting red from the light still being emitted from the summoning circle and runes. It wasn't hard to tell that he wanted to return to his realm as soon as demonly possible. Harry noted his body language and nodded, much as one would to a little child. "Good boy, well done. I would give you a golden star, but I don-" He jumped, and then reached into his pocket with glee, "Ooooh, would you look at that, I do have one!"

He pushed all of The Source's magic into it through a series of complex wards and invisible runes; muttering an angelic stasis and protection spell along with a very special binding ritual that Uriel had taught him, and then quickly flashed to in front of Lucifer before attaching the golden star badge to his chest...through the 'skin'. He quickly flashed away again, keeping some distance, and watched as Lucifer angrily reached to remove the childish golden spec that now adorned his chest.

Harry smirked happily when he pulled his hand back with a hiss. "Now you can show every other demon that you're a good boy!" Lucifer's fury kicked up another notch, and Harry still held his power at bay; he needed to work him up even more before he could guarantee the destruction of the space in which he now stood. "So Lucy... little Lucy Goldilocks – that suits you...perhaps a change of hair-style is in order?" In another split second, quicker than the Antichrist could follow, with the same binding charm once more, he felt soft, bouncy, curly golden locks of hair fall down around his shoulders. Forget anger by this point. Forget fury. Even forget that...something that happens when your mother reads your report with bad grades. Forget all of that, because even if you multiplied them all together a million times the collective sum wouldn't hold a candle to what Lucifer was feeling at that moment.

Lucifer was feeling something that only Lucifer could feel; such...whatever it was that he truly wanted to destroy the grinning dunce that was standing meters in front of him. He wanted to take it a step further and steal his soul before personally dedicating all of his eternity to personally torturing the human in his private quarters. Never before had Satan felt like he was feeling at that moment, and it was at that very instant that Harry let the power return to him while he was protected in the hell of his creation.

Lucifer's beautiful new golden hair was not.

Fire, power, evil, darkness, shades, and destruction burst from Lucifer like a constant wave- no. A wave didn't do it justice. It crashed over everything constantly like every natural and manmade disaster combined; destroying and atomising positively everything in its path...minus Harry. The destruction was categorically absolute; completely and utterly unequivocal, and as the circle was destroyed, so was Lucifer's connection to the plane of mortal existence. His

anger faltered and the onslaught ceased with it as he realized that Harry was still standing, and his chance to complete his revenge was rapidly fading. Harry's last words to the demon coincided with the curly, perfect head of hair poofing back into existence and bouncing comically around his fiery shoulders, and his smile was the most amused and mocking Lucifer had ever seen. "Awww...pretty."

With the sound of a rush of wind Lucifer was ripped back into the rift and the portal was no more. Harry lowered the protections around the room and looked around in amazement; not a single remnant of what used to be there survived the onslaught. All that remained was a perfectly square room where Harry's protections had ended, and Harry was suddenly very, very happy that he had been in a Hell of his own creation, where he was the ruler. He didn't like to think what it would have been like if Lucifer had transported a piece of his realm over, because he would be dead, and he hated dying, even if he was immortal.

It felt creepy.

He burst into chuckles however, as he walked out of the room towards the elevator while going over all of the things he had done and said to arguably the most powerful evil entity on any plane of existence. He followed The Paths around the traps and such to the elevator, and then pressed the call button. He wasn't surprised that he hadn't seen anybody; people only came down here when rituals were being performed, not that that would be happening any more, and the next one wasn't scheduled until next Tuesday; a power ritual to give Hermione demonic energy to compensate for her loss of magic. Harry found it amusing that holy energy didn't come into the equation.

He knew why of course, but it still added to his chuckles about the Harry-styled Goldilocks that was Satan. He wondered how little Lucy was getting on around his familiars. He burst into another fit of laughter as he rode the elevator up to the atrium, and stepped out heaving in huge gulps of air so that he didn't suffocate.

And his ribs were hurting again.

Delores Umbridge was looking at him in complete shock, as were her personal guard of twenty Aurors. Harry noted as he wiped away the tears of humour that everybody in the room looked pale, even

his family. He mentally sent the memory around to all those with the mark, and several seconds later colour returned to their faces, and they burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter just like Harry had. Umbridge, still pale, looked around at the laughing, on-the-floor people as if they were mad, but those particular people didn't care. Bella also didn't care when she walked up to Harry in her Holly persona and kissed him desperately and passionately on the lips, but with a mirthful smile on her soft red lips.

That was all Harry could think about for quite some time; the way her soft, malleable lips moved with his and- hold the phone! How her tongue reached into his mouth and intertwined with his; moving around his mouth and teasing every corner she could reach while he did the same to her. A gurgle interrupted them, and Harry ruefully pulled away; a small string of saliva connecting them before breaking when he turned his head. He wiped his mouth, still dazed and very happy from the kiss he had just received, and peered at Umbridge with narrowed eyes. "What?"

"Wha-wh- Artemi- WHAT THE BLOODY HELL DID YOU JUST DO?"

He looked frantically around for a few moments, before forcing a mock-worried expression onto his face and pointing to himself, "What, little young me?"

"JUST FUCKING TELL ME WHAT THAT WAS YOU IGNORAMUS, UNREGENERATE LITTLE SHIT!" Harry frowned, and then stepped forward with a highly concerned expression.

He was still on the high from doing what he did to Lucifer.

"Are you feeling alright Delores? That was two complicated words at once." Her face turned purple and Harry grinned; oh today just kept getting better and better. He had metaphorically pummelled Ethan Hunt to a bloody, dead pulp...before steamrolling that pulp into the ground; he had insulted and ruined Satan and his respect; he had gotten a wonderful, heart-lifting, heated kiss from his beautiful wife; and now he was mocking the Minister of Magic. "I mean, preschool must've been hard but..."

"SHUT THE FUCK UP!"

"Well you've certainly learnt your swear words Delores, what a horrible name by the way. Did you parents decide to ruin your life even before you were born, or did they see you come out and decide 'Yep, this one's going to be a bigoted little bitch. Let's call her Delores just for kicks'?"

Harry had crossed one of Umbridge's unspoken lines with his comment about her parents. Sure they were supporters of Grindelwald, but the man had the right idea! He just went about it too hastily, and now Delores was following in his footsteps. The first spell off her lips was the killing curse. At point blank range it couldn't miss, and 'Artemis' fell to the floor dead, making Umbridge drop her jaw for several moments, and then a massive, gleeful grin break out on her face.

Bella rolled her eyes.

Everybody was shocked, even the beautiful immortal, when Harry's eyes snapped open and he hummed. "Huh, willpower does factor into the time taken to return." He looked up at Bella, "Did you know that honey?"

Bella shook her head no, still with a surprised expression on her face. "I didn't."

Harry shrugged, and then sat up; stretching out his arms with a gleeful sigh as several pops issued from his back. "Well it does."

The Minister, and everybody else who wasn't in Phoenix, was still gaping in awe and complete shock. Umbridge however, was the one to stutter the words everybody was thinking. "Y-y-y- YOU'RE THE IMMORTALS?" She huffed and puffed for several moments' much to the raised eyebrows of Harry and Bella, whose fingers were once more lovingly intertwined. "HOW THE BLOODY FUCK DID YOU FUCKING DO IT? I ORDER YOU TO ANSWER YOU CONTEMPTABLE BASTARDS!"

Harry tapped his foot disapprovingly on the marble floor while Bella shook her head with a cluck of her tongue. "You're supposed to be setting an example Delores, not-"

"I DON'T GIVE A FLYING FUCK WHAT YOU THINK I SHOULD BE FUCKING DOING, NOW TELL ME HOW YOU DID IT YOU FUCKING WHORECHILD!"

Nobody insulted Bellatrix Felicia Potter-Black. With a burst of speed Harry delivered much the same treatment as he had to one of the Aurors the previous week; crouching low, and then exploding upwards; his elbow shattering her jaw into several pieces and knocking her unconscious. He cast an enervate while she was sent flying upwards, and all before any of her personal guard had the chance to move a single muscle. Harry was quite proud of that fact.

He slipped back to his place by Bella's side; predictably intertwining his fingers with hers again, and then glared at the anguished sobbing and cries from the woman with the severely broken jaw. "Now listen here you feeble-minded harpy; my wife is the most wonderful woman I have ever met. She is my world, my love, my life, my soul, my lover. You insult her and you get what you just got. Bitch." He spat at her face, and the glob hit her in the eye with a muted smack in the deathly silent room. She cried out as it began to burn away at her eye; Harry having cast *igneus* and *distraho* as it flew through the air. Her guard rushed to her side and begun medical treatment, but didn't manage to remove the spells that were dissolving her eye until it was completely gone. Harry smirked when he realized the pain she would have to go through to regrow it.

He had been in much the same situation when he was an Auror and before he had The Source protecting him. During a training session Harry had been duelling the top hit-wizard when Umbridge cast a bone crushing hex at his head. He had managed to deflect the brunt of it, but the pressure that remained was more than enough to pop both of his eyeballs. He had never experienced such agony in his life until that point, and he thought at the time that he would never find something more painful.

He was wrong.

Regrowing the darn thing hurt so much that even he had lapsed into unconsciousness, and he had the highest pain tolerance since Merlin himself. Thirty of the healers at St Mungo's were Phoenix, and he made a mental note to definitely get a pensieve memory of when they began the regrowth of her eye. It would be a scene that he would forever cherish. Umbridge however, would forever despise

the memory, and would actually attempt to get it memory-charmed right out of her. Harry however, made doubly sure to form an impenetrable barrier in her mind so that it couldn't. She would also relive every second of the acid eating away at her precious, and very sensitive orb of sight, and the regrowing, every night when she fell asleep.

Harry felt warm and mushy inside. He didn't know if it was because of all the wonderful things that had happened that day; the kiss; or the fact that he could feel the love, pride, and support flooding over his bond to his gorgeous lover. He finally concluded that it was all three of them combined, although the two latter points so much more so than all the others; only she could do that to him.

"YOU DESTROYED MY FUCKING EYE!" came the inevitable scream of pain and anger, and the two lovers broke their loving eye contact to look back at the woman still sitting on the floor, clutching at her now-destitute eye socket. Harry saw one of the guards rush at Bella, and when he caught his thoughts and plan he had to force himself to calm down and let his beloved handle it as she had asked him in his mind.

The man intended to grab Bella and then restrain her before raping her while Harry watched. Then he would slit her throat, and continue screwing her as she bled out and died. All of this because Harry had dissolved his Minister's eye. Harry was disgusted beyond anything he had ever felt; even he couldn't come up with something as twisted, as disgusting and abominable as that, and he condemned the man for it. Harry wanted this man to die, because his memories not only showed what he wished to do to Bella, but it also revealed to him fifty counts of when he had truly raped other women before killing them. The man charging at Bellatrix was a mass-murderer, a serial-rapist, and a sadistic psychopath all rolled into one, and the world would be better for his death.

Harry realized that he was thinking, and in ways acting as Voldemort had at that very moment, and as Bella prepared to positively destroy the charging aggressor he mentally went over the similarities. He had an organization whose goal was to change the wizarding world for what he considered the better; he had requirements that had to be met to get into the organization; you were marked once you got in; he had an inner circle; he used every kind of spell, dark, black, light, grey, holy, demonic; he was immortal, not quite the same as

Voldemort but relevant all the same; he would kill to get his way; he was not adverse to torture or revenge on those that betrayed him and his family; and he presented a front to the wizarding world in the form of Artemis.

On the other hand however, as Bella crouched into her most powerful and terrifying fighting stance, he was so different to Voldemort at the same time. He would never hurt his followers – the people that he considered family; he would always give them a choice in the missions; he would listen to their ideas; he would joke and dine and drink and dance with them; he would watch their backs and they would watch his; but most of all, the most important and meaningful and wonderful difference for Harry was that he had his Love. He had Bellatrix Potter-Black, not Bellatrix Lestrange as Voldemort had, but his wife; his lover; his inamorato; his paramour. She was all of these things, and his best friend, closest confidant, most trusted person, she was his anchor; she was his strength and his pillar that he could lean on for the help that she would lovingly give.

He snapped back to the present as the rapist and murderer came within striking range of his radiant bonded, and he watched in awe as she moved. He swung first; a heavy, destructive punch that, had it landed, would have knocked her out in a second.

But it didn't even touch the pretty immortal.

She slid like water around to the back of his arm that was now crossed over his torso, and jabbed her hand infused with magic right into his shoulder. The joint collapsed into dust; the shoulder sinking and the nerves screaming in complete and utter agony as they struggled to support the weight of the rest of his arm with only muscle and skin. He screamed a high pitched scream; filled with fury and excruciation, and Harry froze each and every Auror in the room to stop any intervention with the fight.

Bella needed this.

In a way it was her fight against the person that she would have been if Bellatrix Lestrange was still alive; getting raped, getting beaten and degraded, and treated as a piece of meat. The next second she didn't even bother dodging a desperate imperio curse that the man had attempted to enslave her with; as it was so weak

compared to Harry's it didn't have any effect whatsoever on her. Far be it from Harry controlling her against her will, but they enjoyed experimenting new facets of their relationship and it had come up one day when they were in bed together.

Slipping back to the present Harry watched as his wife ducked down under the arm that moved to grab her short, silky hair and chopped right across both of the rapist's Achilles tendons; snapping them. The man collapsed to his knees as they rolled up underneath his skin; his nerves once more screaming out for mercy and his screams hoarse from their frequency.

Bella ruthlessly destroyed him bit by bit, enervating him whenever he fell unconscious from the pain, until he was literally gurgling on the floor; the weight of all of his organs bearing down on each other. Bella looked coldly down at him, and then knelt down. "My husband is the only man I love; the only man who can make love to me; the only man who will ever have me. Rot in hell you son of a bitch." And with those last words she brought her hand down across his neck, decapitating him. Many people around the room threw up at the display, but Harry watched, unfazed as she lifted it from the ground, and then threw it into Umbridge's lap. The Minister looked down at the decollated head in horror and disgust, before a green hue crept into her face as blood soaked through her suit and ran across her thighs. She pushed the head off of her before leaning to the side and throwing up onto the floor with terror written all over her face.

Harry on the other hand, couldn't have cared less about what Umbridge thought or felt, and was instead cleaning Bella's hands of blood and grime with his handkerchief; showing her that he would always do things above and beyond when it came to her. She smiled gratefully up at him, and then leant up on her tiptoes before wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him into a loving kiss. It didn't matter to Harry that she had just killed a man, it didn't matter that moments before her hands were covered in his blood, it didn't even matter to him that mere meters away Umbridge was emptying her breakfast onto the floor.

Many people would consider Harry's actions disgusting, perhaps even a touch sadistic, but all in Phoenix understood and supported what had happened. They too had been made aware of the intentions of the man by Harry, and they had no remorse or sympathy whatsoever for such a person.

It would inevitably happen again in the future.

As Harry begun to lose himself in the kiss with his beloved, he mentally added 'killing people not following our cause or standing in my way' to the similarities between himself and Voldemort. Several long, passionate and arousing moments later Bella pulled back and looked him firmly in the eyes; which flickered from blue to red for a second. "There are similarities Harry, but you are nothing like him. You are a wonderful person; you are the Love of my eternity; you are undeniably the best man I have, or will ever meet." She pecked him lightly on the lips before pulling back and smiling. "I love you Harry my Love; and I would never love somebody who was evil or like Voldemort."

Harry nodded, a loving smile of his own on his face, and leant down to peck her on the lips as she had done to him. "I am that way because of your love, and I think the same of you too. You are beautiful Bella, in every way." He pecked her again, "I love you." She released her arms from around his neck, and then intertwined her fingers once more with Harry's.

Harry squeezed lovingly.

They looked at the mess around Umbridge. She was pale, her face was tinted green, her magic was lessened; her favourite suit was covered in blood; there was vomit in a puddle beside her, and a decapitated head in front of her. Harry released all the Aurors now that Bella had finished her fight and let out a mental sigh of relief; holding so many people still was difficult even for him. They rushed forwards, but stopped dead in their tracks when Bella and Harry's free hands were suddenly surrounded by a visible aura. Such power and control could only be achieved by a Fifth Order Mage, and not a single one of them was in the slightest hurry to lose their lives.

Harry thought that was a smart decision.

"Umbridge," Harry started, "as you now see, we will not allow murderers and rapists go free or serve the Ministry. Each and every one of them is scum- no, less than scum. Both Holly and I will exterminate them with extreme prejudice; don't expect any mercy from either of us." He broke eye contact with the bloody-faced woman; her hand still clutched over her eye socket, and let his eyes

rove over everybody gathered; giving a slight nod to the Phoenix members, all of whom smiled and nodded back. "This is the only way to bring the Magical world back to what it is meant to be, and I will change it so that my children can one day grow up in a beautiful world where there is no prejudice; where all races are represented in the Wizengamot."

He looked back at Umbridge, and grinned a feral grin that sent chills down her spine before saying twelve words which chilled her to the very core. "This is the beginning of the Magical Revolution – you'd best be ready."

And with those parting words Harry and Bella disappeared in a flash of white and red flame. They arrived back beside their waterfall, and Harry immediately stripped off as did Bella before stepping into the warm pool which the sun was merrily shining on. She sat facing him in his lap, not for sexual reasons, but simply to have him close; to have her body flush against his, and he was more than happy to just sit there and hold her. "Are we really doing the right thing my Love? I'm afraid that we'll turn out like Voldemort."

Bella raised her head from his chest and gently ran the back of her hand over his cheek with a soft, loving smile. "We are doing the right thing Harry. The Source will not allow us to fall; I will not let you fall; and you will not allow me to fall."

Harry nodded, a smile returning to his previously-frowning face. Bella rested her head back on his chest, and Harry raised his hand and lightly ran it through her short hair; smiling when he heard her mew in delight. "You are right as always my Love... and thank you."

She mumbled in confusion from his chest, not disturbing his loving ministrations. "For what?" Harry smiled and rested his forehead on hers.

"For everything."

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